NOT TO BE ISSUED OUT
WITHOUT PERMISSION.

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Dr. Rani Karur
on 12 April, 2019

THE DUKE OF BERWICK:

MARSHAL OF FRANCE.

23867
a
XX. 7-2.2

London, Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

THE DUKE OF BERWICK: MARSHAL OF FRANCE.

1702—1734.

BY

CHARLES TOWNSHEND WILSON,

Lieutenant-Colonel.

"J'ai vu de loin dans les Livres de Plutarque, ce qu'étoient les Grands Hommes : j'ai vu en lui de plus près ce qu'ils sont."

MONTESQUIEU : *L'Eloge de Berwick.*

XX - 7. 22

LONDON :

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1883.

23867

00023867

The rights of translation and of reproduction are reserved.

PREFACE.

A FEW years ago, I ventured to describe the parentage and early services of James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick.[1] His career as a Marshal of France is traced in the present volume. In order that the two fragments may form a consecutive account of the period extending from 1688 to 1734, the narrative is here resumed at the point where it previously left off. Those, therefore, who do me the honour to glance over these pages may occasionally find it necessary to refer to the former volume.

The Marshal's autograph Memoirs constitute the basis of the work. His opinions sometimes appear just as he wrote them; and when he relates at length the complicated movements of the troops—as in his celebrated defence of the Alpine frontier of France—I have felt bound, at the risk of being pronounced tedious, to follow his example; for the biographer should hardly abridge what the soldier thought of moment.

The War of the Spanish Succession was an event of immense importance. Apart from its cause and effect—so interesting to politicians—the surpassing genius of Marlborough, the overthrow of the ill-directed armies of France, and the sudden resurrection of the defeated soldiery, when inspired by an able chief, yield lessons of great worth to officers of all ranks; for, though Europe has grown enormously rich of late years, and science has worked miracles, it must not be concluded that the general principles of the art of war are

[1] "James II. and the Duke of Berwick."

essentially changed. Arms of precision have modified tactics, but strategy remains much what it was in the days of Cæsar. Again; the amplitude of resource displayed by the noted captains of the past, their stratagems and subtleties, their modesty in victory, their calmness in disaster—the patience as well as the courage of the rank and file, who performed their duty without a hope of reward, and amid hardships undreamt of in our luxurious age—the dread execution done with clumsy muskets and well wielded broadswords, compose a series of subjects not to be lightly regarded.

And let none suppose that as respects military organization there is little to be learnt from our predecessors. All their operations attest the value of veteran troops; and when we hear, as we often hear at present, of "mounted infantry," we should recollect that such are simply a make-shift for the "dragoons," so conspicuous in the beginning of the 18th century, If it be true that the Russian staff has lately decided to revive "ce corps fier et rapide," it would be well if our War Minister examined the reasons for a resolution which, however distasteful to the smart hussar, is probably destined to increase the efficiency of the Czar's forces.

Napoleon exhorted the students of St. Cyr to read over and over again the history of memorable campaigns: "Travaillez sans cesse, chaque heure perdue est une chance de malheur pour l'avenir." Sir Charles James Napier urged: "by reading you will be distinguished; without it, abilities are of little worth." The young men now busy at Aldershot, or jovial in country-quarters, should lay such counsel to heart. All cannot become renowned leaders in the field, but every lieutenant may profit by imitating the diligence, the sense of duty, the steadfast purpose of commanders like the English Marshal of France.

March, 1883. C. T. W.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Marlborough to the Front. 1702	1
II.	The Belgian War-Game. 1703	23
III.	"Las Cosas de Espana." 1704	46
IV.	The Agueda. 1704	72
V.	The Camisards. 1705	88
VI.	Madrid Lost. 1706	110
VII.	Madrid Regained. 1706	129
VIII.	Almansa. 1707	151
IX.	The Duke of Orleans. 1707	165
X.	"This Jarring Discord of Nobility." 1708	182
XI.	The Fall of Lille. 1708	204
XII.	Mountain Warfare. 1709	224
XIII.	Malplaquet. 1709	239
XIV.	Flanders and Dauphiny. 1710	252
XV.	Stanhope and Vendôme. 1710	266
XVI.	A Peace-Maker. 1711	283
XVII.	Marlborough's Last Stratagem. 1711	296
XVIII.	A Lamentation for the Princes. 1712	308
XIX.	Denain. 1712	318
XX.	The Peace of Utrecht. 1712—1713	331
XXI.	The Deserted Catalans. 1714	346
XXII.	"Mata y Quema!" 1714	355
XXIII.	Jacobites in Council. 1714—1715	368
XXIV.	The Regent. 1715	381
XXV.	"Up wi' Jamie the Rover!" 1715	388
XXVI.	"Behold, the Hope of Him is in Vain." 1715—1716	400
XXVII.	Alberoni and Dubois. 1717—1718	413
XXVIII.	A Severed Friendship. 1719	427
XXIX.	"The Pestilence that Walketh in Darkness." 1720—1721	441
XXX.	A Lull in a Stormy Life. 1722—1732	456
XXXI.	Death of the Marshals. 1733—1734	468

I.

MARLBOROUGH TO THE FRONT.

1702.

THE Princess Anne was proclaimed Queen on the 8th of March, and forthwith announced her intention of carrying out the foreign policy of William III.[1] England and Holland therefore would support the Austrian pretension to the Spanish throne; and the Earl of Marlborough went to the Hague, to concert measures with Their High Mightinesses for curbing "the exorbitant power" of the Bourbons.

To superficial observers France was more powerful than ever. And yet cool heads doubted. Notwithstanding Philip of Anjou had been welcomed with loud acclaim at Madrid, the Emperor counted partisans in every corner of the Peninsula: Catalonia was ardent on his side; Portugal was sure sooner or later to declare for him; Victor Amadeus, though father-in-law of Philip and the Duke of Burgundy, had too much ambition and too few scruples to be kept straight by family ties; Louis was sixty years old, in feeble health, and notoriously under the spell of Madame de Maintenon. Whilst the credit of England and Holland stood comparatively high, an empty treasury hampered their antagonist. The famous statesmen, generals, and admirals of France had passed away.

[1] See "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," 444-5.

The military administration no longer in strong and practised hands, the discipline of her armies slackened. As Maréchal de Villars wrote to Chamillart:—"Elles (troupes) ont oublié la guerre pendant la guerre même. La valeur y est toujours; mais l'application, la discipline, savoir se roidir contre les peines, et les difficultés, une attention pour les marches, se bien poster dans les quartiers, en un mot, tout ce qui s'appelle esprit de gens de guerre, leur manque, hors de courage."[1]

The allies having formally declared war against France and Spain, the movements in Flanders require our attention. In the early spring, the bulk of the French forces lay encamped at Diest on the Demer; but Maréchal de Boufflers[2] prepared for hostilities with great difficulty. Owing to the negligence of the war departments, supplies of all kinds ran short; even the artillery still tarried in the rear. Before the French battalions[3] could move, the Imperialists (who had studied to good purpose the work of Louvois) menaced Kaiserswerth, on the right bank of the Rhine. Presently, the Duke of Burgundy, an amiable youth of twenty, totally inexperienced in affairs, was nominated by his grandfather, generalissimo of the army which Boufflers would really conduct, and the Duke of Berwick was gazetted one of the lieutenant-generals.

At the end of April the Prince, accompanied by Berwick, arrived at Brussels, and learned that the Marshal had marched with a considerable force against the Dutch general Tilly, who commanded 16,000 men at Xanten. As soon as the

[1] "Mémoires du Maréchal de Villars," ii. 18.

[2] Louis-François de Boufflers, comte de Cagny, Marshal of France, and Colonel-General of Dragoons, born June 10, 1644.

[3] "Dans la guerre qui a commencé en 1701, les bataillons de l'infanterie francoise ont été de 13 compagnies composées de 3 officiers à hausse-col (gorget) et de 50 hommes, compris 2 sergents et un tambour, faisant 650, et 40 officiers. En entrant en campagne la plus grande partie de l'infanterie se mettoit en bataille sur 4 rangs, et le reste sur 3. Vers la fin de la campagne il en restoit toujours très-peu sur 4. Les escadrons étoient de 4 compagnies de 35 maîtres (troopers) chacun et 4 officiers, faisant 140 maîtres par escadron; durant toutes ces guerres les escadrons s'étoient toujours mis en bataille sur 3 rangs."—PUYSÉGUR, *Art de la guerre*, i. 118-239.

Imperialists discovered the French advance, they hastily decamped, and retreated unmolested towards Cleve, near which they were joined by the Earl of Athlone (Godart de Ginkell), at the head of 6,000 horse and eleven English battalions. Boufflers' want of vigour on this occasion was severely commented upon. Being far stronger than Tilly, he ought to have crushed him easily. Thus was lost the inspiring effect of success at the outset, as well as the chance of raising the siege of Kaiserswerth. The position of Xanten, however, was so far advantageous that, by depriving the confederates of the bridge at Wesel, it cramped their communication with the besieging corps.

The Duke of Burgundy and Lieutenant-General Berwick, attended by the Maison du Roi, twelve squadrons and four battalions, reached head-quarters on the 3rd of May. A large portion of the enemy having their hands full before Kaiserswerth, and the rest of them being hardly strong enough to withstand a determined attack, Boufflers should now have pushed rapidly to the front. According to Berwick, he had a choice of assailable points. For example, if it were expedient to avoid Maestricht, the situation of Grave was inviting; Cologne, merely defended by an old wall, could not have offered serious opposition; Juliers was not formidable, and would have proved useful in connecting the Meuse with the Rhine. Moreover, crossing the latter river either at Bonn or Rhineberg, the Marshal might have moved to the relief of Kaiserswerth. In respect of the last proposition, however, the King objected to his people passing the Rhine, for he cared not to furnish all Germany with a pretext for joining the Emperor against him. As for the other suggestions, it only lay with the French leader to choose the fittest of them.[1] In brief, Boufflers was over-weighted. He had all the attributes of an excellent general of division, but he drooped under the responsibilities of a chief captain. Still, it should be admitted that the presence of "waterish Burgundy," and the rigid instructions continually arriving from Louis and

[1] "Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick," i. 114.

Chamillart, were enough to distract the clearest head, to unsteady the surest hand.[1] Besides, General Pelet has shown that, through the carelessness of the War Minister, the Marshal lacked a sufficient transport service, and that the greater part of the artillery lay at Brussels and Malines.[2]

To watch the operations against Kaiserswerth, eighteen battalions and thirty squadrons under Tallard, took post on the left bank of the Rhine, directly opposite the place, which, invested on the land side only, could be easily communicated with. Boats plied between the French within and the French without. The wounded were removed; food, ammunition, and reinforcements were introduced. Thus, the Prince of Nassau-Saarbruck, who with 18,000 men directed the siege, had peculiar obstacles across his path, irrespective of a wet season, and the courage and resources of the Marquis de Blainville, who at the head of five battalions defended the fortress.

Matters being in this shape, certain acts of courtesy gave rise to a secret correspondence between the Duke of Burgundy and Frederic of Prussia, who was dissatisfied with the will made by William III. in favour of the Prince of Friesland, and sore because his new-blown title of king did not meet with universal acceptation. But wreathed smiles and presents of venison led to nothing more solid than compliments. The Duke of Berwick thinks that in encouraging French hopes, the Brandenburger mainly aimed at procuring for his duchy of Cleve, tender treatment during the French occupation.

Convoys of ammunition and provisions having reached Xanten, Boufflers designed to break the communications of Lord Athlone (now camped at Cranenberg near Cleve) with Grave and Nimeguen. Accordingly, detached corps were

[1] "Un gouvernement éclairé n'a pas la prétention de tout diriger; il borne son rôle à indiquer le but, après avoir determiné la nature des moyens et leur quotité. C'est au général seul, placé en face et au milieu des difficultés, à décider du système à suivre, et des combinaisons à executer."—MARÉCHAL MARMONT: *L'Esprit des Institutions Militaires*, 277.

[2] "Mémoires Militaires relatifs à la Succession d'Espagne," par le Général Pelet, ii. 27.

summoned, and even Tallard had orders to rejoin his chief, after throwing 500 men and some supplies into Kaiserswerth.

Excluding the corps of Tallard and Caraman, which did not arrive in time to participate in the expedition, the French numbered thirty-seven battalions and fifty-nine squadrons. Athlone's army, consisting of twenty-seven battalions and sixty-one squadrons, held a strong position. Its front was covered by a vast forest spiked with abatis; and on the right at Cranenberg and on the left at Cleve it was entrenched.

On the evening of the 9th of June, the Marquis d'Alegre went forth with 1,200 horse and 500 grenadiers to reconnoitre the enemy and to discover roads through the wood. A little later the French left wing followed in support, and at two o'clock a.m. the Duke of Burgundy was awakened. Having heard mass in company with Berwick and other officers of rank, the Prince mounted his horse, and the right wing marched without beat of drum or blast of trumpet.

Meanwhile, D'Alegre was pushing on. After much vain search for a practicable passage, he lighted on a defile held by some Dutch dragoons. They were soon dislodged, and the Marquis secured the right of way. Athlone, deeming it mere reconnoitring, had disregarded the French movement. At length alive to its importance, he ordered the camp to be struck, but as many of the bât-horses had gone to Nimeguen for supplies, the tents and baggage of several regiments had to be abandoned. Rapidly, but in good order, the allies now retreated direct on Nimeguen: to have inclined toward Grave would have exposed their left flank.

On the other side, the advance of the French infantry was urged on by Berwick; but the forest presented many impediments: the Mookerheide moor, which some columns must traverse, was exceeding rugged; the defile through which a division must edge itself was narrow; hence slow and exhausting progress. Nevertheless, the officers being cheerful and zealous, the French debouched at last; and in the pride of battle array drew within sight of Athlone, who was now almost under the walls of Nimeguen. A brush with the Anglo-Dutch rear-guard, in which Berwick mingled at the

head of the regiments du Roi, Condé, and Duras, immediately occurred. Some thought the Dutchmen meant fighting in earnest; but under cover of sharpshooters sprinkled in detached houses and the intricate hedge-rows, the retreat went on, until the Dutch and English horse actually formed on the glacis, with their cruppers against the palisades.[1] Thus shielded, Athlone's infantry pouring into the covered way entered the town. The French guns opening fire inflicted some damage on the British and Danish troopers, who stood their perilous ground to admiration, till the foot made good their escape.[2] Then, Berwick's grenadiers being within pistol-shot, the brave fellows retired, some trotting into the town, others making for the banks of the Waal:

"Enfin, notre ami le Brochet,
Vos poissons se sont mis en nage;
Et las de n'aller qu'au fourrage,
Vous alliez prendre au trébuchet
Le Ginde et tout son equipage;
S'il n'eût derrière un parapet,
Fourré ses marchands de fromage."[3]

Athlone lost about 1,000 killed and wounded; Boufflers' casualties were fewer, and he laid hands upon several hundred bât-horses and divers herds of very acceptable cattle.

Berwick considers this little affair both brilliant and singular: "car c'est une chose sans exemple, qu'une armée en ait couru un autre pendant deux lieues, et l'ait culbutée dans le chemin couvert d'une place, presque sans coup férir." As a very short distance separated the antagonists, it may seem surprising that the allies were not charged; but the Duke thinks: "les gens du metier" will comprehend that it is no easy matter to strike an enemy who, with the advantage of a good start, has a forest bristling between him and the pursuer. It

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 118.

[2] "On ne scauroit assez louer la fermité d'un regiment Anglois [the Carabiniers] et d'un autre Danois, qui essuyerent ce feu d'artillerie sans s'ébranler."—MARQUIS DE QUINCY, *Histoire Militaire de Louis le Grand*, iii. 550.

[3] Anthony Hamilton to Berwick. *Brochet* (pike) was the latter's *nom de société.*

was suggested, he adds, that the Anglo-Dutch should be assailed in the covered way, inasmuch as the guns of the fortress must have remained mute, for fear of pounding friends as well as foes. Beaten in such a situation, Athlone's infantry would have been crushed or taken; nay, in the confusion, the French might haply have entered the place *pêle-mêle* with them; but the proposal evoking a long discussion, the time for action vanished. Such *coups* can only be done on the instant, whilst the enemy is dazed.[1] In truth, Boufflers' manœuvre was showy rather than profitable. Chiefly in consequence of the obstacles retarding the French foot, the plan for cutting in between Lord Athlone and the towns of Grave and Nimeguen partially failed.

Of course the Marshal made haste to acquaint the Great King with the prowess of his grandson. "Il mande des choses merveilleuses de Monseigneur le duc de Bourgogne, qui s'est porté partout; il loue sa valeur, son sang froid, son activité, et son coup d'œil, qui est le terme, dont il se sert dans sa lettre."[2] Had the gallant boy exhibited all the military virtues of the Black Prince, more could not have been said about his baptism of fire.

The French speedily took post between Nimeguen and Cleve. And Tallard came up from Kaiserswerth, which he left in peril. His presence being now of little moment, Boufflers sent him back, to save the fortress, if there was yet time. But the error of his departure was irreparable. The enemy fastened upon his old camping-ground; and, reinforcements arriving from Germany, fiercely attacked the completely invested town. The ramparts being in ruins, and the means for resisting an assault utterly expended, Blainville beat the chamade on the 15th of June, after an intrepid defence of two months with open trenches. He obtained excellent terms; the fortifications should be levelled, and his troops should march out with all the honours of war to Venlo. Thus did the dash at Nimeguen hasten the fall of Kaiserswerth. An officer may be a fair tactician, and yet a shallow strategist.

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 119.

[2] "Journal de Dangeau," viii. 435.

The French being firmly established in the duchy of Cleve, the Prussian King sent two gentlemen to the Marshal, for the purpose of again entangling him in negotiation. As the neutrality or alliance of Prussia was very important, Boufflers procured powers to treat, though well aware that anything coming from that quarter must be tainted with suspicion. It was the old story: as soon as one article seemed to be settled, the parvenu potentate started an objection. He had craft enough to protract the farce till the evacuation of the duchy; then the shabby curtain dropped.

Much stinted in forage and provisions, and a suspicious concentration of troops behind Nimeguen being reported, the French fell back to the plain of Goch, and threw two bridges over the Meuse.

Soon an event occurred which will be for ever memorable in history. The Earl of Marlborough, who had been contriving a plan of operations with the Dutch statesmen, was appointed by them commander-in-chief of their forces, as well as of the English troops. The preferment caused much heartburning. In spite of "Mrs. Freeman," the Queen desired the promotion of her dull husband to that supreme office. But Heinsius and his colleagues eschewed "Est-il possible;" and, fortunately for England, the Royal Dane's military display must be limited to the prancing in Hyde Park of "the war horse valued at 300 guineas, which the Duke of Schomberg presented to him."[1] Prussian Frederic also coveted the place, but the shrewd Hollanders shook their heads, opining that after the manner of his race, he would labour for his own aggrandizement, rather than to further their particular interest. Nor was the brave Athlone at all flattered that his immense services in Ireland should be so soon forgotten.

When Marlborough joined the army on the 2nd of July, he found it encamped on a rough moorland, its right covering Grave, its left under the walls of Nimeguen. At least 60,000 men stood under arms, and detachments were coming in daily. The troops were good; the English contingent under Lumley

[1] Narcissus Luttrel: "Brief Relation of State Affairs."

being choice indeed. On the other hand, the French forces had diminished: a considerable corps was on its way to Germany; many frontier posts must be occupied. There was little choice, then, for Boufflers but the defensive.

The military qualities of the Duke of Berwick were at this juncture so fully recognized that the Marshal recommended him to Generalissimo Burgundy for the command of a detachment about to strengthen Catinat in Alsace, but the Prince having a liking for the young general, would by no means let him go, and named the Marquis de Surville for the duty.

Marlborough was quickly at work. On the 26th, he passed the Meuse. Whereupon the French crossing it near Ruremonde, marched for Helchteren. The allies followed close, and on the 1st of August were between Hamont and Peer. Now, the Englishman would have struck at his enemy, but the Field Deputies, who according to the Dutch custom were at hand to dictate to the generals, refused their consent. They liked not the marshy ground which lay drear and desolate between the foes.[1] So two days were spent in cannonading—a fortunate circumstance, according to Berwick, for the French were posted in a fashion which boded defeat: their left being *en l'air*, and their right rammed into a *cul-de-sac* betwixt two rivulets.[2] He goes on to remark that Boufflers should have stood firm in the neighbourhood of Bree. In that position he could have covered Ruremonde and Brabant so effectually that, till he had been dislodged, the confederates might venture naught. But the French commander solely purposed to compel them to retire into their own territory, by interrupting their communications with the Dutch fortresses. Accordingly, Boufflers, marching by his left on Eindhoven, interposed between the allies and their magazines at Breda, Bois-le-duc, and Grave. As soon as the French head-quarters were fixed at Rythhoven, Marlborough broke up from Peer, and moved to Hamont, pushing Tilly with twelve battalions and thirty squadrons to Geldorp, to secure the road to Bois-le-duc, and to watch Berwick, who, in command of six battalions,

[1] Brodrick: "History of the Late War," 40.
[2] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 122.

thirteen squadrons, six hundred grenadiers, and twelve guns, was detached at Eindhoven. In a day or two, the Duke learned that Tilly was on the look-out for a convoy of provisions which had just left Bois-le-duc. Late in the evening, therefore, he sent a messenger to Boufflers, to suggest that his own column should be reinforced by the left wing of the army, in order that Tilly might be attacked at daybreak. By some mischance the despatch did not reach head-quarters before 4 o'clock next morning. It was 6 o'clock a.m., therefore, ere the infantry were marching. But Berwick was ordered to advance forthwith. Passing the Dommel, he was quickly on the edge of the heath, within a mile and a half of Tilly. Now, Boufflers and Burgundy appeared on the scene, and, after looking around, judged it imprudent to attack, lest Marlborough moving straight on Eindhoven, whilst the French were engaged with the Dutch division, the isolated troops might be jeopardized. But, observes Berwick, "cette appréhension étoit frivole, vû qu'il y avoit trois lieues de là à l'armée ennemi, and we had time to beat M. de Tilly, destroy the convoy, and repass the Dommel, before Marlborough could possibly arrive; even in the event of his coming we might have effected our retreat by skirting the Tongrelope, and crossing the Dommel below Eindhoven. Moreover, as we were seeking an opportunity for fighting, we had only to set the whole army in motion, and, if the enemy advanced, encounter him on those fine plains."[1] Nevertheless, the French withdrew to Eindhoven, and the Imperialists who had pushed forward to support Tilly, returned to their camp. In the midst of all this coming and going, that officer sneaking along the road to Grave, met the provision train and brought it safely to Helmont.

Fearing for Rhineberg and Venlo; deeming the siege of Juliers (which Louis desired) impracticable—Boufflers proposed a diversion into Dutch Flanders, then weakly garrisoned. But the King dissented, holding to the necessity of preserving the strongholds of Gelderland and the Rhine. Consequently,

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 123.

the French quitted Rythoven, and drew toward Peer. On the 24th of August, having threaded the dangerous defile of Hechtel, they felt the confederate rear-guard, and stood in front of Marlborough, encamped at Spipelpaede. His army occupied heights forming a half-circle; a brook flowed on their right; boggy meadows protected the left; a morass covered the centre. When the Frenchmen were within "half cannon shot," the allied batteries spoke; Boufflers' pieces replied; and in the midst of the roar, Burgundy called upon the Lieutenant-Generals to deliver their sentiments on the situation, which scarcity of rations and forage aggravated. They unanimously agreed that an excellent station and superior force rendered the enemy invincible.[1] Another day, then, passed in artillery practice, which, owing to the forces being at close quarters, was deadly. But at nightfall the French guns were quietly drawn back and the retreat began: an operation of peculiar difficulty, for, apart from the darkness, the swampy ground had to be traversed by narrow and devious paths. Luckily the retiring columns were little troubled. Burgundy and Berwick rode constantly with the rear-guard, which beat off some desultory attacks; and on the 27th, the army halted at Beeringen, its left resting on the village of Beverloo, the Aldershot of modern Belgium.

Having by skilful marches and counter-marches severed the French army from the fortresses of the Meuse, Marlborough resolved to capture them one by one. On the 29th, a corps under General Obdam invested Venlo, the siege of which the noted Coehorn would direct.

Boufflers was perplexed. So dominant seemed the Imperialist attitude, that he could not move to the succour of Venlo without uncovering Liege and, Namur—nay, almost inviting a march upon Diest, Louvain, even Brussels. He decided therefore to watch events from his present ground, and

[1] "The confederate army was at this time increased to 84 battalions and 150 squadrons, having with them 92 cannons, 21 mortars and howitzers, and 40 pontoons."—LEDIARD, *Life of Marlborough*, i. 173.

According to General Pelet, the French had 70 battalions and 113 squadrons. The number of guns is not stated.

to disconcert the adversary by besieging Hulst in Zeeland. Accordingly, D'Usson (whom we met in Ireland) went to reinforce the Marqués de Bedmar, who commanded for Spain at Antwerp, and Vauban was ordered to conduct the attack. But so inadequate was the apparatus at his disposal, so amply provided the garrison, whose communications by sea could not be interrupted, and who by opening the sluices might inundate the whole district, that the great engineer—the last man to shrink from danger, though too wise and honest a soldier to trifle with truth—informed Chamillart: "Je trouve la chose trop hasardeuse, y ayant beaucoup plus à parier pour un mauvais succès que pour un bon."[1] The loss of many veterans by fever was the sole result of this untoward adventure.

That a son of France should lead a host on which Fortune refused to smile, was manifestly improper. So "redoubted Burgundy" was recalled to Versailles, and the Marquis de Dangeau quaintly relates how the Prince arrived at 12 o'clock p.m., just as the Grand Monarch was getting into bed. The former made "une révérence tres-profonde," whereupon His Majesty, "en chemise," tenderly embraced him, saying with good-natured tact: "Allez vite chez la duchesse de Bourgogne, qui vous attend avec beaucoup d'impatience."

Boufflers, despairing of Venlo and Ruremonde, retired to Tongres, whence he might shield Liege, and, by way of Luxembourg, communicate with Cologne. To secure Bonn and to levy contributions in the duchy of Berg, Tallard was detached with a flying camp of all arms; whilst the Prince de Tzerclaes marched with a small corps to Liege, to protect convoys, and to harass the confederate foragers on the right bank of the Meuse.

Operations against Venlo commenced on the 18th of September, when Fort St. Michel was taken by assault, in which the English, under Lord Cutts, displayed singular bravery. Brigadier Kane, who was one of the stormers, attributes the success to a chapter of happy accidents: "Lord

[1] Before Hulst, Sep. 6, 1702.

Cutts' unaccountable orders were as unaccountably executed, but had not several unexpected accidents occurred in the affair, hardly a man of us would have escaped being either killed, drowned, or taken."[1] Lord Lorn, Lord Huntingdon, Prince d'Auvergne,[2] and Colonel Webb are said to have shown extraordinary daring.

By the conquest of this fort, the besiegers acquired such advantages that Venlo (battered by sixty-seven heavy guns, and forty-one mortars) became powerless. The garrison reduced to 900 men, and the burghers threatening, the governor beat the chamade, after fourteen days of open trenches and a month's investment. He obtained honourable terms. Venlo fallen, the allies encompassed Stevensweert and Ruremonde, which resisted bombardment but a few days.

Events proceeding thus, Marlborough proposed the siege of Liege. At first, the Field Deputies objected, for they feared that, collecting all his forces, Boufflers might attack. But on the Englishman explaining that, Tallard away at Bonn, and a strong detachment proceeding to Germany, the French were not in a condition to effect much—the civilian mar-plots acceded to his plan.

Boufflers grew more and more perturbed. Personally one of the boldest of men, the responsibilities of his place unnerved him. He knew that at Court and in the army, his doings were ridiculed. He felt that with only 29,000 effectives he ought not to hazard an important action. Judging himself unable to protect both Brabant and Liege, he resorted to a half measure. Throwing ten battalions into the citadel of Liege, as many more into Fort Chartreuse, he would leave the town to its fate, and retire behind the Méhaigne, and the lines near Huy.

His conclusions are disputed by Berwick. When Boufflers, he says, abandoned Gelderland, he should have constructed an

[1] "Campaigns of Queen Anne," 39.

[2] Kindred in Holland, the intrigues of his uncle, Cardinal de Bouillon, and his own foolish ambition induced this young Frenchman to enter the Dutch service, with the object of succeeding to the Stadtholderate vacant by the death of William of Orange.

entrenched camp under Liege (as the enemy had done during the late war). With thirty battalions there, the city would have been safe. With the rest of his army, the Marshal might have stood firm behind the Geete and masked Brussels. But the time for so doing was gone.[1]

On the 13th of October, Marlborough suddenly appeared before Liege. So rapid was his march that the troops quartered in the town had just time enough to hie into the citadel, and Tzerclaes' dragoons who lay in the Faubourg St. Gilles only missed being surrounded by dint of spurring. Liege was Marlborough's.

By the expedition to the Rhine, and the augmentation of the garrison of Liege, the Marshal was so seriously weakened that he sent to Antwerp for men, and urged the return of Tallard, whose foray was smart, but unprofitable, beyond conveying the Elector of Cologne safely to Luxembourg.

On the 20th, the trenches were opened against the citadel of Liege, and two days afterwards eighty guns and fifty mortars thundered. Next morning 1,000 grenadiers, backed by ten battalions, strode for a spacious breach. The works being much damaged, and the governor seemingly worse than inert, the besieged "begged quarter." The allies now made ready to assail the Chartreuse; but, aware that it could not hold out for long, Boufflers ordered the commandant to surrender.

In these adverse circumstances, the French general designed to strengthen Namur, and oppose the passage of the Geete and Demer, in case the enemy threatened Brussels. But the capitulation of the Chartreuse ended the campaign. Early in November, the confederates sought winter quarters. "A notre grand contentement," writes Berwick, "car dans le train où nous étions de laisser tout faire, ils n'auroient trouvé de notre part aucun obstacle à leurs entreprises."

Presently an accident befell, which was near changing the current of events. Having settled the stations of the British troops, Lord Marlborough, in company with Deputy Gelder-

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 129.

malsen and General Obdam, embarked on the Meuse for Holland. A little below Venlo, some Spanish soldiers from Geldern stopped the horses that dragged the yacht, and overhauled its passengers. Luckily the fellows knew not the value of their prize; and one Gill, an English groom, having in his pocket a passport, granted by the French authorities for the use of George Churchill, slipped it into Marlborough's hand, who thus passed for his brother. So the party were allowed to proceed to the Hague, with the loss of a few silver spoons, their baggage having been more carefully examined than themselves. Wafted by a propitious breeze, the Earl hastened to London, where the dignity of duke, vast applause, and a pension of £5,000 a year on the revenue of the Post Office, awaited him. The clear-headed Gill was not forgotten. Marlborough, besides an annuity of £50, gave him a lucrative appointment as Commissary for the exchange of prisoners, and also recommended him to the care of the Grand Pensionary. Gill grew fat on all this substance, and peradventure founded a squirearchal house.[1]

Berwick, not being detailed for duty during the winter, returned to Versailles, where the Duke of Burgundy welcomed him with many marks of friendship and esteem. When he was presented to Louis XIV., the Prince stood by to assure the King that he knew few officers gifted with keener intelligence and sounder judgment. As His Majesty seemed to be of a similar opinion, the Englishman found the Court very pleasant, and his demeanour being modest, his manners agreeable, few grudged him his good fortune. On the birth of the boy destined to be for a little while Duc de Fitzjames, the proud father received some genuine congratulations.

But at the end of the year the young general was in mourning. Henry, Duke of Albemarle (Grand Prior of England), had gone to his wife's estate in Languedoc, to try the effect of pure air on a dilapidated constitution. He entered the Château-de Lussan to die. A short time before the end, he had been promoted, though not one of the senior chefs

[1] "Marlborough Despatches," i. 55.

d'escadre, to be lieutenant-général de la marine. Save that he was Berwick's only brother, his would have been (as St. Simon remarks) "une mort qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être comptée;" and yet—the Duc and Duchesse du Maine being his friends—this gentleman, chiefly remarkable for indolence and debauchery, was laid in the grave, decorated with the same military rank as continuous service in the field had won for his virtuous and zealous elder brother.

To return from this digression. The campaign in Flanders was unfortunate for France. Boufflers had been out-manœuvred. Under his very eyes the Netherlands lost nearly all their advanced posts. It is but fair, however, to remember that—besides insufficient means and the pedantic stringency of the instructions emanating from Versailles—it was his misfortune to contend with the greatest captain of the epoch, leading an army superior in numbers and better furnished with the appliances of war.

This was Marlborough's essay as commander-in-chief; and certainly by sagacious combinations and masterly strategy he proved himself a brilliant pupil of Turenne. Ours is a self-complacent age, but let no army reformer suppose that in cunning of fence we excel our progenitors.

We will turn for a moment to the other theatres of war. In March Louis gave the command of his army in Alsace to Maréchal Catinat, whom he had lately treated with scant courtesy.[1] At first "Père la Pensée" declined the post, but finally told the King that he placed himself entirely at the disposal of the State. Then ensued a conversation highly characteristic of the excellent old soldier. Now, quoth Louis, you may explain to me, "à cœur ouvert," everything that happened in Italy during the last campaign. The Marshal finely replied, "Sire, ce sont toutes choses passées; le détail que j'en pourrois faire seroit inutile au service de votre Majesté et ne serviroit qu'à nourrir peut-être des inimitiés éternelles; ainsi je la supplie de vouloir bien que je garde un silence profond sur tout cela. Je ne me justifierai, Sire, qu'en

[1] See "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," 439.

songeant à vous servir encore mieux, si je puis, en Allemagne qu'en Italie."[1] The King was well pleased.

But if the army of Flanders, with a prince of the blood at its head, was starved and poorly equipped, could it be expected that the army of Germany would be well cared for? In fact, Prince Louis of Baden was threatening Landau before Catinat had a few thousand men in line. In the middle of June, when the blockade of Landau was turned into a siege, Prince Louis handled 40,000 combatants, irrespective of a corps in front of Huninguen. But, owing to the profusion of fortresses requiring garrisons—an inconvenience which Vauban admitted[2] and Luxembourg had protested against—Catinat could array only 21,000 men in order of battle. Hence he stood strictly on the defensive throughout the summer. In the beginning of autumn good news reached the French. The Elector of Bavaria, about whose real intentions doubt had existed, glided into Swabia and surprised Ulm. But the joy thus occasioned in Catinat's camp was troubled by the loss of Landau, the outpost of Alsace, which surrendered in September to the King of the Romans and Prince Louis. Under the intrepid Melac, it had stood a regular siege of three months, the defence being facilitated by the bastioned towers with which Vauban had garnished the place.

The Marquis de Villars undertook to sustain the Bavarian Elector. With thirty battalions and sixty picked squadrons, he crossed the Rhine at Huninguen and defeated the Confederates at Friedlingen. The combat was a curiosity of war. First, the German foot turned before a French bayonet charge; then, the pursuers, rushing recklessly forward, fell into confusion, and were set upon by some rallied regiments; a recruit shouting, "Nous sommes coupés!" a panic followed: the French fled. Victory seemed transformed into disaster. But Villars, hurling Magnac's cavalry upon the Germans, they broke again, and ran, leaving behind many dead and wounded,

[1] "Journal de Dangeau," viii. 349.

[2] "C'est un inconvénient," he wrote to Catinat, "dont on s'apercevra quand on ne sera plus autant en état d'attaquer que de se defendre."—*Mém. de Catinat*, i. 34.

thirty-five pairs of colours, and eleven guns. Nevertheless, the Austrians sang "Te Deum" in honour of the day; while the enthusiastic French soldiers saluted Villars "Marshal of France" on the field of battle; and straightway Louis ratified the glorious homage with an autograph letter, "à mon cousin, le Maréchal de Villars."

Respecting the disorder in the ranks of his infantry, Villars remarks :—"On voit par cet événement que le disordre peut se mettre dans les plus braves troupes, quand elles ont perdu beaucoup d'officiers, et qu'elles ont peu de grenadiers (*i.e.* old soldiers) qui sont l'ame de l'infanterie."[1]

It was hoped that the junction of the Bavarians and the French would have been the result of this action. But Prince Louis continued too strong; a march through the Black Forest was too weighty an enterprise for the little corps and defective commissariat at Villars' bidding. Consequently. that facetious general wrote thus to the Elector :—"Cette vallée de Neustadt que Votre Altesse me propose, c'est ce chemin que l'on appelle le Val d'Enfer. Hé bien! que Votre Altesse me pardonne l'expression, je ne suis pas diable pour y passer. Il faut donc remettre à l'année prochaine, et se mieux concerter."

With regard to events in Italy, Maréchal de Villeroy had established his head-quarters at Cremona for the winter. The garrison consisted of 8,000 men, and the place was covered by a considerable force under the Marquis de Créqui. On the other hand, the mass of the Imperialists lay between the Oglio and the Mincio. In this posture Prince Eugene conceived the notion of surprising Cremona; his friends within the walls having assured him that, notwithstanding the presence of several general officers, the duties were very negligently performed. Indeed, M. de Feuquière states that "rounds" did not pace the ramparts, pickets watched not the streets. It was deemed sufficient to mount guard at the gates and the Grande Place; but the guards never communicated by patrols, nor were sentries posted on the gate-towers to spy around.

[1] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 26.

"Enfin l'on étoit dans Crémone sans aucune attention pour le service ordonné dans toutes les places."[1]

Moreover, the Prince gained over a certain Father Cossoli, whose house, situated close to the ramparts, had a cellar, into which ran an old sewer opening outside the glacis. Through this sewer 400 grenadiers, creeping into Cremona, were hidden by his reverence in the cellar, and in his church, which, being rather out of the way, was thinly attended by the faithful. Many soldiers too, disguised as peasants, entered the heedless town during the day, and were stowed in convenient nooks by the priest and other conspirators. In the course of the night of the 1st of February, a gate, which had been built up, was opened out by intruders provided with tools for the purpose, and 6,000 chosen warriors, led by Eugene, fancied Cremona in their grasp. They reached the Place d'Armes, and occupied the main thoroughfares before the garrison moved. Fortunately, however, the regiment Royal des Vaisseaux was assembling for an early inspection. Headed by the Chevalier d'Entrague, it rushed to the Place, now filled with Imperial cuirassiers, fired a volley, and charged with the bayonet. The noise aroused the troops stationed in different quarters of the town. In many cases, dight merely in their shirts, the French fell in. There was fighting everywhere. Meanwhile, Maréchal de Villeroy, galloping to the citadel, was taken prisoner, and all the generals, save two, being slain, wounded, or captured, the defence devolved on a few field-officers, who, apparently by instinct, hit upon the very measures calculated to save the city. In the words of Maréchal Marmont:—"Ces troupes surprises dans leurs lits, nues, privées de leurs officiers,[2] cherchant vainement à les joindre, combattent avec acharnement au milieu de ce chaos, pendant 12 heures, sans manger, sans boire, et sans vêtement, et c'est au cœur de l'hiver." At length they chased forth the enemy who had so craftily surprised them—an enemy commanded by an illustrious commander, whose excellent combinations were upset by a battalion parading for early drill, and the sluggishness of

[1] "Mémoires du Marquis de Feuquière," iii. 20.

[2] The officers were, as usual, living in lodgings, apart from their men.

4,000 men, on whose support he had counted! "Jamais événement plus glorieux, n'illustra le caractère du soldat français ; il est unique dans l'histoire, et montre ce que peuvent le courage et la valeur." [1]

In this marvellous affair the Irish regiments of Burke and Dillon covered themselves with glory:—"Les Irlandais, qui avaient l'attaque de la droite, du côté du Po, ont fait des choses incompréhensibles ; ils ont perdu 7 ou 8 capitaines, 30 lieutenants, et plus de 150 soldats ; ils ont arraché les étendards des cuirassiers de l'empereur, et se sont emparés de deux paires de timbales qu'ils avaient à leur tête." [2] Not only did the Irishmen fight superbly, they also scornfully repelled the attempt of their countryman, Captain Macdonel, of the Austrian service, to seduce them from their colours. Crying shame on him, they cast him into prison.

Major O'Mahony's of Dillon's was sent to Versailles, to narrate his comrades' feats to Louis XIV. He was a man, says St. Simon, of wit as well as valour ; and the King declared, "qu'il n'avait jamais vu personne rendre un si bon compte de tout, ni avec tant de netteté d'esprit, et de justesse, même si agréablement." No wonder Daniel O'Mahony obtained the brevet of colonel, and a pension of a thousand francs. Many officers of his regiment were similarly honoured and rewarded.

And how did public opinion receive the sad tidings of Villeroy's captivity? With laughter and songs:—

"Palsambleu! la nouvelle est bonne,
Et notre bonheur sans égal!
Nous avons recouvré Cremone,
Et perdu notre général."

A famous soldier now took command of the Franco-Spaniards in Italy—Louis Joseph, Duc de Vendôme, grandson of Henry IV. and of Gabrielle d'Estrées. His rare capacity for war, being set off by winning manners, he was the idol of the troops: "ils auraient donné leur vie pour le tirer d'un mauvais pas, où la precipitation de son génie l'engageait

[1] "L'Esprit des Institutions Militaires," 215.
[2] See Pelet, ii. 670 (relation de M. de Vaudry).

quelquefois." But his great abilities and amiable character were sullied by flagrant vices. He was excessively indolent, very debauched, and indescribably filthy in his person. A once noble countenance bore indelible traces of his immorality. When in presence of the enemy he would sometimes lie in bed—where his dogs were freely allowed to nestle—till three o'clock p.m. Still, this strange man was a match for Eugene of Savoy. Making Cremona the pivot of his operations, he carried on a war of artifices, marches and counter-marches, combats and battles. He raised the blockade of Mantua; and, being joined by Philip V.,[1] fought, though surprised, the drawn battle of Luzzara, which preserved the Milanese from invasion, and reduced Eugene to the defensive for the rest of the campaign.

Whilst the din of arms resounded from the mouth of the Scheldt to the Bay of Naples, the united Dutch and English fleets, under the Duke of Ormonde, troubled the Spanish coast. An attack on Cadiz failed. The people rose *en masse*, and the British troops were fain to re-embark, minus 1,500 Irishmen, who evinced their preference for the Bourbon service by remaining ashore. Some of these joined the Spanish army,[2] the majority listed with the French, and the Duke of Berwick was commanded by the King to tell off some officers of the Irish Brigade to organize them into a battalion.

But English disappointment did not last long. Ormonde and Rooke proceeding to Vigo fell in with Admiral de Château-Renaud, who was convoying a fleet of Spanish galleons from Mexico. To save them from capture, the overpowered Frenchman burned ten out of his fifteen frigates. The rest, as well as the galleons, were seized by Rooke; and although the greater portion of the treasure had been removed inland, a rich spoil fell to the lot of Britain.

[1] The inconvenience of a prince of the blood strutting and fretting on the warlike stage is illustrated by the fact that Philip wrote to Vendôme, to order him: "de l'attendre pour battre l'ennemi!"

[2] These men were formed into a dragoon regiment, and the Spanish King requesting a colonel for it, Louis XIV. selected the brave O'Mahony of Cremona celebrity.—*Journal de Dangeau*, ix. 358.

No *gaieté de cœur* could pretend that all had gone well for France this year. Boufflers was surely out-generaled on the Meuse. Villars had warded off immediate danger in Germany; the abilities of Vendôme averted the defeats which, had Villeroy been afield, would probably have befallen the "Two Crowns" in Italy. But of graver import than these indecisive hostilities was the Calvinist revolt in Languedoc.

> "And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
> Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
> Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
> Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
> The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls."

II.

THE BELGIAN WAR-GAME.

1703.

THE Powers banded against France and Spain spent the winter in prosperous negotiation. The princes and states of the Empire were won over; and ere long two potentates, specially beholden to the Bourbons, entered the confederacy. The intestine discord of Frenchmen was turned to account. So amply were the Camisards supplied with weapons and cash, that Louis was compelled to despatch an army-corps to the Cevennes.

At the opening of the campaign, the aspect of military affairs was shortly as follows: Of Gelderland, the town of Geldern only remained in Spanish hands; the Electorate of Cologne was threatened with the fate of Liege. In the east, Alsace seemed in jeopardy; and the Bavarian army had been thrust, so to speak, into a corner between Austria, Swabia, and Franconia. From distant Hungary, indeed, were wafted mutterings of wrath to come, which Louis, mindful of the adversary's intrigues in Languedoc, eagerly encouraged. Spain was still untouched; but in defending her, the French navy had been mutilated. Beyond the Alps, the enemy, driven from the Milanese and Mantua, held out in Upper Italy through Venetian connivance.

Both sides prepared actively for war. The English

Commons agreed to an augmentation of the forces in the form of 10,000 foreigners, but stipulated that England should be charged with their pay only from the day when Holland renounced all commercial transactions with France and Spain. The French King raised new regiments, strengthened fortifications, and promoted superior officers. Among the ten lieutenant-generals created Marshals of France we find the brave Admiral de Chateau-Renaud, and the consummate engineer, Vauban, whom St. Simon pronounces on the occasion: "la valeur même, la bonté, la verité, la probité même, sous un exterieur rude, grossier, et brutal."

The Duc de Vendôme assumed command of the army of Italy; De Villars that of Germany. Maréchal de Villeroy, whom the Emperor Leopold, by the intercession of Mary of Modena, had released from duress without a ransom,[1] obtained from his affectionate sovereign the lead in the Low Countries, together with 100,000 francs to provide his camp-equipage. Everywhere the appointment was disapproved; even the courtiers murmured; but Louis, who never forsook a friend, stood firm, bitterly remarking:—"On se déchaîne contre lui, parce qu'il est mon favori;" a term, says Dangeau, which he never applied to anyone, except on this occasion. Boufflers would serve as second in command in Flanders, and Berwick was summoned from domestic joys to be one of Villeroy's lieutenants. Nor would he go forth empty-handed, for the King took this opportunity of raising his pension from 8,000 to 20,000 francs.

The French intended to strike hard in Germany and Italy, but to remain on the defensive in Belgium, joining battle only in the event of the enemy approaching Antwerp or Namur. Should he assail some distant point, which it might be impossible to succour, they would advance upon Liege, or into Dutch Flanders. Accordingly orders were given to collect a park of artillery at Namur, and another at Ghent.

On the contrary, the allies, devising mischief against the Spanish provinces, assembled 100,000 combatants between

[1] "Ce qui nous coûta plus cher, que si on l'eut payée pour le faire retenir."—*Mémoires Secrets de Duclos*, i. 53.

the Lower Rhine and the Meuse. But first of all, let the Emperor's will be done. On the 25th of April, Marlborough with 50,000 men invested Bonn, the last possession of the Cologne Elector. A second army of similar strength posted near Maestricht, covered the siege from afar. Louis had imagined an attack on Liege, whilst Marlborough was thus engaged. But the French were unready, and "Le Charmant,"[1] fearing that, if Bonn fell speedily, he might have "Le bel Anglois" upon him, before Liege could be reduced, persuaded the King into a less pretentious course. Early in May, fifty-six French battalions and 103 squadrons were encamped about Tirlemont; and intelligence arriving that the English general-in-chief was still employed on the Rhine; that the British reinforcements had not yet joined the Dutch on the Meuse; indeed, that the latter lay scattered between Maestricht, Bilsen, and Tongres; the occasion seemed favourable for defeating the confederates at the latter place.

At daybreak on the 8th the army marched in eight columns; but, being impeded by defiles, did not come up in time to surprise the confederates who, under the Dutch general, Auverquerque, retreated to Maestricht. However, the Duke of Berwick, at the head of the French advance-guard, surrounded Tongres. He tells us: "nous n'y observâmes pas grande cérémonie." Four 12-pounders opened fire, and next morning the garrison, composed of Portmore's and Elliot's regiments, surrendered at discretion. Much booty, amongst which was the Duke of Wurtemberg's baggage, rewarded the conquerors. Berwick forthwith demolished the fortifications, which were merely earthworks. Had the horse been able to advance more swiftly, the enterprise would have borne finer fruit; and yet, if Auverquerque, keeping better watch, had occupied the heights in front of Tongres, he might have barred the narrow way between the Demer and the Geer.

The Marshals, desiring to profit by their momentary superiority, ordered another forced march. At midnight on the

[1] So the fine ladies styled the Duc de Villeroy; for fifty years "le vainqueur et l'irrésistible" of the boudoirs.

13th, the troops were moving; but though the country was open, darkness and rain obstructed the advance. The cavalry alone faced the enemy in the morning. It was noon before the infantry and artillery could arrive. Hence, the allies had leisure to fortify a naturally excellent position. Their right wing held the village of Lonacken, which set upon an eminence dominated the plain. A hollow way partly intrenched, covered their front; their left formed under the guns of Maestricht. The whole line being but two miles in length, the Maestricht cannon could cross with the Lonacken batteries. The ground, manned by forty battalions and sixty squadrons, looked so formidable, that to assail it was judged unwise.[1] The horse, on which the Marshals mainly relied, were obviously useless under the circumstances; and, with an eye to the future, it was urged that success would scarcely compensate the terrible loss inevitable to the infantry in such an engagement. So the army withdrew to its old camp near Tongres.

In the opinion of contemporary critics, the allied centre ought to have been attacked, inasmuch as the intrenchment being there unfinished, might not have proved insurmountable. By containing the enemy's right and left, and massing a dense power in their own centre, just as it came within musket shot, the French might have gained a victory. Be this as it may, a doubtful and bloody fight entering not into the calculations of Versailles, the caution of its favourite was approved.

Bonn having fallen after a stout defence, the French concentrated at their camp of Bomershoven, where they were well placed for watching Marlborough's future course. In providing for the defence of the frontier, Villeroy reckoned that the junction of Villars with the Bavarian Elector would alarm the Austrians into recalling a strong body of their troops from the Meuse to the Danube. It was not so. On the 19th Marlborough arrived at Maestricht, whither he was followed by the army-corps from the Rhine. It would appear, then, the Anglo-Dutch preferred progress in Belgium to conflict with the Franco-Bavarians in distant Germany. Forthwith, the rivals

[1] General Pelet, iii. 34.

began to manœuvre in a fashion, instructive to the student, however versed in the lore of Aldershot. The French intention being defensive, the country lying between the sources of the Geer and the Méhaigne, afforded facilities for sustaining Huy, covering the Namur district, and protecting the weak Brabant frontier.

On the 27th and 28th the enemy, sending his heavy baggage to Maestricht, raised a suspicion that he contemplated a forced march or an engagement; accordingly the générale beat in the French quarters. Two short leagues interposed between the armies, and the Geer was fordable. Numerically superior to the French, for his battalions were stronger, Marlborough handled at least fifty-nine battalions and 130 squadrons,[1] but the firm front of the Marshals, the excellence of their cavalry, to whose movements the ground was suitable, so impressed the Duke, that he contented himself with quietly encamping at Thys. And for ten days the foemen rested on their arms, completely dead-locking each other.

Here Berwick makes an observation or two respecting the designs of "le malin oncle." That great soldier, remembering how feebly the French had resisted him during the previous campaign, conjectured that his superiority on the Belgian frontier would enable him to pick and choose out of a list of conquests. So he desired to transfer the war into Brabant and West Flanders. Antwerp and Ostend would be his aim: the first to the profit of the Dutch, the second to that of the English, who had consented to the siege of Bonn, mainly on the condition that an attack upon Ostend followed. Indeed so anxious was Marlborough on this subject, that before the Rhenish city yielded, Generals Coehorn, Spaar, and Obdam had gone to Bergen-op-Zoom to prepare the doom of the Flemish seaport. In pursuance of his plan, the Englishman hoped, by luring the French to the Mehaigne, to separate them from Flanders, whither he might then cause troops to file stealthily from his own rear; in a word, keeping the marshals on the *qui vive* in the south-east, he might prosecute

[1] Lediard: "Life of Marlborough," i. 229.

his schemes in the north-west. Considerable, therefore, was his disappointment to learn that the Spanish Governor, De Bedmar, had assembled a corps at Antwerp, and that camps were forming at Ghent and Bruges. To perplex the enemy, he embarked cannon at Maestricht, as if Huy were coveted; he made a similar show at Bergen-op-Zoom, and sent regiments by water to Lillo, the Sas van Gent, and Sluis, in order to alarm the Franco-Spaniards for different points in Flanders. But his antagonists unawed, he became embarrassed himself. Eager for work, he doubted what to do. To add to the dilemma, the Emperor pressed for a large reinforcement, without which the Austrian declared he could not withstand the French and Bavarians at present shoulder to shoulder in the heart of Germany. However, the Duke steadily opposed the application, affirming that a reduction of his effective "would only answer the purpose of bringing things here into the same condition as they are there."[1]

To return to the manœuvres. On the 9th of June the allies advanced to Hanef, whereupon the French fell back to Breff and Turine, a village which, by Berwick's advice, was occupied by the gardes-françaises. The situation was good: the right rested on the Mehaigne, the left on the Geer; redoubts studded the front. In the centre, Turine was solidly intrenched. Four miles separated the confederate right from the French left. The interjacent space invited fighting; but so prudent were the belligerents, that only a few skirmishes, exhilarating to the dragoons, took place. "Jamais peut-être," writes General Pelet, "on n'avait vu deux armées aussi nombreuses et aussi voisines l'une de l'autre chercher et réfuser également l'occasion d'en venir aux mains." Whilst mutually desiring an opportunity to flesh their swords, the hostile officers behaved with all imaginable courtesy. Presents and compliments passed to and fro. Gentlemen sought one another's lives with the urbanity of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. They prefaced the death-grapple with a bow and a smile. Our vulgar Philistinism was happily unborn.

[1] Marlborough to Lord Godolphin, June 4, 1703. "Mém. de Berwick," i. 133.

In the torpor, Marlborough was re-shaping his plan. He had reckoned on Coehorn attacking Ostend, but the greedy old man induced the States to empower him to foray in the Pays de Waes, where rich contributions might be extorted.[1] Hence, the Commander-in-Chief had to issue fresh orders; Coehorn and Spaar were now authorized to assail the lines of the Pays de Waes, so as to entice thither De Bedmar, at present encamped under the walls of Antwerp. As soon as the Spaniard moved (as it was assumed he would move) to the assistance of De La Mothe commanding at Bruges, Obdam was to march from Lillo upon Antwerp. Then Coehorn, counter-marching, should reinforce him there; and the grand army having gained the start by a rush, would repair to the same point. Berwick observes: "Selon les apparences, ayant leur dessein formé, ils y seroient arrivés avant nous, et en ce cas Anvers étoit perdu." Likely enough, for Marlborough, having joined the Dutchmen, would have interposed between the scattered bands of the enemy, and, with Antwerp in his grasp, might have signalized the campaign with the capture of Ostend. In furtherance of the combination, the allies crossed the Geer on the 28th of June, and established their right at Borchloen. The Marshals, suspecting an intention of passing the Demer, marched to Diest, so as to block the road to Lierre and Antwerp.

Meanwhile, in defiance of Marlborough's express orders, Coehorn and Spaar had broken prematurely into the Pays de Waes, and obtained some advantages over De La Mothe, whose means were insufficient for the guard of extended lines. On the morning of the 28th, Villeroy received letters from Generals De Bedmar and De Guiscard, describing the ugly aspect of affairs, but indicating a way out of the predicament. Bedmar required such aid as would enable him to encounter Obdam; Guiscard promised to beat Spaar out of the lines, provided his

[1] Camp of Thys, May 30-31: "His design is not on Ostend, as I desired, but to force their lines, by which he will settle a good deal of contribution, which these people like but too well. It is no wonder that Coehorn is for forcing the lines, for as he is Governor of West Flanders, he has the tenths of all the contributions."—See Coxe: "Life of Marlborough," i. 119.

colleague obtained men enough to crush Obdam.[1] The Marshals at once agreed that the latter, now at Eeckeren, hardly four miles from Antwerp, must be driven back to Bergen-op-Zoom. Accordingly, a detachment, consisting of thirty squadrons and 1,500 grenadiers, was told off. Boufflers would lead these chosen soldiers; and that they might march, swiftly, let their baggage be left behind at Aerschot. In spite of Berwick's entreaty to accompany them, Villeroy retained him at head-quarters, where his clear head was doubtless of great price.

The troops quitted Diest early on the 29th, and by six o'clock next morning thronged Bedmar's camp, thus bringing the Franco-Spaniards to a total of twenty-eight battalions and forty-nine squadrons. Although the soldiers had just marched nearly forty miles, but a snatch of repose was accorded them; at eight o'clock, the army-corps strode to Eeckeren.

Notwithstanding, his lieutenants Slangenberg and Tilly had pointed out to Baron d'Obdam "the ill situation of the camp;" notwithstanding Marlborough's injunctions to be vigilant, the lethargic commander could only be induced to send his heavy baggage to Bergen-op-Zoom on the very morning of the catastrophe. No doubt, he relied on the peculiar configuration of the country which, cut up with dikes and canals, "polders" and "watergangen,"[2] rendered him fairly safe in front and on his right flank; nor could his stolid nature conceive the alert daring which, as a general of division, distinguished Boufflers.

Still, the Frenchman had rough work before him. The Dutch being practically unassailable, except on the left and in reverse, it was necessary that the troops should make a long detour; hence three o'clock struck ere the French horse appeared in the enemy's rear at Capellen. The out-posts were quickly driven in, but the character of the ground befriended the surprised Dutch. It afforded them time to form before the French infantry could come into action; and it should have facilitated

[1] Pelet, iii. 63.

[2] "Polders," drained bits of land, enclosed by banks. "Watergangen," trenches to carry off water.

a retreat to Lillo. But, as might be expected, there was immense confusion, and at a point where his men flinched, Obdam disappeared. An old soldier who had served creditably, it is incredible that he deliberately deserted, as his enemies insinuated,[1] yet it is probable that, riding forward to observe the foe, he was separated from his corps. He affirmed that, but for his knowledge of the French language, white cockades, and fleet horses, he would never have escaped with thirty cavaliers to Breda, "une minute de plus j'étais prisonnier."[2] However, the loss of the General was the salvation of the host; the command devolved on Slangenberg, a surly comrade in quarters, but on the battle-field an intrepid chief. The fire of the Dutch foot was promptly brought to bear on the French dragoons; and with the utmost difficulty did Guiscard and De Guiche maintain their hold on the Oorderen dike, the main outlet for the enemy to Lillo.

It was past four o'clock when the French infantry appeared. They had trudged eight hours almost without a halt; indeed, Boufflers' grenadiers had been thirty-six hours afoot. Six battalions immediately reinforced Guiscard, whilst twenty-two battalions, led by Boufflers, hastened to Eeckeren, where the Dutch, advantageously posted behind hedges, with ditches interlacing, fought grimly. Such was the labyrinth of polders and watergangen in their front, that the French of necessity advanced in broken order, their ten field-pieces firing occasionally with slight effect. A bloody series of combats raged, the musketry practice of the ensconced Dutchmen being very deadly. Still, the French gained ground; and at length the defenders were driven out of Eeckeren.

Owing to the strange texture of the land, the closer the grapple the more difficult grew cavalry motion. On the approach of night, therefore, the fight lay simply between the hostile infantries. Strengthened by six battalions, Guiscard ordered the Duc de Guiche to attack the village of Oorderen, the key of the dike by which alone the enemy might retreat. The Duke clutched it and all seemed lost to Holland. Her

[1] Lediard: "Life of Marlborough," i. 252.

[2] M. d'Obdam à M. le duc de Marlborough, Juillet 1, 1703.

brave sons were nearly beaten into the Scheldt; but in the crisis Slangenberg showed himself a general. He shouted to some veteran troops that a dare-devil rush was the sole means of safety. Animated by the well-known voice, the stubborn soldiers "took heart again, and fac'd about."[1] They charged with Slangenberg at their head. Fierce was the struggle; but despair giving the Hollanders a sovereign impetus, the French were forced back, and before they could rally, night fell. "A warrior stout and politic" had cleared the line of retreat; and next morning, when the Marshal, with beating drums, braying trumpets, clashing cymbals, colours flying, came forth defiant, the Dutch soldiers were reposing under the shade of Lillo.

In this action ("très rude et très opiniâtre," Boufflers described it to his King) the Franco-Spaniards lost more than 2,000 men killed and wounded. Seven captains of the Dragons du Roi were slain. The enemy had 717 killed, 1,003 wounded.[1] The French took 800 prisoners, six pieces of cannon and two large mortars, 300 carts laden with ammunition and provisions, tents, and much silver plate. A very interesting captive was presented to Maréchal de Boufflers, even the Countess Tilly, "habilleé en Amazone." She had ridden over from Lillo to dine with her husband, General Tilly, and—how vain our expectation of joy in this fitful sphere!—must instead partake of a *petit souper* with the Colonel-General of Dragoons and other pleasant Frenchmen; a sensational repast, which certain of the vivacious matrons of modern society might not object to.

The affair seems to have been better planned than executed by the French. Their partial failure may be ascribed to the obstructive polders and watergangen, to the fatigue of the foot, the Spanish portion of which was mostly composed of recruits,[2] and (Berwick thinks) to the neglect of the officer commanding at Oorderen (Duc de Guiche?), who omitted to

[1] Brodrick: "History of the late War," 78.

[2] "Si elles (troupes) avaient été toutes egales en qualité, et que le nombre des nouveaux bataillons, avec leur zéle, eussent eu la même experience et vigueur que les vieux, je crois pouvoir assurer votre Majesté

cut the dike with an entrenchment; a quarter of an hour's labour with the spade would have insured the enemy's surrender—"n'y ayant point moyen de se sauver par ailleurs." Although Feuquière does not discuss the subject at length, he hints that the conduct of the officer in question left much to be desired. He writes:—"Dans cette occasion, il n'y a point eu de disposition faite pour aborder ce corps des ennemies, qu'on ne pouvoit détruire qu'en l'empéchant de faire sa retraite, il me suffira de dire qu'un général ne doit jamais charger d'une expédition vive et hardie un officier lent et timide."[1]

To some writers a remark of Berwick's, respecting the beginning of the fight, has appeared inexplicable. He says: Surprising as it may seem, our people had the utmost difficulty to discover the enemy, though it was known that he lay at Eeckeren—"l'on fut très-long temps à la chercher avant que de la pouvoir découvrir, tout comme quand un piqueur cherche à detourner dans un bois un cerf, ou un sanglier, ce qui fut cause qu'on n'arriva que vers les quatre heures après midi." It may be that the Duke misconceived the case when he wrote the above, for the turning movement explains the late hour when the French infantry came under fire. It is probable that the wide circuit seemed to many officers performing it little better than haphazard wandering. But it was nothing of the sort; for General Slangenberg reported to his "High and Mighty Lords" that "the French marched with incredible diligence, and having posted an ambuscade of dragoons before our left wing, advanced with the gross of their army to Capellen, which is at the back of our camp, before we had the least advice of their march or of their design."[2]

Though Diest is but eleven leagues from Eeckeren, and the battle was fought on the 30th of June, Villeroy received no official information about it before the 2nd of July. As heavy

que la victoire auroit été entièrement complete, mais il est bien difficile de ramener dix fois à la charge des troupes qui n'ont jamais rien vu."—*Boufflers au Roi*, Juillet 1, 1703.

[1] "Mémoires de Feuquière," iv. 2.

[2] See Brodrick: "History of the late War," 72.

firing had been heard, much anxiety prevailed at head-quarters; Villeroy being particularly distressed, for his son was one of the lieutenant-generals employed.[1] The cause of the delay is curious: Boufflers, absorbed during the 1st of July in the composition of a descriptive despatch to Louis, had not leisure to enlighten his commander-in-chief.

In the midst of the suspense, Villeroy heard that the main army of the confederates had moved to Beringhen. Concluding that they meant mischief in Boufflers' absence, he drew within the lines running from Aerschot to Lierre. A few days afterwards the flying corps rejoined, and the French issued from covert as if willing to fight; but in reality, says Berwick, "nous n'avions intention que de faire bonne contenance," to hinder the junction of Coehorn and Slangenberg, and to be in a situation to protect the fortresses of the Scheldt. After sundry stratagems on both sides, the French approaching Antwerp camped at St. Job, the left touching a fine plain, where boldly led cavalry would be terrible.

All the while, Marlborough was sorely troubled by the quarrels of captious generals. Obdam's disaster had brought panic to the Hague; and even the English commander's friends censured him for neglecting to support that ill-starred lieutenant, and especially for not engaging the French in the absence of Boufflers.[2] At first sight, these objections seem reasonable, but when we reflect on the envy of the Dutch officers, and the timidity of the Dutch statesmen; when we bear in mind the fact that John Churchill's genius was soon to shine forth with amazing lustre, we hesitate to lay the mischances of the campaign to the charge of the commander-in-chief.

With the hope of devising satisfactory measures, Marlborough repaired to Bergen-op-Zoom, where he conferred with the churlish Coehorn, and four deputies of the States-General. It was at first arranged that a combined attack should be made on the French lines, preparatory to the siege of Antwerp. —"I think," wrote Marlborough to the Pensionary Heinsius,

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 139-40.

[2] Burnet: "History of the Reign of Queen Anne," v. 73.

"all officers will agree with me that if they (French) opiniatre (*sic*) the defences of the lines between Antwerp and Lierre, and we should force them, they having a river behind them, it will be next to impossible for them to get off. On the other side, if they should take the resolution not to defend the lines, then the siege may be made with all the ease imaginable."[1]

It was not to be. Instead of obeying orders, the Dutch officers fell foul of one another :—

> "*Gregory.*—Do you quarrel, Sir?
> *Abram.*—Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.
> *Sampson.*—If you do, Sir, I am for you."

Obdam upbraided Coehorn : Slangenberg, in the effervescence of his new-born glory, scoffed at his comrades; and even hinted that Marlborough, through jealousy, had exposed the Hollanders to defeat. Whilst settling the details of the march of troops from Lillo to head-quarters, such dissension broke out between Slangenberg and Coehorn, that the latter quitted the camp in a transport of rage, and the former obtained his command. In the height of the storm, the English general returned to his army; and after inducing the Dutch Government to insist upon Slangenberg co-operating with him in an attack upon the French, moved his quarters from Varstelar to Brecht. On the 23rd of July, with a mighty escort of horse, and a crowd of general officers, His Grace advanced to inspect the foe. And divers advisers urged Villeroy to withdraw into his lines that very evening, lest he be compelled to enter them hurriedly—"manœuvre toujours dangereuse et peu honorable." But the Marshal objected that his instructions to avoid an encounter ought to be concealed as long as possible. Besides, an intrepid air might be affected without risk; for the lines being only three miles off, and pierced with many apertures, there would be time to seek shelter when the enemy began to debouch upon the heath. The ground also was favourable; the manifold hedges stuffed (*farcies*) with sharpshooters would restrain the enemy's horse; his foot, having four miles of

[1] Coxe: "Life of Marlborough," i. 125.

scrubby land to traverse, would be harmless for more than an hour. Hence, Villeroy merely sent his heavy baggage to the rear. But, next morning, spies informed him that the Lillo detachment—twenty-six battalions and about as many squadrons—had reached Capellen, a long league from the left: Marlborough and Slangenberg were in line, and active! Presently, the boom of a heavy gun; and in awful majesty eighty-five battalions and 150 squadrons swarmed upon the plain. The Marshals flinched. In less than three hours, without a shot between their rear-guard and the hostile van, the Franco-Spaniards were snug within their entrenchments.

As the French refused battle, the allies deliberated about assailing the lines. After the manner of councils of war, there arose long discussions; ingenious objections abounded; and no positive conclusion came about. Marlborough significantly remarks: "I see enough, I think, to be sure the lines will not be attacked, and that we shall return to the Meuse."

Still, we find him with 4,000 horse viewing the dread defences. He writes: "They (the French) let us come so near that we beat their out-guard home to their barrier, which gave us an opportunity of seeing the lines, which had a fosse twenty-seven feet broad before them, and water in it nine feet deep; so that it is resolved that the army return to the Meuse, and in the first place take Huy." [1]

A strong outpost towards Diest being necessary, the Duke of Berwick was detached with five brigades of cavalry to the neighbourhood of Lierre, where grass was plentiful. This arrangement spared the forage within the line, and consumed it in the confederate rear.

Marlborough, powerless to strike a blow in Flanders, returned towards the Meuse at the end of July. The French, under cover of their works, marched parallel with his columns; and very careful were the marshals not to be distanced by a sudden countermarch, which might culminate in a rush upon the denuded Flemish lines, and then, lo! Antwerp beleaguered! In pursuance of the motion *pari passu* with the

[1] Coxe: "Life of Marlborough," i. 127.

adversary, when he camped at Vignamont, they halted at Wasseigne on the Mehaigne.

The siege of Huy began. During its progress Berwick, who led the advance-guard throughout the late manœuvres, was detached with fifteen battalions and twenty-six squadrons to prolong the lines to the Meuse, and to watch matters in Luxembourg. Notwithstanding the vigour of M. Millon and 1,000 soldiers, who twice repulsed the stormers, the castle of Huy was so heavily bombarded for ten days, that it capitulated on condition that the garrison be exchanged for the two British regiments taken at Tongres.

Not a finger did Villeroy lift to succour the place, lest the enemy letting go his hold upon it, should dash into Brabant. Content with the safety of Namur, he stretched to the Meuse the defensive lines hitherto terminating on the Mehaigne. The work was done under Berwick's eye. Whilst the French picks and shovels were employed in that quarter, Marlborough proposed to scale the unfinished entrenchments, and to deliver a great battle. As usual, the Dutch deputies demurred. The result appears in a letter to Godolphin: "I am going," writes the General-in-Chief, "to the siege of Limbourg, so that I believe I shall be a fortnight from the army, in which time I hope to recover my health; for the unreasonable opposition I have met with, has so heated my blood that I am almost mad with headache." The sentence contains a volume of misery!

A week before proceeding to Limbourg, he had some correspondence with his nephew of Berwick, apparently on the subject of horse-dealing.

"To the Duke of Berwick.

"Camp at St. Tron, 9th Sept., 1703.

"My Lord,

"I have received the honour of your Grace's letter of yesterday, and shall be very glad to oblige you in your request, but if the Grand Ecuyer would follow my advice, his equerry should not come to the army till the middle of next month, when the campaign will be nearer at an end, and the officers more willing to dispose of their horses, and at cheaper rates;

however, I leave the time entirely to you, and, as you desire it, I shall send you a pass for the equerry.

"I am, with true respect, my Lord,

"Your Grace's, &c., &c.,

"M."[1]

This letter illustrates the civility (*honnêteté*) customary in the field 180 years ago; and likewise shows the ceremonious respect with which relations used to address one another. In an agony of grief at the death of his only son, Marlborough wrote of him as "the late Lord Churchill."

Beyond ordering Pracontal to watch it with a small force, the Marshals neglected Limbourg. And even that languid sign of life had no other motive than to enable Pracontal to march to the Rhine, in case the enemy menaced Tallard, who was besieging Landau. "La prudence," remarks Villars, "est très à la mode dans les armées."

Limbourg soon surrendered at discretion, and Marlborough rejoined his army at St. Tron, whence he retired to Tongres early in October. At the same time the French occupied Diest and the line of the Demer. For the rest of the month, Berwick writes: "on ne songea, de part et d'autre qu'à s'amuser; to hinder reinforcements being sent to Germany, we embarked cannon at Namur, and counterfeited a design upon Huy. At last, some confederate troops having started for Landau, Pracontal followed them, and our operations ended on the 2nd of November."[2]

The least successful campaign, surely, that Marlborough ever directed. Beyond depriving the Two Crowns of their last positions between the Meuse and the Rhine, the allies turned their numerical superiority to small account.[3] The reason is not far to seek. The abilities of the English leader were neutralized by the animosities of commonplace officers, and the trepidation of Dutch politicians. Still, we must acknowledge the strategic craft of the French, and the boldness

[1] "Marlborough Despatches," i. 175.

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 145.

[3] Geldern capitulated on the 15th of December.

with which they smote Obdam, almost in the presence of his chief.

François de Neuville, Duc de Villeroy, being a courtier and mere dragoon, Maréchal de Boufflers a staunch soldier rather than a wily commander, we may conjecture that the French movements were prompted by some subordinates of high capacity. Had the sagacity of Berwick no part in their contrivance? Was not the accomplished Puységur: "l'ame de de l'armée de Flandre," as St. Simon describes him, habitually consulted? However this may be, Villeroy had cause for self-complacency. He probably rejoiced that he had stuck to war, and not taken to politics; which, on his return from Austrian captivity, his friend the Chevalier de Lorraine declared ought to be his business for the future.

Thanks to the audacity of Maréchal de Villars, events in Germany were of a livelier character. He resolved to take the field in mid-winter, informing Tallard, who disapproved such a painful rupture of routine: "Pendant les pluies on se sert des rivières, et on ouvre la terre; et pendant la gelée on fait des charrois." Crossing the Rhine in January, he captured Kehl. After resting a while to refresh his men, he turned the lines of the Prince of Baden; in spite of multifarious obstacles, threaded the defiles of the Black Forest, and on the 8th of May shook hands with the Bavarian Elector; who, crying "Vive le Roi!" greeted him with tears of joy, and proclaimed him his saviour! Immediately, the ardent Frenchman proposed that the Elector should march to Passau, master it, and then swoop on Vienna:—

> "On sut que la jonction faite,
> Villars alloit tout d'une traite
> Dompter l'impériale orgueil,
> Par quelque nouvelle defaite."

The insurrection in Hungary, which broke out in June, would have facilitated the enterprise. Indeed, when the Emperor heard of it, he prepared to quit his capital; and such was the alarm, that, as Prince Eugène confessed to Villars at Rastadt, the Peace of 1713 might have been con-

quered by France ten years earlier. "Il faut qu'un seul et même esprit gouverne toute la guerre." The brave and honest Bavarian was unstable as water; sometimes his wife coaxed him astray, sometimes double-faced sycophants beguiled him into folly. He preferred to adventure in the Tyrol. The Marshal unwillingly consented. He would guard the Danube against the Prince of Baden; and he urged Louis XIV. to send the army of the Rhine to Freiburg, also to cause Vendôme to advance from Italy to Trent. There might yet be time to win Vienna.

At first the Elector was successful; but Vendôme was behindhand. The peasants rose in arms. The Bavarians were forced to retire with loss. The expedition failed. Meanwhile, Villars, posted at Dillengen, had held Louis of Baden in check; but that General, now strongly reinforced, leaving Count Styrum entrenched in front of the Marshal, ascended the Danube, crossed it, and moved eastward. The French were in danger of being surrounded. The army of the Rhine did not stir. Apparently the Franco-Bavarians were doomed. But Villars joined the Elector, and aroused his energies. They got the start of Prince Louis, and defeated Styrum at Hochstadt. Then, the Marshal suggested that the Bavarians should defend their own country and insult Austria, whilst he seized Wurtemberg, and offered a hand to Tallard. Maximilian-Emmanuel objecting, a quarrel ensued. Villars resigned his command to Maréchal de Marsin. Ere long, the Franco-Bavarians captured Augsburg, and the success of Ragotzki[1] in Hungary compelling the Kaiser to withdraw troops from Passau, the Elector remembered the scheme of Villars, and took that city in two days.

Hostilities closed advantageously on the Rhine. After Vauban had achieved the fall of Breisach, the siege of Landau was undertaken. But the Prince of Hesse-Cassel arrived on the 13th of November at Spires, with the view of relieving the place. Tallard, now in chief command of the French (in the

[1] François Leopold Ragotzki (great-grandson of Sigismond Ragotzki, an Hungarian magnate elected Prince of Transylvania in 1607) was nominated chief of Hungarian malcontents in 1701.

place of the Duke of Burgundy) being reinforced by Pracontal, left a feeble corps to occupy his trenches, and hastening forward beat the Germans under singular circumstances. According to Feuquière:—"la foiblesse de vue de M. de Tallard, qui le mit dans la triste necessité de voir par les yeux d'autrui, lui procura le gain de cette bataille, par une méprise qui devoit le lui faire perdre."[1] The defeat of the allies was as signal as at Hochstadt, and Landau surrendered at once. Nevertheless these successes proved positively injurious, for they inspired an exaggerated opinion of Tallard's capacity.[2]

In Italy, no feat of war occurred. Vendôme—wonderful compound of splendid activity and shameful sloth—took no advantage of Eugène's absence. But if soldiers dawdled, diplomatists toiled. Secret information reached Louis that the Duke of Savoy—father-in-law of the Duke of Burgundy, father-in-law of Philip V.—had bargained for the dethronement of his own daughter. It was a simple question of cash and land. The Emperor offered Montferret, Alessandria, Valenza, and other districts besides large English subsidies—a higher price, in fact, than could be expected from Spanish pride.

"Notre cousin le Savoyard
A quitté sa mandille,
Pour prendre celle de César
Contre ses propres filles."

The intrigue transpired on Vendôme arresting 3,000 Piedmontese, whom the Duke was awaiting an excuse to withdraw from the French camp. Were it not for the simplicity of modern statesmen, we might marvel how a man like Victor Amadeus could so easily cajole his neighbour. He had deserted the Imperialists in 1696, as basely as he deserted the Two Crowns in 1703. In the former instance, Leopold con-

[1] See "Mémoires de Feuquière," iii. 356.

[2] Camille d'Hostun, Marquis de la Baume, Comte de Tallard, was born in February, 1652. He negotiated at London the two treaties, for the partition of the Spanish Monarchy, which the will of Charles II. annulled. St. Simon says of Tallard:—"Qui que se soit ne se fiait en lui, et tout le monde se plaisait en sa compagnie."

fided in him to the last moment; in the latter, Louis was with difficulty induced to suspect him.[1] Hardly had this strong prop given way, before the Bourbons learned that Portugal was hostile. The Emperor promised Dom Pedro that, whenever the Archduke Charles (in whose favour the King of the Romans had resigned) filled the Spanish throne, Vigo, Bayona, Badajoz, as well as the American province of Rio de la Plata should be ceded to the Portuguese. "En un mot," wrote Voltaire, "il partageait ce qu'il n'avait pas, pour acquérir ce qu'il pourrait en Espagne." This Imperial huckstering being certain to inflame the Spaniards to fury, it was set out in two separate and "most secret" articles of the Treaty. Sad to say, the iniquitous compact was endorsed by England; and Queen Anne hailed the Archduke, King of Spain, but two years having elapsed since William III. recognized the right of Philip of Anjou! Out of the negotiations for the mutilation of Spain proceeded the famous Methuen Treaty, which furnished the Portuguese with English woollen cloth, and condemned our squirearchy to port wine and exacerbated gout until the coming of Gladstone.

Nor did Louis XIV. refrain from encroachment. He privily obtained from his grandson a promise that, circumstances being propitious, the Low Countries should be given to the Bavarian Elector; the territory of Luxembourg and Namur, with the towns of Mons and Charleroi, being transferred to France, in requital of her military sacrifices.[2]

By their artful diplomacy, the confederates gained two prime strategical advantages: France was now dissevered from the Milanese by a range of giant mountains—by fastnesses yesterday friendly, to day adverse; and the agreement with the Court of Lisbon opened for them a road to Madrid.

To sum up the operations of 1703, the Electorate of Cologne, and the Spanish possessions on the Meuse were lost; but Alsace was delivered, and the upper hand regained in the

[1] "M. de Savoie négocioit déjà il y avoit plus d'un an avec les ennemis de la France, et M. de Catinat qui s'en aperçut ne fut pas cru."—*Journal de Dangeau (note du Duc de Luynes)*, ix. 340.

[2] "Mémoires du Duc de Noailles," ii. 244.

Palatinate. In Germany the allies faltered: Austria was hemmed in between insurgent Magyars, and aggressive Bavarians. In Italy, through the defection of a perfidious kinsman, the situation of the Bourbon was grave indeed.

It is a relief to exchange the dusty plains of Belgium and the crooked paths of statecraft for the geniality of a good man's home. Most of us can imagine Berwick's reception by "la belle Nanette"[1]—we behold the warrior fondling his two little boys; our palates suggest the fatted calves which friends killed for his entertainment. The Duke of Burgundy rejoiced to see him again: and Mary of Modena, whose original dislike of Fitzjames had gradually changed into cordial esteem, was comforted by the support of so judicious a counsellor. Just now her health was bad, and she had been lately afflicted by the death of her dear friend, Anna de' Montecuculi. To one so depressed, the interests of her son must have been a heavy burden. But where was the man better qualified to relieve her anxieties than the young general, alert in the field, and sober in the salon?

The Queen had to tell the Duke of a delightful visit which James III. and herself had recently paid to Fontainebleau. The Grand Monarch was never more assiduous in his attentions. "C'est ne pas Louis XIV. qui manquera jamais à une noble et délicate convenance."[2] After dinner, the Court hunted the stag; the young James riding hardily with other striplings, Louis driving a calash and four. The Duchess of Burgundy sat by his side on the box; Mary Beatrice and the Duchess of Orleans on the seats of honour behind. One evening the royal comedians acted for the amusement of the English Prince, who had never seen a play. As the theatrical enjoyments of illustrious personages are at present carefully

[1] *Nom de société* of the Duchess of Berwick:

"Pour le repos du genre humain,
Il vous faudroit être Nanette,
Sans yeux, sans nez, sans tête enfin,
Pour le repos du genre humain."

Anthony Hamilton.

[2] Sainte Beuve: "Causeries de Lundi," xiii. 98.

chronicled, we may mention that the pieces chosen for the occasion were *L'Andromaque* of Racine, and a farce called *L'Esprit de Contradiction*. Sometimes, lansquenet served to while away the evening. So the youth was sad, when he had to return to dismal St. Germain. "Il s'est fort diverti ici; c'est un très joli prince, et qui se fait fort aimer," remarks shrewd Marquis de Dangeau.[1]

But Court pleasures and home felicity were transient for Berwick. Soon after his arrival from Flanders, it was hinted to him that he might expect the command of the French army corps destined for Spain; and on the 29th of November at Marly, the King announced the appointment. Twenty French battalions including the second battalion of his own regiment (composed of Irishmen who left the Duke of Ormonde in the lurch at Cadiz), six regiments of horse, and two of dragoons, would obey his orders; and that he might be ably assisted, Maréchal-de-Camp de Puységur was made director-general of the corps.

Jacques François de Chastenet, Marquis de Puységur, was a staff officer of prime merit. Having been lieutenant-colonel of the Regiment du Roi, he was well known to Louis XIV.—"qui s'en mêloit immédiatement comme un colonel particulier." Puységur afterwards served under Luxembourg and Villeroy as *maréchal de logis* (quartermaster-general). It was in the field then that Berwick became acquainted with this excellent functionary, who, to valour and military knowledge, joined "une grande netteté de mains, une grande equité à rendre justice par ses témoignages, un cœur et un esprit citoyen."[2] He rose to be Marshal of France in 1734, and wrote an admirable book, *L'Art de la Guerre*.

Selection for a separate command indicating that the time would come when Fitzjames might aspire to the maréchalat, he obtained from James III. permission to be naturalized as a Frenchman, the bâton being confided to none but genuine subjects of the most Christian King. Officially then and for ever, the Duke of Berwick was a French soldier, and Britain

[1] "Journal," ix. 311.

[2] "Mémoires de St. Simon," iv. 208.

lost a strong arm. The fruits of revolution may be sometimes wholesome, but they are always dearly purchased.

St. Simon insinuates that Berwick owed his good fortune to the arts of the Princesse des Ursins; who, supposing him "doux, souple, fort courtisan, sans aucun bien, avec une famille," believed him to be cut out for her purposes in Spain. Hence, she prompted Mary of Modena, with whom she had long been intimate, to solicit his advancement. Now, however readily Louis may have listened to all that Mary Beatrice and her son urged in their relation's favour, we cannot believe that he was solely swayed by feminine and boyish commendation; he remembered, no doubt, weightier testimony to Fitzjames' energy and ability. And who had borne witness? The generals under whom the young officer served, notably Luxembourg and Villeroy—"qui l'avoient traité comme leur enfant à la guerre et à la cour."

The Duke of Berwick's future career demonstrating the wisdom of the preferment, the King is fairly entitled to credit for making it. Ste. Beuve well observes:—"Laissons aux actions humaines, pourvu qu'elles soient bonnes, leurs motifs divers: socialement parlant, n'ôtons point au navire ses plus hautes voiles."

III.

"LAS COSAS DE ESPANA."

1704.

PHILIP V., as he rumbled to Buen Retiro in a shabby moth-eaten coach, had a dismal prospect before him. The once superb monarchy was as a strong man palsied. The nobility shunned war and politics. With few exceptions, ecclesiastics alone were proficient in public affairs:—"les moines sont en Espagne ce que l'armée est en France." With a population of warlike temper, the soldiers were few,[1] undisciplined, in rags, usually without pay, and often fed like beggars. The art of shipbuilding was dying out. The taxation was stupid and oppressive; the finances were in such disorder as apparently to defy analysis. Slipshod lords-in-waiting and slattern ladies-in-waiting filled the mouldering palace. A fry of pestilent dwarfs, ripe for vile employment, infested the ante-rooms.[2] "One might suppose," wrote Torcy to Comte de Marsin, "that the Kings of Spain were more eager to destroy their patrimony than to preserve it. During the late reign the disorder was unparalleled, and the Spaniards

[1] "At the close of the Austrian dynasty the army did not consist of 20,000 men—the provincial and town militias were a respectable force raised by ballot; and in times of peace embodied one month in the year." —COXE: *Bourbon Kings of Spain*, i. 431.

[2] "Mémoires de Noailles," ii. 41.

say that after a century of misrule, there no longer remains any Government at all."

Who was the Hercules to grapple with the Hydra? A youth of eighteen, brave, amiable, and not without good sense; but excessively indolent, sometimes hypochondriacal, and always irresolute. His character is capitally revealed by his pretty wife in a letter to Louis XIV.:—"Je supplie très-humblement votre Majesté de se servir de toute l'autorité qu'elle a par tant d'endroits sur le Roi son petit-fils, pour qu'il s'accoutume bien à dire d'un ton hardi—'Je veux,' ou 'Je ne veux pas;' enfin qu'il tâche de vous imiter. Ce sera un prince parfait, s'il y peut parvenir."[1]

Fortunately for Spain and for Philip, he married one of the dearest girls imaginable. The Princess Marie Louise of Savoy, sister of the Duchess of Burgundy, was of small stature, but beautifully shaped; her face was very expressive, her complexion exquisite:—

> "And when she spake,
> Sweet wordes, like dropping honey, she did shed;
> And 'twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
> A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed to make."

But she possessed more solid qualifications. She had received a sound education, and was blessed with common-sense. She had a keen wit, and in her married life displayed a constancy and courage, which, added to her natural graces, won for her respect as well as love. "A tout ce que j'en ai ouï dire en France et surtout en Espagne, elle avoit tout ce qu'il falloit pour être adorée. Aussi en devint elle la divinité."[2] But the gifted little lady being only thirteen years of age, she must be furnished with a guide at once accomplished and sensible; and none seemed to fulfil the requisite conditions better than Madame des Ursins (Orsini). A Frenchwoman of very high birth, she had lived in Spain, spoke pure Castilian, and understood the customs of the people.[3] Besides, when at Rome, she had been intimately acquainted with Cardinal Porto-

[1] "Mémoires de Noailles," ii. 189.
[2] "Mém. de St. Simon," iv. 167.
[3] See "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," 416-418.

Carrero, the most powerful statesman of Spain, and was not less familiar with Cardinal d'Estrées, the French Ambassador at Madrid. Consequently, the place of *Camarera-mayor* (superintendent of the Queen's household) was given to her; and she set about her business with a zeal and address quite masculine. In a letter to Madame de Noailles, she humorously describes her new functions :—"En verité, Madame de Maintenon, rirait bien si elle savait tous les détails de ma charge. Dites-lui, je vous supplie, que c'est moi qui ai l'honneur de prendre la robe de chambre du roi d'Espagne, lorsqu'il se met au lit, et de la lui donner avec ses pantoufles, quand il se lève, jusque-là je prendrais patience ; mais que tous les soirs, quand le roi entre chez la reine, pour se coucher, le comte de Benavente (le grand chambellan) me charge de l'epée de sa Majesté——et d'une lampe, qui je renverse ordinairement sur mes habits, cela est trop grotesque," &c.

But Madame did not confine herself to domestic cares. Like the Frenchwomen of whom Mazarin complained—"Elles veulent tout voir, tout connaître, tout savoir, et qui pis est, tout faire et tout brouillir"—she plunged into politics. It being her duty never to quit the Queen, during the King's absence in Italy, she attended her to the meetings of the Junta, and, under the pretext of initiating her pupil in affairs, pryed herself into State secrets. She knew how to mould Spanish etiquette to her will. With unerring coup d'œil she judged the characters of the Grandees ; and more acutely than trained politicians gauged the chances and pitfalls of the situation. Still the Princesse des Ursins, at fifty-nine, swaying Marie Louise, and through her the uxorious boy-king, was a different person from the Duchesse de Bracciano, in the zenith of her beauty, the *diva* of Roman society. The two Cardinals, d'Estrées and Porto-Carrero, once her warmest friends, soon became her worst enemies. They resented her interference in matters appertaining to their departments, and envied her ascendency over the Queen. Both these proud old men desired to govern Spain ; and to see it bewitched by "La Sirène," was intolerable to them. Thus, parties were formed ; cabals became the fashion. On one side Frenchmen, like the

Marquis de Louville, bitterly opposed their domineering countrywoman. On the other, Frenchmen, like Jean Orry—whom Porto-Carrero had invited from Paris to regulate the exchequer—played eagerly into her hands. "Le gouvernement alloit très-mal parceque tout le monde vouloit gouverner."[1]

And danger of another sort supervened. Don Juan Henriquez y Cabrera, Hereditary Admiral of Castile, finding favour with the Queen and the Camarera-Mayor, Porto-Carrero resolved to get rid of so powerful and subtile a rival by sending him as Ambassador to Versailles. Affecting compliance, the "Almirante" departed; but on reaching Tordesillas, where a road branched off to Portugal, he surprised his followers by hastening to Lisbon, and avowing himself—what he had been for long *sub rosâ*—the factotum of the House of Austria.

The discovery of Cabrera's treachery alarmed without reconciling the contending factions. It is enough for our purpose to know that the Princess, secure of the Queen, triumphed over her adversaries. She artfully played the Spanish Cardinal against the French Cardinal. The arrogance of the latter inducing Louis XIV. to recall him, he was temporarily succeeded by his nephew, the Abbé d'Estrées, who pretended to sympathize with the female party. Madame des Ursins now seemed supreme. Her cleverness and vigour had borne down opposition; and without giving her credit for entire disinterestedness, it cannot be denied that her policy was beneficial in the main to the country. She brought method and economy into the palace. She restrained the vivacity of French interlopers, and stirred the native officials to exertion. But, above all, in a very short space she turned the charms and affability of the Queen to great account. She made her popular. Without the virtues of Marie Louise, and the talents of her confidant, the new dynasty would hardly have struck its roots so deep in Spanish soil.

But every fortress has its weak point, and Anne Marie de la Trémoille, with all her brave achievement, was a woman.

[1] Montesquieu: "Eloge de Berwick."

Singular as it may appear to some, she was susceptible in her sixtieth year of the tender passion. A certain D'Aubigny, a kind of "intendant," whom she had promoted to be her equerry and private secretary, was one day observed cleaning his teeth at the window of her chamber. "C'etoit un beau et grand drôle, très-bien fait, et très-découplé de corps et d'esprit." He was insolent, as vulgar fellows in such circumstances always are, and on an occasion when, for the sake of free conversation, Louville and the Duque de Medina Cœli were taken by Madame to her private apartment, D'Aubigny (who was seated with his back to the door), supposing that she had entered alone, broke out on her with a choler coarsely marital. The gentlemen were dumbfounded. The confused Princess feigned a laugh; and, to intimate to the brute that guests were present, cried out: "You see, messieurs, that D'Aubigny dislikes being interrupted."[1] Presently the fondness occasioned "une belle esclandre," which cost the old lady dear. She had reason to suspect the Abbé d'Estrées of writing to Versailles in a strain injurious to herself. She therefore intercepted one of his despatches, which, unluckily, related particulars of her intimacy with D'Aubigny. What especially nettled her, was the Abbé's insinuation of a clandestine marriage. This was too much. The blood of La Trémoille boiled, and in her transport she wrote in the margin —"Pour mariée, non!" Thus glossed the letter was returned to the courier, and in due course reached Louis XIV., who, already irritated by constant complaints against her, determined that she should be discharged on the first opportunity.

In the midst of the ferment, General de Puységur arrived at Madrid to make arrangements for the approaching campaign. At first, he appears to have been satisfied with the aspect of affairs, but, being the guest of D'Estrées, he joined the party against Madame des Ursins, and a quarrel with Orry was the result. After conferring with that able but shifty functionary concerning the establishment of magazines, and the organization of the Spanish troops, Puységur proceeded

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," iv. 177.

to the Portuguese frontier that he might see with his own eyes the nakedness or the fertility of the land. On his return to Madrid, he declared that Orry had deceived him, since the fortresses did not contain the stores which that person had led him to expect. Strong despatches were written to Versailles. The ambassador backed Puységur. The King and Queen sided with Orry. Louis, doubtful whom to believe, charged Berwick to investigate the matter, together with the other embroilments of the Spanish Court, and to report to him on the whole subject.[1]

That word of agony, farewell, must now be spoken :—

> "D'abord les beaux yeux de Nanette,
> Abimés dans le desespoir.
> Mouillerent trois fois son mouchoir ;
> Leur éclat se mit en retraite."[2]

God bless ye, little Fitzjameses! Adieu Hamilton, Perth, Caryl, and the rest. Aching hearts, quivering lips, the crack of the postillion's whip, and—Berwick was gone.

He entered Madrid on the 15th of February in one of the royal carriages, followed by more than three hundred coaches filled with grandees. The next day Philip solemnly appointed him Captain-General of the Spanish armies. Immediately afterwards, he says, in his simple soldierly style : "I began to examine the question about the magazines—'comme ce qui m'importait le plus.' It turned out that the bickering between Puységur and Orry arose out of a misunderstood tense. In the King's presence Orry had said that the magazines *would* be supplied with stores, Puységur supposing him to affirm that they *were* so supplied. Nay, Orry showed that prior to the Director-General's coming, he had no power to locate the depôts ; how, then, could he be expected to replenish them ? Being guiltless of neglect, is it likely he would have been so foolish as to mislead an officer certain to discover the deception in the course of three days at most? The Spanish King

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 146.
[2] Anthony Hamilton to Berwick.

(prince véridique) assured me that what Orry asserted was true." [1]

Each party endeavoured to enlist the General-in-Chief. The Queen deigned to request his support of the Ursins clique. But he spoke so frankly to one and all, that they soon perceived he would have nothing to do with their tricks (*tracasseries*). His burden, indeed, was heavy enough without engaging in discussions as disagreeable, as they were inconsistent with his function. Wisely and honestly he devoted himself to his military duty:—"Il ne pensa ni à Madame des Ursins, ni à Orry, ni à l'Abbé d'Estrées, ni au gout de la Reine, ni au penchant du Roi; il ne pensa qu'à la monarchie." [2]

Jean Orry was, once upon a time, a "rat de cave" (*anglice*, exciseman), and afterwards the steward of the Duchess of Portsmouth, who dismissed him for theft. Disagreeable antecedents certainly; and yet he was an administrator of sterling capacity. Berwick acknowledges—"I owe it to Orry to declare that he omitted nothing likely to be useful; car quoique sans caractère quelconque, il se mêloit de tout et faisoit tout." In the course of a few months, he established a proper method of feeding and clothing the troops. He formed a camp of instruction near Madrid. He separated the War Office into departments. He insisted on applying the tobacco-tax and other imposts, amounting to twelve millions of francs, to the military service. Being fairly treated, the Spanish soldiers began to assume the martial bearing of their forefathers. Philip regarded all this as "un enchantement;" and if men opined that Orry's fortune was too large to have been amassed with clean hands, none denied that he worked hard for Spain. Whatever moralists may say, it is certain that, in public and private concerns, the clever knave is much to be preferred before the well-meaning fool.

The King of Spain being desirous of accompanying the troops, and 200,000 crowns having with difficulty been borrowed to cover the cost of the royal progress, Berwick

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 147.

[2] Montesquieu: "Eloge de Berwick."

advised him to quit Madrid for the frontier on the 4th of March: not that the army was quite fit for action (the French contingent delayed by the rains being still in the rear), but because D'Estrées had received orders from Versailles to quicken His Majesty's departure. In fact, diplomacy was laying a snare for the women. Louis, at present incensed against Madame des Ursins, judged that her removal from Spain might be conveniently effected when the King was emancipated from his wife's apron-strings. Berwick affirms that he had nothing to do with the concoction of the ruse. He merely seconded the ambassador, as in duty bound. Accordingly, the King went to Plasencia, where he intended to abide until soldiers and stores were ready; and the General proceeded to Alcantara, to conclude the organization of the army. But he had soon to re-visit Plasencia. The plot was ripe. The Abbé D'Estrées had a letter, insisting upon the dismissal of the Camarera-Mayor, to deliver to Philip. It being apprehended, however, that the ambassador (whom the King particularly disliked) might fail in his commission, if left to his own devices, Berwick was instructed to help him, and if necessary to assume a peremptory tone in exhorting obedience to the behests of the Grand Monarch. It was agreed between the soldier and the priest that Father Daubentin, the royal confessor, should be deputed to broach the tender subject; which he did with such tact that Philip, notwithstanding his passion for the Queen, and his regard for the Princess, at once swallowed the bitter draught. And so the Abbé had simply to present the letter, whilst Berwick tried to console the poor King, who was deeply pained at the sorrow which the incident would cause his darling consort. The Duke too wrote to Madame des Ursins to explain the part he had been compelled to play, and to advise her, as a friend, to submit gracefully to the will of Versailles; for, in spite of Philip's docility, both Berwick and D'Estrées were ill at ease respecting the course which Marie Louise—"princesse d'une vivacité, d'une sensibilité, et d'une hauteur infinies"—might pursue. But the victim of the machination hesitated not for a moment. She uttered no complaint, and to show her entire

obedience, left Madrid the day after getting her discharge. She was beaten but not conquered, and as St. Simon observes,—"la suite fera voir l'addresse, la souplesse, et toute l'étendue des ressources des femmes." The Queen was less tractable. She passionately inveighed against those whom she suspected of being concerned in the business. Berwick thinks, it would be hard to blame her, for the Anti-Ursinsites had not always treated her with proper respect, and he adds,—"rien n'étoit plus piquant pour une reine, qui se sentoit, que de se voir enlever une personne, en qui elle avoit une entière confiance." As for the more than ever detested Abbé, the King and Queen rested not till they obtained a promise of his recall; but as his successor, the Duc de Gramont, could not reach his post before June, D'Estrées remained with the army up to that date.[1]

Nor was this the only event that interfered with Berwick's attention to professional matters. He had to consider the upshot of the "Queensberry Plot," the origin of which was as follows. In the summer of 1702, Simon Fraser of Beaufort (better known as Lord Lovat) appeared at St. Germain. He had been obliged to fly from Scotland, in consequence of a forced marriage, savagely consummated, with the widow of his kinsman, the late Lord Lovat: a foul violence that enflamed her brother, the Marquis of Athol, and half the clans against him. As James II. had been dead about ten months, and his son, James Francis Edward, was a boy of fourteen, the Jacobites took their orders from Mary of Modena. Through the medium of Gualterio, the Papal Legate, whose patronage he had acquired by conversion to the Catholic Church, Fraser was presented to Louis XIV. and Mary Beatrice; and being a man of insinuating address and specious tongue, he seems to have gained the Queen's confidence. At any rate, he informed her that, if supported by French troops, arms, and money, 10,000 Highlanders would rise for King James. He proposed therefore that 5,000 French soldiers should land at Dundee, whilst 500 picked men seized Fort William, whose

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 152.

situation on the western coast made it a sort of tête-de-pont for the centre of the Highlands. This very plan was attempted forty years later.[1]

As yet none of the Jacobites, except the Duke of Perth and Sir John Maclean, had a notion of what was going on; but by the Queen's desire, Lovat explained his views to the Marquis de Torcy, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and told his tale so plausibly, that the cautious Secretary pondered the matter, and Maréchal de Vauban revealed his "grand secret for the construction of folding ladders, applicable to the scaling of Fort William." The Duke of Berwick and the Duke of Hamilton were both mentioned as proper persons to lead the expedition; but it was surmised that the latter would refuse to be so gravely compromised, and Lovat objected to Berwick: "All the Scots' officers in France being discontented with him for favouring the pretensions of the Irish officers." The young "Fox" perhaps wanted to be commander-in-chief himself. Be that as it may, he consented to lay his plan and maps before Fitz-James.

It was arranged at length that Lovat should return home, to probe the Celtic mind; and, as a check on his proceedings, John Moray, brother of the laird of Abercairny, was ordered to accompany him. The hardy adventurer, furnished with elaborate instructions, a colonel's commission, and 400 pistoles, started in May 1703, for Scotland, viâ Calais and England.

After some hair-breadth escapes, Fraser reached his own "country," and in disguise travelled to and fro, feeling the pulse of the chiefs. Whether from distrust of the man, or because the occasion seemed unfitting, his allurements fell flat. Moray too found the Lowland gentry averse from committing themselves. So it came to pass that Lovat, angry and disappointed, sought out the Duke of Argyll and Lord Leven. He hoped to compensate himself for the failure of his intrigues in behalf of the Jacobites, by inventing a plot against them.

Argyll and Leven forthwith told the Duke of Queensberry, then High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament, that they

[1] Burton: "Life of Lord Lovat," 62.

knew a gentleman, conversant with French politics, who might be induced to impart precious intelligence. The Duke gleefully wrote to Queen Anne what he had heard; adding, "it can hardly be expected that he (Fraser) will forfeit what he may expect from France, without getting some terms from your Majesty."

In consequence of this, late in September, 1703, an ugly, broad-shouldered Scot was ushered into Queensberry's library, and in dulcet tones related a dramatic version of the whole business. Being asked if he could produce any commands from St. Germain to the principal Jacobites, he replied that he had obtained a communication to the Marquis of Athol, then Keeper of the Privy Purse in Scotland; and he handed in a letter, signed with the initial, "M," by the exiled Queen, which, it is supposed, was intended for the Duke of Gordon; but, the place for the address being left blank, Fraser had himself directed it to his mortal foe, Athol.

Now, Queensberry also hated Athol, and, thinking he had him on the hip, forwarded to Anne an account of the alleged conspiracy, just as if the evidence against the Marquis, was irrefutable. But the accused getting through "plotter Ferguson," an inkling of his noble friend's treachery, proved his innocence, and procured Queensberry's dismission from office.

Meanwhile, the ruthless Athol-men being on the trail, Lovat slunk away to France. He exchanged Scylla for Charybdis. His villainy had been blown across the Channel, as the following letter, from the Duke of Berwick to Mary of Modena, shows:—

"Alcantara, *April 3rd*, 1704.

"An Irish monk, of the name of Farrel, who escaped from prison in England, where he had been confined for eight months, took his passage on board a Dutch vessel to Portugal, where he arrived at the same time as the Archduke. From Lisbon he came with the French Ambassador to Spain, where he waited (*sic*) me to bring me the enclosed message from Lord Granard. I am acquainted with Father Farrel. He is a man of good sense, and has been much employed by the King's friends in England.

MAP
to illustrate the
WAR OF THE SUCCESSION
IN
SPAIN
AND PORTUGAL

English Miles

London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

E. Weller

"Your Majesty will see here a new confirmation of Lovat's knavery, and I believe it is absolutely necessary that your Majesty should send a French translation of this paper (Lord Granard's message?) to the Marquis de Torcy. The affair is of great consequence, and your Majesty may depend that the King's affairs are ruined unless Lord Lovat is apprehended."[1]

Torcy agreeing with Berwick, a "lettre de cachet" immured Lovat in the château of Angoulême, where he was for long a prisoner; but his courage, hypocrisy, and appetite for adventure no rigour could abate.[2]

Whilst Berwick and Puységur were labouring to drill and equip the Spaniards, the allies worked with a will for the Archduke Charles. In January, Queen Anne pompously "saluted" him at Windsor. A subsidy of £100,000 was advanced. Sergeant Kite "beat up" throughout the kingdom; but the clowns 'listing slowly,[3] the winds and waves also forbidding the sailing of the transports, it was the 8th of March before Admiral Rooke's noble fleet entered the Tagus, with 8,000 English soldiers commanded by the Duke of Schomberg,[4] 4,000 veteran Dutch under General Fagel, and poor sea-sick "Charles III." Dom Pedro received the new "King of Spain" with effusive respect. Salvoes of artillery resounded. The populace shouted. The Austrian dreamed of a triumphant progress to Madrid. But when the English and Dutch officers turned from carousing to business, most of them had misgivings. Everywhere they perceived sloth and jobbery, crumbling fortifications, and tatterdemalion militia-men. The official mind had not deigned to think about artillery and stores. In great part, the cavalry lacked horses. A civilian held the chief command, and, with hostilities impending,

[1] Macpherson: "Original Papers," i. 671.

[2] For this account of the plot, I am much indebted to Mr. Burton's "Life of Simon, Lord Lovat."

[3] This reluctance obliged the House of Commons to pass a bill "which empowers Justices of the Peace to compel idle fellows into her Majesty's service." Excellent legislation!—LUTTREL: *Brief Relation of State Affairs*, v. 390.

[4] Meinhardt, Duke of Leinster, in Ireland; third and last Duke of Schomberg.

clung to the old system of entrusting the administration of each province wholly to its captain-general. Nor did Schomberg and Fagel make amends by their professional talents for the Duque de Cadaval's presumptuous ignorance. They took to quarrelling. Instead of massing their people, they scattered them throughout the country—the Dutch on the northern, the English on the southern side of the Tagus. Throwing garrisons into every frontier town, they reduced the field force to a few squadrons of horse, and sundry companies of foot. After boasting how they would invade Castile, they shrank to a bungling defence of the Lower Tagus.[1]

On the contrary, Berwick and Puységur wrestled with difficulties without bemoaning. The French and Spanish regiments from Flanders, paraded nearly 12,000 strong, after their long march across the Pyrenees. Such artillery as could be collected was horsed. Rough arrangements for supplying the army were made; and at length it was agreed that 35,000 men, more or less trained, should go to work early in May. And this was the plan of operations. The Duke of Berwick entering Portugal, on the right bank of the Tagus, would subdue Salvatierra, Montesanto, Castello Branco, and the country up to Villa-Velha. The Prince de Tzerclaes, simultaneously scouring the other side of the river, would seize Castel Vida, Portalegre, and then, by a bridge of boats, communicate with Berwick at Villa-Velha. To protect the right flank, Don Francisco de Ronquillo must burst into Beira. Further north, the Duque de Hijar's Gallician militia were to ravage the enemy's border. In the south, the Marqués de Villadarias, with 5,000 men, might at least penetrate to the Guadiana. Thus, Portugal was to be invaded by five separate corps. As soon as Berwick, Tzerclaes, and Ronquillo had united at Villa-Velha, it was intended that their forces should drop down to Abrantes, the key of Lisbon. Once there, the further action of the Two Crowns would depend on the posture of the foe, the configuration of the land, about which Puységur's informations was vague, and even upon the weather, which, it was said,

[1] Lord Mahon: "War of the Succession in Spain," 79.

might prevent troops remaining under canvas beyond the month of June. Theoretically the plan sounds well; but in consequence of the rugged ground, the rawness of most of the troops, the incompetence of some of the chiefs, it was perhaps too complicated for the occasion.

On the 2nd of May, King Philip arrived at Alcantara, and a few days afterwards the several corps were in motion. The main body, about 17,000 effectives, under Berwick straightway invested the frontier fortress of Salvatierra, which, with its 6,000 soldiers, might have held out for a fortnight. But the governor, Don Diego de Fonseca, who had received the Spaniards with blustrous cannonading, only opposed them for two days. Summoned to surrender in the name of his Catholic Majesty, he yielded at once, with profuse apologies for having fired a shot. He was ignorant, he protested, of the Prince's presence, or he would not have behaved so disrespectfully.[1] Fonseca's politeness defies interpretation. He was reputed brave and practised, we should hesitate therefore to prefer the vulgar charge of cowardice. Nor is an eminent writer's theory quite acceptable, that his culpable complaisance sprang from the superstitious veneration for their sovereign, in which Portuguese and Spaniards were bred. In modern times, Don Diego would certainly be suspected of treason.[2]

Onward. The castles of Indanha Nova, Segura, and Rosmarinhal capitulated as soon as the Spaniards confronted them; and a detachment took by storm the town of Montesanto, which was so strong by nature, that the engineers likened it to Montmelian in Savoy. The garrison was put to the sword, the burghers were pillaged. And Berwick remarked with surprise that places capable of defence opened their gates with alacrity, whilst mere villages were fiercely contested. Only at first sight is this a paradox. The vicious government which cursed the Peninsula had corrupted the officers and demoralized

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 153.

[2] Colonel James Stanhope, writing to his father from Lisbon, May 31st, 1704, hints: "I fear withal there is something more than ignorance (in high places) and that the King of France has his friends here, as in other courts." —Mahon: *Court of Spain, under Charles II.*, 214.

the ranks of the army; but, devoid of strength, it had been unable to taint the rural population, whose native virtues remained sound and vigorous. In the war against Napoleon, the Spanish regulars were contemptible in the field; yet the Spanish peasants fought heroically behind barricades, and in their mountain gorges.

Forcing his way through the insurgent population, Berwick caused the Marquis de Thouy to invest Castello Branco. Occupying the site of a Roman encampment, and possessing a Moorish citadel, it was deemed one of the strongest places in Portugal. Its fortifications had been recently repaired. A hundred Dutch infantry and some militiamen kept guard. Although the rain hindered the working-parties, and the Spanish artillery was scant and ill served, this apparently formidable fortress surrendered at discretion after four days of open trenches. Great was the spoil thereof. Arms, powder, flour, and tents, even the pavilions of Dom Pedro and the Archduke rewarded the Franco-Spaniards. This petty siege, Berwick relates, only cost his corps twenty rank and file killed and wounded; but, under the circumstances, a serious loss: "le pauvre M. Robert, ingénieur et brigadier," was slain.

The easy triumph was nearly attended with grave consequences. Some French and Spanish soldiers wrangling over booty, a party of the La Reyna dragoons charged the French. A fight ensued. Shots were fired; several men fell; and an officer was mortally wounded at the King of Spain's side. Berwick, hurrying to the spot, soon brought the rioters to reason. An investigation of the tumult satisfying him that the Spaniards were the aggressors, he recommended their condign punishment. Their officers objected, and Philip wavered. But Berwick would have no half-measures. He declared it impossible to preserve peace between the two nations unless strictest discipline were maintained. There was no disputing this, and a drum-head court-martial, composed of French and Spanish officers, the Duke being president, condemned the ringleaders to death. They were hanged in front of the camp, and such is the effect of prompt justice, "depuis ce temps, il n'y eut rien pareil."

On the Franco-Spaniards approaching Castello Branco, General Fagel, who was covering it with four Dutch battalions and a few squadrons, retired towards the Sierra Estrella, about twenty miles off. Berwick at once reconnoitred the enemy's new position; and, perceiving it carelessly guarded, detached De Thouy, with a mixed division of French and Spaniards, to surprise the Dutchmen. De Thouy marched all night, and at daybreak, the unwary Hollanders were surrounded. They stood at bay, but were soon forced to lay down their arms. Fagel and the cavalry escaped with the colours of the captive infantry. The French horse and grenadiers pursued the fugitives to Sobeiro, where two more Dutch battalions were stationed. These broke, and, with other runaways dispersing in the mountains, were taken prisoners in great numbers.

Philip's successes dismayed the Archduke's head-quarters. Loudly did the bewildered Schomberg upbraid the Admiral of Castile. Heartily did he curse Fagel. "I see no human possibility," writes Colonel Stanhope, at this juncture, "of saving Lisbon but by a treaty, if the enemies push their advantages."[1]

It was no fault of Berwick's if they omitted to do so. But the subtlest combinations may be undone by the hesitation of a feeble lieutenant. The Prince de Tzerclaes, a Belgian in the Spanish service, without enterprise or wit—how different from his ancestor Jean Tzerclaes de Tilly, so terrible in the Thirty Years' War—had lingered on the borders of Estremadura, instead of pushing to Villa-Velha. The English commander, he alleged, being at Estremos with a large force, might intercept his supplies, and cut his communication with Spain, if he advanced to the Tagus. By no means; for Berwick informs us, Tzerclaes had 8,000 men at his back, whilst Schomberg could muster only 500 horse and dragoons. So timid grew the Fleming that he would have sneaked away to Badajoz, but for the remonstrance of the Chevalier d'Asfeld, a French maréchal-de-camp of vigour and acquirements, whom Berwick had selected to be his Mentor.[2] However, neither Asfeld's counsel

[1] Mahon: "Spain under Charles II.," 213.

[2] Claude François Bidal, Chevalier d'Asfeld, was the fourth son of

nor the Spanish King's command could inspirit desponding Tzerclaes. Therefore, Berwick's men must swerve from their goal, to search for the laggard division which by this time should have been at Niza. The well-considered scheme for threatening Lisbon was brought to naught. But if thwarted, the general-in-chief was not benumbed.

Whilst De Thouy discomfited Fagel, Puységur rode with three regiments of dragoons to Villa-Velha, to construct a bridge of boat over the Tagus; and two days afterwards, Berwick's army corps, passed the river, and halted at Niza. Two battalions and a squadron remained behind to guard the bridge, and the Spaniard Gaetano occupied Castello Branco with 4,000 men. Berwick wished Lieutenant-General De Thouy, a very able officer, to accept the command of this post, but the latter excused himself, "par l'espèce de manie qu'il avoit de ne jamais vouloir ce qu'on lui proposoit,"—he was always suspecting a trick of his enemies (of whom he erroneously supposed that he had many) to exclude him from important employment, "ou pour lui jouer quelque piece." [1] Intelligent minds are often susceptible, nay captious, and it would be well if "military authorities" of the ordinary sort could be made to understand that officers so sensitively constituted require a little humouring. Being wise in his generation, Berwick humoured de Thouy, and kept an excellent lieutenant; a commander of coarser fibre, resorting to bluster, would have lost his services.

Proceeding southward, Berwick reached Portalegre on the 2nd of June, and was joined next day by Tzerclaes, who, with lawyer-like oiliness of tongue, argued that he had acted just as Turenne would have acted in a similar strait. In the Duke's opinion, the Belgian Prince ought to have appeared before a court martial; but indolent, good-natured Philip, thinking

Bidal, Baron de Willenbruch et d'Harsfeldt, formerly Swedish ambassador at the Court of Louis XIV. The two elder brothers, both distinguished officers, fell in battle; the third brother, Abbé de Vieuville, was an eminent theological writer, and the Chevalier a man of fine military parts, died a Marshal of France in 1743.

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 155.

him unlucky rather than imbecile, retained him in his command. It is hard for a grand seigneur to do ill in war.

Portalegre, then a town of importance and no mean strength, crowns an eminence, encompassed by hills, those to the north clothed with vineyards, those on the south densely wooded, but culminating in bare and jagged peaks. The walls were solid, and there was a citadel of good model. Stanhope's English,[1] two Portuguese battalions, half-a-dozen squadrons, and a great company of volunteeers, led by the Bishop, constituted the garrison. Tzerclaes pronounced the place very strong, and M. Goutet, the engineer, acknowledging that it was commanded by higher ground, still considered its situation "very advantageous," inasmuch as the heights were too distant to admit of the besieged being galled by musketry fire. But neither Tzerclaes' notion, nor M. Goutet's report availed with Berwick. He simply ordered Asfeld to take Portalegre. That officer was immediately at work. During the night, fatigue parties dragged some heavy guns to the top of a ridge, which had been deemed impracticable—"De là on decouvroit dans la ville et dans les ouvrages." At 8 o'clock a.m. the pieces spoke. A horn-work speedily lay in ruins. A powder magazine blew up. The governor beat the chamade. The garrison were prisoners of war, and the citizens paid 50,000 crowns to preserve their goods from plunder.[2] In six hours, Asfeld had achieved what in the judgment of Tzerclaes would require as many weeks and a puissant artillery.

But let Berwick and D'Asfeld deal never so promptly with the Alemtejo, Tzerclaes' backwardness there not only stopped the intended stroke at Abrantes, but conjured up a storm north of the Tagus. The Marqués das Minas, Captain-General of Beira, was perhaps the only officer of mark in the Portuguese army. He had knowledge of war, and, despite seventy winters, glowed with a stripling's ardour. No sooner was Berwick on the march to Portalegre, than this bold veteran, calling up militia, and rallying Fagel's fugitives, gathered together eighteen battalions and as many squadrons.

[1] Now, 13th (1st Somersetshire) Regiment.

[2] Quincy: "Histoire Militaire," iv. 409.

With them, he quitted Almeida, and, dashing into Spain, sacked Guinalda. Afterwards re-entering Portugal, he threaded the Sierra Estrella by the Penamacor pass, and ejected the Spaniards from Montesanto. Then, Gaetano at Castello Blanco, fearing for his communications, and expecting an attack upon Salvatierra, fell back to Zarza, where he found Ronquillo, who had likewise retired before the outburst of the Marqués. When Berwick heard these grave tidings, he sent Maréchal-de-Camp De Joffreville to Ronquillo's aid—"me fiant très-peu au savoir faire de ces généraux Espagnols." Joffreville persuaded Ronquillo to allow him to "beat up" the enemy at Montesanto. A cautious, as well as a brave, officer, he left eight battalions to guard a defile, and felt his way onward with fifteen squadrons. Suddenly the Portuguese were seen approaching in great force. The Spaniards turned; but so close at hand rode Das Minas, that disaster must have occurred, had it not been for the skill of the French commander, seconded by the firmness of Brigadier Daniel O'Mahony, who led the rear guard:

"He fac'd the foe, and fled, and fac'd."

In vain Das Minas hounded on his rough cavaliers, the Spanish dragoons got clear of the defile with the loss of fifty troopers.

Without being pursued, Joffreville proceeded towards Salvatierra, whither the infantry had been previously ordered to repair. And now happened "une aventure assez bizarre." As it had been raining heavily, some soldiers of the rear-guard discharged their muskets. The foot, about to encamp near Zarza, fancying the reports heralded a victorious enemy, were seized with panic:

"——— And straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run."

The flight continued as far as Alcantara, and the abandoned baggage was plundered by the old soldiers, who, with cool intelligence and pungent gibes, profited by the harum-scarum of their unfledged comrades. Next day, the timorous boys,

heartily ashamed of themselves, rejoined their colours at Zarza.

Berwick confessed that the state of things in Beira was far graver than he had supposed at first. Ronquillo needed more than Joffreville's counsel and Richebourg's little detachment to make head against a leader, worthy of the best steel in the Spanish host. Consequently, leaving his impedimenta—of which, perhaps, wife-sick Philip was the heaviest portion—at Niza, the Duke crossed the Tagus with eight battalions and fourteen squadrons—all trained French—and strode for Castello Branco, with the intent to relieve Montesanto; but, on hearing that its citadel had yielded, he picked up Ronquillo's people, and prepared to march against Das Minas, who, ignorant of Berwick's approach, was gliding southward, for the purpose of destroying the Spanish bridge at Villa-Velha. But, his scouts announcing a strong force on the right, the old chief hastened to the hills, and stood intrenched at Penamacor. There he was so advantageously posted, that no common trick of war might allure him into foolhardiness. Moreover, so bare of artillery were the Franco-Spaniards, that to assail Montesanto seemed absurd. Accordingly, Berwick, leaving Lieutenant-General de Aguilar to watch the enemy, repassed the Tagus, and joined the royal camp at Niza, where also arrived, after a long march from the South, one of the finest spirits of the age. The Captain-General of Andalucia, Don Francisco del Castello, Marqués de Villadarias, was an officer of the old Spanish type: a subject, whose loyalty no temptation could warp, a commander whom no danger appalled, a gentleman unstained by one mean or ungenerous act. With skilful intrepidity he had defended Charleroi against the French in 1693. With a sagacity as striking as his courage, he had lately baffled Ormonde's design on Cadiz. The hidalgo respected his inflexible honour and ancient lineage, the soldier extolled his justice and mercy; and woman, with her nice perception of character, pronounced

> "Him, such as fittest she for love could find,
> Wise, warlike, personable, courteous and kind."

To this brave man, Berwick assigned the task of reducing

Castel de Vide, a place of note which impeded the communication between Portalegre and Alcantara. On the 21st of June, the Chevalier D'Asfeld, preceded by a Spanish brigade, moved thither with the artillery and three French battalions. On the same day, the Marquis de Thouy started for Castello Blanco, to take command of the troops menacing Das Minas. No precaution seems to have been forgotten either in Beira or the Alemtejo.

Without delay, Villadarias viewed Castel de Vide. He found the fortifications insignificant, merely a wall flanked with bastions. There were no outworks, but twenty-five heavy guns could be counted. The citadel was certainly strong. The garrison consisted of Stewart's regiment [1] and two Portuguese battalions. The Spaniards could only place eight ill-served pieces in battery, and fever was rife amongst the men. Hence Berwick confesses "nous aurions eu de la peine à nous en rendre maîtres"—if the Portuguese had been fairly resolute.

Whilst the Spaniards were opening the ground, and adjusting the cannon, the besieged blazed away without ceasing, and almost without harm. But, at the end of three days, four guns—mounted with difficulty upon a neighbouring hill—beginning to scratch ("égratigner") the wall, the commandant sent the English lieutenant-colonel and a Portuguese field-officer to settle terms of capitulation. On it being required that the garrison should be prisoners of war, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Hussey fired up, swearing, with all the oaths of Flanders, "he'd be damned first," and shouting, from the advanced trench to the British grenadiers on the ramparts to fight it out. When the governor was informed that, in case of

[1] Now 9th (Norfolk) Regiment. The late Field Marshal Sir William Gomm (who joined the 9th in 1799, ætat 14), writing to General Sir Henry Bates, the present distinguished Colonel of the old corps, explains its sobriquet, "Holy Boys," as follows :—"The regiment enjoyed the cognomen of 'Holy Boys,' an addition of doubtful origin, however; tradition tracing it up to a liberal distribution of the Best of Books amongst the men by their exemplary commandant and his lady on the one side; but ironically obtained, I fear, on the other, by the prodigal sale of their *goods*, presently after, in exchange for creature comforts, by the graceless recipients."

continued resistance, the troops might taste the edge of the sword, and the women be exposed to the brutality of stormers, he consented to submit, on condition that the officers retained their baggage, and the town suffered no pillage. But Stewart's men, ashamed of the bargain, laid hands upon the compliant Don; marched, with him quaking in their midst, to the citadel, cast out the native soldiers, and prepared to die hard. They reckoned without their host; for the Portuguese, agreeing with Falstaff that "the better part of valour is discretion," had thrown all the powder down a well. The English bulldogs were muzzled. Again, D'Asfeld, who commanded in the front, besought the infuriate Hussey to recognize facts. He remained defiant; and not until Villadarias courteously demonstrated the folly of uselessly sacrificing the brave English, would their Colonel lower his tone, and acquiesce in captivity. Castel de Vide yielded to Philip V., at the price of only forty Spaniards killed and wounded.[1]

During the siege, the new ambassador, the Duc de Gramont, came to Niza [2] and the Abbé D'Estrées took leave of Philip. A departure agreeable to both parties; for the King disliking D'Estrées, the latter's mission was a series of slights and vexations. But Louis XIV. would speedily apply balm to the envoy's wounded spirit, not, indeed, in the rich form of a bishopric—the Abbé was too young, handsome, and attentive to the ladies for such preferment—but in the proud distinction of the *cordon bleu*, a decoration which very rarely fell to the lot of an ecclesiastic under the rank of a cardinal.[3]

With the fall of Castel de Vide, hostilities ceased. Such was the sickness engendered by the tremendous heat, that it became impossible to array a sufficient force. Nearly two-thirds of the French horses had died from the same cause;

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 159. Quincy: "Histoire Militaire," iv. 411. "Historical record of the Ninth Regiment," 15.

[2] Antoine IV., Duc de Gramont, born in January, 1672, a marshal of France in 1724. He came to Spain with the idea "que la nation regardoit le grand père (Louis XIV.) comme un dieu, qui ne peut errer."—*Mémoires de Noailles*, ii. 337.

[3] "Mém. de St. Simon," iv. 266.

and the Spanish cavalry seemed on the point of extinction through want of barley, which Berwick (with Hungarian, Irish, and Flemish campaigning in his mind) had not believed to be so vitally essential as the country folk affirmed. The sad experience, however, was not lost upon him. "For the future we conformed to the Spanish custom."[1]

On the 1st of July, having previously razed the fortifications of Portalegre, Castel de Vide, and Castello Branco, Berwick marched back to Spain; and, after a short halt at Ciudad Rodrigo, to observe Das Minas (who was cantoning his men), fixed head-quarters at Salamanca. The Prince de Tzerclaes was posted on the left of the line, at Badajoz; the Conde de Aguilar forming the centre at Alcantara. Having captured the strong castle of Marveon, Villadarias returned to Andalucia; and Philip, who had made himself popular in the army, hied on the wings of Hymen to Madrid.

> "Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
> Was never prince so meek and debonaire."

"Thus," Berwick writes, "ended our first effort. Its results would have been more marked, but for the imbecility of Tzerclaes. Through him we lost one out of the two months available for operations, and were stopped on our road to Abrantes, where we ought to have established ourselves; and (our bridge at Villa-Velha being removed thither) the next campaign should have carried us to Lisbon.[2] But the Prince's remissness upset the plan, by giving Das Minas time to occupy the mountains which divide Villa-Velha from Abrantes."[3]

[1] A century afterwards, in the same neighbourhood, Wellington complained of a similar misfortune. Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote to the Marquis Wellesley from Deleytosa, August 10, 1809, as follows:—"The horses of the British cavalry and artillery suffer much from the want of barley. We have lost many hundreds of the former, and above 200 of the latter, by the use of other grains, not having been able to procure barley (the only wholesome food for horses in this country) for the horses of the British cavalry and artillery; notwithstanding, the Spanish cavalry have been plentifully supplied."—*Despatches*, iii. 409.

[2] Colonel Stanhope was quite of the same opinion. See Mahon: *Spain under Charles II.*, 214.

[3] "In case of the invasion of Portugal by Castello Blanco, I have

In Berwick's eyes the English general seemed on a par with Tzerclaes. "The Duke of Schomberg tarried with his arms crossed at Estremos, or Elvas, never harassing us, nor even caring to scan our motions. During our stay in the Alemtejo, we did not see a single reconnoitring party of his." And yet Bishop Burnet dogmatically asserts, "The Duke of Schomberg was a better officer in the field than in the cabinet; he did not enough know how to prepare for a campaign." Dean Swift was not, perhaps, uncharitable when he wrote of his right reverend friend—"His observations are mean and trite, and very often false."

Let Berwick proceed. The prime fault of the confederate generals lay in their disposition of the forces at the breaking out of hostilities. Instead of so placing the troops that an army-corps might be rapidly formed to oppose us wheresoever we appeared, they distributed them on both sides of the Tagus, without providing for inter-communication, by a bridge of boats, either at Villa-Velha or Abrantes. This vicious arrangement, this contempt of precaution, induced us to advance hardily.[1] We only partially succeeded in our enterprise; but if Tzerclaes had been bold, and our commissariat efficient, Portugal might have been conquered. We suffered throughout from lack of bread, for which many abused Orry, without caring to inquire whether he were really in fault or no. As for myself, who ought to know better than anyone else, and (mark this!) "qui n'ai jamais eu d'amis ni d'ennemis, que par rapport au bien du service." I feel bound to exonerate

ordered Beresford to move his corps to the right towards Castello Blanco, while I shall move into Portugal and cross the Tagus at Abrantes."—*Sir Arthur Wellesley to Viscount Castlereagh, August* 8, 1809. War may change externally. Tactics may alter, but strategic situations are immutable. They are beyond the power of Reformers.

[1] Colonel Stanhope confirms this. He wrote to his father from Lisbon, May 31, 1704, as follows: "Inferior officers amongst us have foreseen all that has happened long since, and cried out upon our disposing the troops at no less a distance than the whole length of Portugal, at there being no care taken to make a bridge, and to secure communication over the river, nor to provide magazines to enable the army to draw together and subsist."—*Spain under Charles II.*, 215.

that functionary; and for this reason: Puységur deputed in December to make preparations for the campaign, having decided on the employment of *caissons* after the French model, Orry caused a proper number of them to be built. Unfortunately, the scene of our operations being without roads, a great number of those carts broke down, and the proper complement of bread never came up in time. Again, when, owing to our forward position in Portugal, the convoys had far to travel, much bread was spoiled by the heat. In this respect the greedy contractors were to blame; for, in order to profit by the weight of the loaves, they did not bake them sufficiently, thus wilfully condemning the staff of life to corruption. Orry could not be everywhere, nor could he superintend everything; but I will do him the justice to declare that he spared no pains to remedy what was amiss, although his enemies laboured incessantly to cross him, never reflecting that, in so doing, they were damaging the prospects of the Two Crowns. So feeble was our artillery, so miserably inadequate the store of ammunition, that had any of the places we took so easily been stoutly defended, I doubt if enough powder and shot could have been collected to overcome the resistance."[1]

It is interesting to observe that the very difficulties which hampered Berwick in the Peninsula, were, a hundred years later, encountered there by Wellington. As the former evidently invaded Portugal with insufficient means, most candid foes of the Stuarts will at least agree with Bishop Burnet's good-natured remark, that the young general "began to shine there, though he had passed elsewhere for a man of no very great character."

On the other part, the incompetence of Schomberg could not be overlooked by the British Government; and so the Earl of Galway, an officer redoubtable at the head of a brigade, was chosen to command in the Court favourite's room.[2]

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 162-4.

[2] Subsequent events attach an interest to Marlborough's opinion of this appointment. In a letter to Galway (August 10, 1704) the Duke wrote:—"I do heartily rejoice at the honour her Majesty has done your

Is there a delight sweeter to the soldier on active service than the receipt of letters from home? No, verily. We may fancy, then, the intense pleasure with which "Brochet" conned the domestic secrets of the Duchess, and the merry conceits of Anthony Hamilton, who rhymed all the gossip of St. Germain to cheer his friend's lonely siesta :—

"Le roi, notre jeune seigneur
(Dieu bénisse son gouverneur)
En esprit chaque jour augmente ;
Et pour la princesse sa sœur,
Elle est de plus en plus charmante,
Toujours chez leur auguste mère
Triomphent les devoirs pieux."

The elegant jester, too, discoursed of "nos belles :"—

"De ces astres de Saint Germain ;
Toujours farouches, et cruelles."

Concluding the banter in this comfortable manner :—

"On dit pourtant que la belle Nanette
Met tous ces charmes en retraite ;
De plus que Tayaut, votre chien,
Vous pleure encore et vous regrette.
Mais, entre nous, il n'en est rien." [1]

lordship, in putting you at the head of her troops in Portugal. All that wish well to the public good, I am sure, agree very sincerely with me, for without the assistance of your good conduct, and the succours her Majesty is sending over, all our hope on that side would soon vanish."—*Despatches*, i. 390. Regarding the previous career of Lord Galway (Marquis de Ruvigny) see "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," 292, 309.

[1] "Œuvres du Comte Antoine Hamilton," iii. 108.

IV.

THE AGUEDA

1704.

WHILST the Franco-Spaniards were over-running the Portuguese border, the allies imagined mischief against the eastern coast of Spain. The Prince of Darmstadt, a stirring soldier, whom, it is said, the Queen Dowager of Spain too favourably regarded,[1] had earnestly advised an expedition to Catalonia, a province burning, he said, to espouse the Archduke's quarrel. A corps of nearly 5,000 men was, therefore, embarked on board Admiral Rooke's fleet, which, sailing from Lisbon early in May, sighted Barcelona about the end of the same month. Landing the troops, Darmstadt moved towards the city, but though disaffection abounded, the Viceroy, Don Francisco de Velasco, evinced such energy and prudence that no insurrection occurred within, and outside the walls the peasantry were apathetic. The Prince remained on shore all night; but, apprehending an attack by a superior force, proposed the re-embarkation of his men.[2] "On pouvoit s'en

[1] See "Mémoires de St. Simon," ii. 51.

[2] Campbell: "Lives of the British Admirals," iii. 412. Burnet holds Rooke responsible for this failure, because "he would not stay three days before Barcelona." "But," says Dr. Campbell, "this fact happening to be touched upon in a debate in the House of Lords in 1740, the late illustrious John Duke of Argyll rose and said—'It is a story of Bishop Burnet's, and those who have sat in this house with that prelate must know he was a very credulous, weak man. With regard to what he says against Admiral Rooke, I know, I have heard it from those who were

réjouir, on ne devoit pas se rassurer." For a moment only did fortune frown on Darmstadt and Rooke. Being well known in Spanish society, the former had friends in various parts of the kingdom; and the intelligence reaching him from Andalucia begot a notion that Gibraltar would succumb to a vivacious assault. The Admiral's heart bounded at the thought of possessing the key of the Mediterranean; the stronghold, whose worth the Moors had deemed paramount; whose fortifications Charles V. had carefully extended, but whose very being his degenerate successors seem to have forgotten—into such decay had fallen "los dientes de la vieja" (the old woman's teeth) when Rooke examined them! Guns and ammunition were wanting. The garrison consisted of about a hundred invalids[1] under a brave but worn-out officer, Don Diego de Salinas, who derided a summons to surrender. On the 1st of August, 1,800 English and Dutch marines, led by Darmstadt, landed on the tongue of land, now called the neutral ground; thus isolating the place from Spain. Next morning the Admiral opened fire. The third day was a festival, and many Spaniards, dubious of carnal weapons, quitted their posts, and resorting to the churches, implored the Saints to do battle for them. Meanwhile, Rooke, noticing that the works on the South Mole Head were very languidly defended, ordered Captain Whitaker to man the boats and storm them. The duty was manfully done. Although the Spaniards sprang a mine, which blew to atoms two lieutenants and sixty seamen, the rest persevered, and the shout of victory soon resounded from the rampart. Don Diego bowed to fate, and went forth with all the honours of war. Darmstadt entering the town, hoisted the Spanish colours, and proclaimed Charles III.; but alive to "British interests," Rooke repudiated the act, and took possession in the name of Queen

present, that the greatest part of it is a downright *lie*. The bishop, it is well known, was no friend to that admiral, and therefore he easily gave credit, as he generally did in like cases, to every malicious story he heard against him."—*Proceedings of the House of Lords*, vii. 575.

[1] "Pour toute garnison une quarantaine de gueux."—*Mém. de St. Simon*, iv. 329.

Anne. Thus easily did the grandest fortress of the Peninsula slip into foreign hands; and—how vast is the difference between preaching and practising—the nation foremost in denouncing the French King's designs against the integrity of the Spanish dominions, has for upwards of 170 years, defied mankind to expel the red-coats from the "Rock."[1]

Leaving Darmstadt to guard the conquest, Rooke attacked Ceuta, but Gironella, the governor, ever on the alert against the Moors, repulsed the English. The fleet then sailed into the Mediterranean, where it fell in with the French armament, commanded by the Comte de Toulouse, son of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan. Both sides having received reinforcements a tremendous conflict seemed imminent. Though it is difficult to ascertain the precise figures, we may fairly assume that, in sail of the line and weight of guns, the French slightly predominated. The foes met off Malaga on the 24th of August. Both Rooke and Toulouse, being averse to engage at close quarters, the whole day was spent in lively cannonading. When night closed, hundreds of men were down, but not an English nor a French ship had been sunk or taken. Next morning the fleets were still in sight of each other; but neither attempting to renew the fight, neither may claim the victory; however, as the Frenchman first withdrew, the balance of success inclined in favour of the Briton. In London, Madrid, and Paris, men professed satisfaction, and vociferously chaunted "Te Deum." But if indecisive, the action called forth the nautical skill of Admirals Rooke and Shovel; showed that the address of the old French marine survived in Maréchal de Cœuvres[2] and the corsair, Ducasse; told the world how gallant was young Toulouse:—"il avoit su gagner les cœurs par ses manières douces et affables, par sa justice, par sa liberalité."[3]

Whilst these events alternately cheered and depressed the French staff at Salamanca, tidings arrived, which filled them

[1] Campbell: "Lives of the Admirals," iii. 416. Cunningham: "History of the Reign of Queen Anne," i. 399.

[2] Victor-Marie d'Estrées, nominally second, really first in command.

[3] "Mém. de St. Simon," iv. 329.

with apprehension. "The victory (?) of the Comte de Toulouse," writes Berwick, "served to retain the Catalans in their allegiance for this year, but Marlborough's genius drove the French out of Germany, and compelled them to defend the frontier of Alsace."

It would be out of place to discuss at any length the battle of Hochstadt (or Blenheim), but the immense moral and material results of the French overthrow require that it should be noticed. In the spring of this year, the Austrian Empire, hard set by the French and Bavarians, tormented too by the Magyar rebellion, was in such jeopardy, that Marlborough induced the Dutch Government to let Auverquerque stand on the defensive in Flanders, whilst he himself grappled with the adversary in the heart of Germany. After a feint on the Moselle, which made Villeroy suspect a design to invade France, he hastened towards the Danube, joined Prince Louis of Baden, carried the intrenched heights of Donauwerth, and, after some futile overtures for an accommodation between the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, ravaged the latter's country up to the gates of Munich. At this juncture, Maréchal de Tallard's arrival with 30,000 men relieved the Bavarians from immediate danger; and Marlborough—having previously detached the litigious Prince Louis to besiege Ingoldstadt—might have repented his temerity, but for the timely approach of Eugène of Savoy, who—Villeroy quite beguiled—had followed Tallard through the Black Forest.

The contending armies were severally about 60,000 strong, but the Franco-Bavarians had the superiority in artillery. The difficulty of feeding his people becoming every day more serious, Marlborough advanced against the enemy, whom he found posted on the Danube, almost on the ground where Villars defeated Styrum a year before.[1] Their right was

[1] Voltaire relates that on the night before the battle, an officer wrote to Maréchal de Villars (then in the Cévennes) describing the posture of the armies, and the mode in which Tallard designed to fight. Whereupon Villars told the President de Maisons, his brother-in-law, that if the French engaged in that formation, they would be surely beaten.—*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

covered by the river and the village of Blindheim (Blenheim), the left rested on the village of Lutzingen. Before them a rivulet trickled through marshy ground. The town of Hochstadt stood on high ground a little in rear of the right. On the morning of the 13th of August, the English infantry under Lord Cutts, fording the brook, burst upon the village of Blenheim, where the flower of Tallard's foot was intrenched. A furious struggle, and Cutts was repulsed. The stubborn resistance of the Bavarians, on the left, held Eugène back. The emergency was grave; but the Englishman's steady eye detected the vice of the enemy's disposition. As Feuquière explains it—"Although our two armies (viz. that of Tallard, and that of the Elector and Marsin) were encamped on the same front—'et suivant mes maximes, une armée ne doive jamais camper que comme elle veut marcher et comme elle veut combattre.' Yet, in this instance, our two armies, occupying the same front, were ranged as distinctly separate armies; consequently the centre was composed of the wings (right and left) of Tallard's and of the Elector's cavalry." [1]

Noting that this centre was not sustained by massive infantry, Marlborough thrust upon it a mighty power of foot, with 8,000 horse in support. Tallard, to whose military defects, short-sightedness was added, allowed these troops to cross the stream and boggy ground without hindrance. The result was terrible. The French cavalry, shaken by the fire of the British Grenadiers, were charged by British horsemen, led by "Corporal John," in person. After warm contest, the flimsy centre was broken through:—

> "The Gallic squadrons run,
> Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
> Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
> Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
> Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd."

Tallard galloped to Blenheim, with the hope of extricating the choice division, unwisely entombed there. He saw his son struck dead, and was himself taken prisoner. The rout of

[1] "Mém. de Feuquière," iii. 365.

his army was complete. Eleven thousand veterans "so pent up and crowded in Blindheim that they had not room to use their arms,"[1] surrendered. The Elector and Marsin, who had firmly withstood Eugène, sought only to save their own men. Of the vanquished, it is said, 40,000 were killed, drowned, wounded, or captured. The cannon, standards, and tents were seized by the confederates, whose loss amounted at least to 12,000 soldiers. Austria was as one raised from the dead. The sun of the great King went down. St. Simon exclaims: "Cette bataille qui a été le commencement de nos grands maux, et le fruit de nos généraux de goût et non de mérite, est la plus incroyable qui se soit vue depuis bien des siècles."

The woeful news reached Louis in the midst of superb rejoicing for the birth of the Duke of Brittany. "I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side." Scarcely a family not smitten more or less.

> "Quivi sospiri, pianti e alti guai
> Risonavan per l'aer senza stelle."

But the King preserved a noble equanimity, and without a murmur bowed to the will of God.

We will now return to the Duke of Berwick, whose difficulties were aggravated by the disaster of Hochstadt, which uplifted the sinking hopes of the Austrian faction, and tempted every Spanish trimmer to reconsider his game. The Government, lately careless of Gibraltar, no sooner heard of its loss than they discovered its value. Villadarias was ordered to besiege it in form; and the Duc de Gramont pressed Berwick to despatch a strong detachment to the Castilian's assistance. But being convinced, says our hero, that ere long all the Portuguese forces would be upon me—"malgré tout ce qu'il m'écrivit par ordre du roi d'Espagne, je refusai net." In fact, the enemy knowing the attenuation of the Spanish army, were gathering their regulars round Coimbra; the country south of the Tagus being left to the guard of militia. And Berwick thought them wise in their generation; for had they operated

[1] Brigadier Kane: "Campaigns of Queen Anne," 51.

to the southward, they must have met with serious obstacles. Apart from fortresses such as Alcantara, Valencia, Albuquerque, and Badajoz, it was a long way from Evora or Estremos to Madrid. The intermediate districts were desolate. The Tagus must be passed. Moreover, between that river and the Sierra de Gata, it might have been hard to subsist the troops, in whose rear would have frowned the town of Alcantara and the French veterans. Whereas, between the Duero and the Sierra de Gata there lay no impediment save the crumbling ramparts of Ciudad Rodrigo, and from thence to Madrid but fifty leagues extended. The land was fertile, and so open that to stop an enemy, an equal number of men seemed indispensable. The Anglo-Portuguese army was reported to consist of thirty-seven battalions (ten of which were English or Dutch) and fifty squadrons; about 24,000 effectives. To oppose them, Berwick had only eighteen French battalions, shrunk to skeletons, and thirty-seven very weak squadrons, exclusive of 500 Castilians in garrison at Ciudad Rodrigo. The rest of the Spaniards were stationed in Estremadura, under Tzerclaes, whose infantry was so diminished, that no battalion could muster more than 100 rank and file.

Berwick warned the Court of the enemy's doings; and, that he might fight with some chance of success, demanded reinforcements. But Tzerclaes, alarmed by a little stir in his front (militiamen, forsooth, exchanging quarters with regulars), dinned into ministerial ears the insecurity of his plight. Badajoz, he protested, was to be invested; and, if succours tarried, all Estremadura must be lost. Consequently, the Guards left Madrid to join his head-quarters, and Berwick was ordered to furnish him with troops. That stern officer flatly refused; informing the War Minister that the Prince's fears were unfounded; he (Berwick) being the victim upon whose head the confederates would empty the vials of their wrath. His representations however met with no attention; chiefly, he supposes, because Puységur, then sojourning at Madrid, maintained that the enemy was not strong enough to invade Castile—"ainsi," exclaims the Duke, "je fus traité de visionaire."

In truth, stimulated by Marlborough's victory, the promise of English help,[1] the Almirante's assertion that the Spanish soldiers were ripe for desertion—the Portuguese had decided on assuming the offensive, whenever the heats subsided. Dom Pedro and the Archduke Charles left Lisbon for Coimbra, carrying with them, in proof of their bellicose fervour, the statue of St. Anthony of Padua. This hallowed saint of Portugal being, by universal suffrage, commander-in-chief of her armies, received not only the honours due to his rank; but, through the monks, the pay appertaining to it. Anticipating the scoffs of the irreverent, Lord Stanhope very judiciously observes that the statue "was fully as efficient and useful as many of the Portuguese fidalgos."[2]

Lord Galway having arrived at Lisbon with reinforcements, amongst which were "near 500 French refugee officers on half-pay,"[3] he speedily repaired to the royal head-quarters; and, after reviewing the army at Guarda, crossed the Coa. On the 23rd of September he encamped at Almeida with 18,500 men. On the other hand, Berwick had been busy. The Madrid authorities, under heavy pressure, ordered the horse-guards to join him, and directed Tzerclaes to send the Marqués de Bay with fifteen squadrons to Alcantara; which being equi-distant from Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, that officer could strike either right or left, as circumstances required.

In the middle of September, Berwick proceeded with the Spanish horse to San Felices on the Agueda. This river rises in a savage glen of the Sierra de Gata, and rushing past Ciudad Rodrigo, flows through the plain to the Duero. In the summer it is fordable here and there; but the banks are precipitous in many places. Next day his infantry came up, and ere long the French dragoons and De Bay's troopers were under his hand. Still he had only 10,000 effectives. How

[1] "All his (Galway's) demands were complied with; 4,000 men were ordered to be sent from England to Portugal, the States-General having agreed to send thither a proportionate number of their forces."—TINDAL: *History of England*, iv. 667.

[2] "War of the Succession in Spain," 103.

[3] Luttrel: "Brief Relation of State Affairs," v. 440.

strangely had fate cast the rival parts! The French and Spaniards were cheered on by an English chief, noble victim of the jealous Protestantism of his nation; whilst a Ruvigny, driven from France by the inexorable Catholicism of Louis XIV., manœuvred the British battalions. "God's mercy is over all His works; but divines of all sorts lessen that mercy too much."[1]

The "Despacho Universal" (Cabinet Council), aghast at the gathering storm, instructed Berwick to act strictly on the defensive. He answered, the Agueda must be disputed. Elsewhere, he saw no chance of opposing the enemy's march to Madrid. Thereupon, a message positively forbidding him to engage. "But," writes Berwick, "notwithstanding King Philip's injunctions, I concluded that the interests of his crown prescribed a different course. In short, I determined to hold the Agueda; being certain that, if I neglected it, Spain was undone—'ainsi qu'il valoit mieux risquer la bataille avec quelque espérance de succés, que de tout abandonner, et de tout perdre sans coup férir, manœuvre honteuse et infame.'"[2] Up to this point we have met with several instances of Fitz-james' valour and conduct, but here a rarer faculty is displayed; even the moral courage to counteract official inanity. The Duke deliberately assumed a responsibility which, he well knew, would effect his ruin if he were beaten; and render him odious if he prevailed. Surely, he was born to command. The blood of kings filled his veins.

At the end of September, Galway broke up from Almeida, and took post at Barba del Puerco.[3] But, disliking the aspect of the gloomy chasm yawning between him and San Felices, he soon moved by his right along the river. And Berwick simultaneously marched by his left, always encamping in sight of the adversary. A few days thus spent brought the confederates within a league of Ciudad Rodrigo. Here, the

[1] Swift: "Thoughts on Religion."

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 169.

[3] The British were here in 1810. "This post, held by the English riflemen, was of singular strength."—NAPIER: *English Battles in the Peninsula*, 53.

Agueda making an elbow, or half-circle, they halted near Gallegos, at the centre of the arc, and thus were free to strike the fords either above or below the city. This posture drove Berwick to a manœuvre which, he confesses, necessity alone could justify. Breaking his army into two bodies, he placed one on the right, the other on the left of the town. There was therefore an interval of two miles between the divisions. The enemy's numerical superiority made the separation peculiarly dangerous: "mais c'étoit un parti forcé, et il n'y avoit pas moyen sans cela, de disputer le passage de la rivière, mon unique ressource." Parallel with the left bank of the Agueda, and about mid-way between it and the Portuguese camp, ran a range of hills, which the Duke occupied with out-posts of cavalry; so that Galway could not examine the Spanish position, without previously dispersing those men; and, uncertain what might be in support of them, the job was not to his liking. One morning, when Berwick was scanning this ridge, he observed 1,000 horse and 2,000 foot issue from the right of the adverse camp, and make for the upland masking his left wing. De Thouy, who commanded there, being likewise on the watch, pushed forward his pickets to sustain the out-guards; and Berwick, discerning infirmity of purpose in the Portuguese mien, told off the 200 troopers, escorting him, into ten sections; which, artfully spread along the crest of the eminence, simulated a goodly band, ready to fall upon the flank of the advancing column. The wile prospered. The hostile detachment wavered, wheeled about, and went home.

At length the foe, tired of petty fumbling, resolved to bluster grandly. At dawn on the 8th of October, he marched against the Spanish left. A warm reception awaited him. For some distance above Ciudad Rodrigo,[1] the Agueda is impassable, except near the Abadia de la Caridád, where lies a ford of ample width. The Duke, hurrying the right division through the city, formed it on this spot. The left division

[1] Berwick says, "nearly three leagues." Napier mentions, "that Packe's Portuguese forded the Agueda *three miles* above the fortress."—*English Battles in the Peninsula*, 147.

was stretched as far as a house crowning a hill which overlooked the ground on which the Portuguese must deploy after traversing the river. To the left of the house glittered in two imposing lines all the cavalry of the wing, save six squadrons and four guns, which Joffreville, bent upon smiting the enemy's flank, as he emerged from the water, disposed upon a height, still farther on. Two regiments of dragoons supported the infantry in the centre; the artillery was distributed along the front, at points adapted for searching the Agueda, and the adjacent plain. At nine o'clock, the Spanish out-posts having abandoned the ridge, on the opposite side of the river, the Portuguese occupied it; and, their centre now facing the ford, opened fire. But the Spanish cannon replied so effectually, that at the end of two hours the opposite pieces were mute. Then came streaming towards the river divers squadrons, backed by strong battalions. Again, Berwick's guns spoke with such scath that the column went hastily to the right-about,—"Enfin," the Duke writes, "après nous avoir bien regardés, et vu que notre contenance n'étoit pas de gens qui volussent les laisser passer impunément"—the whole army retired about three o'clock p.m. to their camp. As the Portuguese withdrew, the Spanish vedettes resumed their previous posts on the left bank, and the right division moved to its old position below Ciudad Rodrigo.[1]

Whilst under fire, Berwick received two despatches. One recalled him to France, as soon as Maréchal de Tessé, just nominated to the chief command in Spain, should arrive at Madrid; the other brought King Philip's permission to fight. We are told that the Duke continued to issue his orders, without betraying the least emotion or annoyance; "et on lui sait fort bon gré ici de cela."[2] And he himself relates that an officer,

[1] An old and credulous biographer ascribes the retreat to an accident which befel St. Anthony: "Un boulet de cannon emporta le buste du Saint. Les Portugais consternés, comme des troupes qui perdent un général, en qui elles ont mis toute leur confiance, prirent l'alarme, et ne songerent plus qu'à se sauver."—*Mémoires de Milord duc de Berwick*, i. 347.

[2] "Journal de Dangeau," x. 165.

to whom he mentioned the purport of the letters, advised him to attack the enemy without scruple; but with the simple dignity habitual to the man, Berwick observes, "Je ne crus pas qu'en honneur et en conscience je pusse, pour une pique particuliere, hasarder mal-a-propos l'affaire générale, et qu'il suffisoit pour ma gloire d'avoir fait échouer les grands projets des ennemis."

To revert to military operations. The allies remained two days longer at Gallegos; but the Spanish partisans, astir between Almeida and their camp, causing a dearth of provisions, and no deserters coming in, Dom Pedro and the Archduke resolved, against Galway's wishes, to relinquish the offensive.[1] The retreat into Portugal began on the 12th of October. Berwick promptly passed the Agueda with his cavalry, to cut down the rear-guard, but composed of British soldiers, it marched too steadily to warrant a stroke. The Portuguese lay at Almeida till the end of the month. The autumnal rains then setting in violently, their brigades separated. The Franco-Spaniards followed the convenient example.

During the movements just described, the enemy essayed a diversion in the South. A swarm of militia straggled to Valencia de Alcantara, and encompassed it round about. But a glimpse of De Bay's dragoons made the riff-raff abscond. The campaign was over, and with the approval of the Spanish people, the witty French struck a medal, bearing the sarcastic motto: "Charles the Third, by the Grace of Heretics, the Catholic King." Handing over the command to the Marquis de Thouy, Berwick repaired to Madrid, to await the coming of Tessé.[2] Though, for reasons which will presently appear, our countryman was not so cordially welcomed at Court as he deserved to be, yet Philip, with punctilious pomp, invested him with the Order of the Golden Fleece; and on the 12th of

[1] "Somers' Tracts," xiii. 403.

[2] Mans-Jean-Baptiste-René de Froulay, Comte de Tessé, born 1651, Marshal of France—"Sa douceur et son accordise le firent aimer; sa fadeur et le tuf, qui se trouvent bientôt, le firent mépriser." Such is St. Simon's verdict.

November, "a general brave, prudent, and experienced" (as the Spaniard San Filipe terms him) departed for France.

Berwick shall now describe the motives which led to his dismissal: "No sooner did the Duc de Gramont set foot in Spain than he made up his mind that the country ought to be governed as despotically, as Richelieu and Mazarin had formerly governed France. So far as the civil administration was concerned, I did not object, 'mais pour la guerre je n'étois nullement d'humeur à l'en laisser le mâitre, croyant qu'il étoit raisonnable de me consulter en tout, et même d'en passer par mes décisions:' thus it happened that the Duke ordered everything without reference to me, and I declined to execute what I could not approve. Moreover, I expressed to him in writing my sense of the slights to which I was subjected, and I declared the course he was pursuing to be prejudicial to the public interests. My behaviour, as it is easy to conceive, annoyed the Ambassador, and he resolved to get rid of me. Accordingly, he insinuated to the King of Spain that, as I was obstinate and impracticable, obedient to the royal commands just so far as suited my views and no farther—it was expedient that I should be removed. Puységur, in whose presence these innuendoes were broached, did not contradict them, expecting, perhaps, that under a new chief he might wield more authority than I conceded to him. The Marqués de Rivas, Secretary of State for War, likewise sided with Gramont, probably because he desired a *bouleversement* of affairs. At any rate his conduct was suspicious; for had I detached troops to Gibraltar and Badajoz, as he advised, I should have been left without any army at all, and the Portuguese might have sped gaily to Madrid.

"Other cabinet ministers kept the ball going (vinrent à l'appui de la boule), as much through disaffection to Philip, as from spite against an officer who would not acquiesce in the vagaries of the Despacho. It was also suggested to the King that if the foreign commander were a Marshal of France the Spanish generals would more readily obey him. A frivolous pretext, since the rank of Captain-General is equivalent to that of a French Marshal: a fact which Villadarias, when

besieging Gibraltar, impressed on Comte de Tessé, and which in 1706 the Marqués de Bay took care I should clearly understand.

"If, indeed, the *bâton* were the one thing needful, the want might have been easily supplied. When an army is entrusted to an officer, 'on ne doit pas se faire beaucoup prier pour joindre les titres au pouvoir.'

"A different motive induced the Queen of Spain to join the party against me. Tessé being on friendly terms with her sister, the Duchess of Burgundy and Madame de Maintenon, she expected to compass the return of the Princesse des Ursins through his influence[1]—a matter which she well knew, I would not meddle with.

"At last King Philip, continually pestered about me, wrote to his grandfather, beseeching him to send out a Marshal of France in my stead. The letter was so emphatic that Louis did not think fit to refuse the request." (So the pretty Duchess of Berwick, about to start for Spain, with the intention of spending the winter with beloved "Brochet," had sudden orders to remain at St. Germain.)

"When, my friend, Tessé presented himself at Buen Retiro, he asked the Queen if she had not reason to be satisfied with the campaign just concluded. Marie Louise replied that I was much esteemed, and had rendered good service. Whereupon, the Marshal remarked: Why then, madame, did you insist upon his discharge? 'Que voulez-vous que je vous dise,' repondit cette Princesse, 'c'est un grand diable d'Anglais, sec qui va toujours tout droit devant lui."[2] No higher compliment could the charming lady have paid a faithful soldier. Plain speaking and independent action are honourable indeed; but in the cases of officers less advantageously placed than the Duke of Berwick too often end in ruin.

After all, Gramont was too clever by half. He had hoped that Berwick would be succeeded by the Duc de Boufflers—a gentleman of pliant humour. But the Queen's wit was keener than the diplomatist's. Hating Gramont, in consequence of

[1] "Mém. de Tessé," ii. 137.

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 177. "Mém. de Tessé," ii. 138.

his opposition to Madame des Ursins, she took care that a general favourable to her views should be appointed. No sooner was Tessé at Madrid than he and Gramont quarrelled. With all the latter's cunning, he often acted without reflection. At his first coming, he declared the Marqués de Rivas indispensable to the Bourbon dynasty. Hence, Louis, disregarding the objections of their Spanish Majesties, insisted on that grandee being reinstated in his Secretaryship of State. In a little while, however, the Ambassador accused his former friend of bad faith, of caring only for office, "sans se soucier de risquer le service et la couronne de son maître."[1] This instability of character plunged De Gramont into so many disappointments and troubles, that he resigned his office, informing M. de Torcy:—"If all your embassies are like this, I can assure you that an honest man, sincerely attached to his sovereign, would rather be a hermit than an Ambassador." In his place came Amelot, Marquis de Gournay, "homme de robe," who had distinguished himself as envoy to Venice, Lisbon, and Switzerland. This worthy official was recommended to Louis by the Princesse des Ursins. Matchless Syren! So sweetly did she sue for grace at Versailles, that the monarch was fascinated altogether. On the 23rd of March, 1705, Louis wrote to his grandson: "I send you back Orry (whom Gramont had dismissed) and I recall Father Daubenton (of whose meddling Philip had complained). The ill-health of Madame des Ursins may perhaps retard her departure (for Spain), but I shall quicken it as much as possible. Should you feel at all nervous on her account, I am confident that her behaviour will not fail to set your mind at rest."

And Madame's re-appearance in Spain was triumphant. Two leagues from Madrid, did the King and Queen go forth to meet her. Marie Louise's gratitude to "mon cher grandpapa" was unbounded. To her affectionate letter Louis replied:—"Je suis persuadé que son bon esprit (Des Ursins) et la confiance que vous avez en elle peuvent beaucoup contribuer au bon état des affaires. Croyez-la, je vous prie, quand elle vous

[1] "Mém. de Noailles," ii. 332.

dira qu'on ne peut vous aimer plus tendrement que je vous aime."[1]

The ladies were victorious along the whole line. The smart dragoon, De Gramont, bent on enthralling Philip V., was beaten by the Piedmontese damsel lately emancipated from the nursery. Cardinal d'Estrées, thorough man of the world, went down in the struggle with a widow well stricken in years. Stranger still, the great King with all his experience of female sorcery, succumbed to the faded Circe, whose wiles he had censured. History relates many such conquests. Woman is the pivot of our social system. In her subtile genius exist surer elements of power, than the possession of the suffrage, or random rhetoric on the platform could ever beget.

At Versailles, on the 3rd of December, Louis granted an audience to the Duke of Berwick. After some flattering expressions, the King asked why his grandson had requested the recall of so efficient a general. Disclaiming the grievance-monger, the soldier happily answered: "Since your Majesty does not know the reason, I am well pleased; for it is now evident that you are not dissatisfied with my conduct."

In fact, Versailles commended. "Ces astres de Saint Germain" rejoiced exceedingly. Only Madrid—preserved from the foreigner by his moral courage and military discernment—peevishly rejected

"le brochet le plus tendre
Qui brûla jamais dans les eaux."

[1] "Mém. de Noailles," ii. 356.

V.

THE CAMISARDS.

1705.

IT was soon notified to Berwick, in a significant form, that the disapprobation of the Spanish Court had not damaged his prospects in France. The ladies invited to Marly became hateful to their oldest friends. For only the lovely and the witty, or the wives of nobles very high in the Sovereign's esteem, were bidden to that sacred scene of festivity. On the 5th of January, the Marquis de Dangeau relates how two English gentlewomen, the Duchess of Berwick and her sister, Lady Clare, being guests at the château for the first time, figured among the beauties who danced at a ball, which began at seven o'clock, and ended when supper was announced, two hours afterwards.[1]

Although Berwick does not tell us how he employed his leisure during the winter, we may picture him musing over the late reverses. Bavaria lost; Germany evacuated; Alsace in peril; the enemy on the Moselle; the key of the Mediterranean in English keeping; France, thanks to Vendôme, superior in Italy, but without decisive success even there. We may also fancy him studying in theory the principles of the terrible art, whose practical details he had learnt in the face of the enemy. Like Puységur, Folard, and other studious

[1] The *Mercure* of January informs us that the King was always present at the opening of the ball, "et va ensuite travailler avec ses ministres jusqu'à l'heure du souper."

officers, he perhaps exulted in the genius of Cæsar, and with kindling eyes traced the triumphs of Alexander.

But the spring supplied the Duke with harder business than fireside speculation and courtly gaieties. The chiefs of the Grand Alliance made fearful musters for the coming campaign. Without counting the Piedmontese, the Portuguese, and seamen afloat, 225,000 effectives donned harness; 30,000 men were to fight in Italy under Prince Eugène; 30,000 in Hungary; 15,000 in Spain, supported by a powerful fleet; 150,000 would be massed between the Rhine and the sea, to assail the frontiers of France. They strove to revive the revolt in the Cévennes, and, at the same time, to pacify the Hungarian insurgents. In the midst of the preparations, the Emperor Leopold died,[1] and was succeeded by his eldest son, Joseph, King of the Romans, who reluctantly accepted the mediation of England and Holland between himself and the Magyars, but the bulk of that nation would listen to no overtures which comprised not the restoration of their constitution, and the Kaiser's renunciation of Transylvania. Of course, the stress of the warfare would be on the French borders, where the confederates expected to meet fragmentary divisions. Aware that the epizootic disease, lately destructive of Tallard's cavalry, had extended to the horse in the Low Countries, they thought themselves delivered from the hostile sabre. But Louis, alive to the gravity of the predicament, made immense efforts during the winter. The peril seemed to give him back the vigour of his youth. His cavaliers, almost dismounted at the end of autumn, were ready to charge in the early spring. The infantry was filled up from the militia. The Spaniards in Belgium, the broken brigades of Bavaria and Cologne, were reorganized at the French cost. Three imposing corps confronted the three allied armies. The Elector and Villeroy commanded in Flanders; Marsin in Alsace; the central force

[1] And Louis XIV. put on purple mourning. There was good taste in that, if no real sorrow. The Papal Nuncio presented the young Emperor's and the Empress-Dowager's letters (writ in Italian, *pace* Bismarck), announcing the melancholy event. "C'est leur usage."—*Journal de Dangeau*, x. 358.

on the Moselle was under Villars, who would be succeeded at Montpellier by the Duke of Berwick, designated for the delicate position by his firmness and prudence in Spain.

The Protestant rising in the Cévennes—the sombre range of mountains that traverses the departments of the Garde, Lozère, and Ardèche—was one of the dire legacies of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Preachers being sent to the gibbet, and hearers condemned to the galleys, a savage fanaticism got hold of the oppressed. At the end of 1700 "the spirit of prophecy" convulsed

"Those craggy regions, those chaotic wilds."

The delirium spread like an epidemic. Old men and crones, youths and maidens, spake strange matters. Lamoignon de Bâville, the Intendant of Languedoc, an administrator of masterly ability and iron will, perceiving the perturbation on the increase, called the militia of the plain to arms, and sought for volunteers to assist the civil power. The more rigorous his measures, the fiercer Calvinist frenzy. A brave and hardy race, leaders arose in their midst. They chose for their chief a young man of twenty-seven. Conscientious and inflexible, Roland was the very man for the emergency. About his ferocious valour shone a halo of romance that bewitched the vivid imagination of his followers. Roland's bravest comrade was Jean Cavalier, a fair-haired boy of seventeen summers, a little journeyman baker, soon to win a name noteworthy in history. Under such captains marched 3,000 mountaineers, calling themselves "Enfants de Dieu," but by the Catholics nicknamed "Camisards," on account of the shirts which they wore over their clothes, that they might recognize one another at night.[1] Caves served for forts and arsenals. They burned all the churches and parsonages in the Hautes-Cévennes, massacred or drove forth the priests, surprised châteaux and towns, cut to pieces detachments of militia, appropriated the taxes, and shot the farmers of church lands who refused to deliver the tithes.

[1] "As Furetière says; but rather, perhaps, because in nocturnal attacks the foes were surprised in their shirts."—*Littré.*

De Bâville demanded troops. Albeit Chamillart and Madame de Maintenon agreed together to conceal the horrid strife from the King. But silence became impossible when the battle, rolling down from the hills into the plain of Nîmes, raged from Mende to the sea; when the Comte de Broglie had been defeated on the banks of the Vistre. Then, in January, 1703, did Louis despatch Maréchal de Montrevel with 10,000 old soldiers, 600 Highlanders from Roussillon, and twenty guns, to enforce submission. After a few trifling advantages, Montrevel, thinking to extinguish the rising with an amnesty, convoked the seigneurs of the district (who had abstained, for the most part, from fanatic extravagances), and protesting there was no longer a question of creed, but only one of loyalty to the King, persuaded them to endeavour to disarm the refractory. The lords might as well have expostulated with the winds. The Camisards slew those of their brethren who accepted terms. The struggle grew hotter than ever. The exasperated Montrevel cried havoc. But cruelty prospered no better than lenity. Driving to despair people, hitherto quiescent, he thickened the avenging ranks. Roland became more and more formidable. Cavalier, surrounded in the night at Tour de Bellot, cut his way through a picked brigade. Fresh miracles confirmed the faith, and inflamed the passions of the sectaries. New elements of danger rose to the surface. In the Rouergue, the Abbé de la Bourlie,[1] a man of high birth, bold and violent, conceived the idea of uniting Catholic and Protestant by the cry, "No Taxes!" At the same time, an English squadron under Admiral Shovel, appeared off Cette. But, as usual, combined action was impracticable. The foreign accomplices failed to reach the mountains; and La Bourlie's rude gathering was dispersed, partly by force, partly by an amnesty. The Catholics, enraged by the ruin of churches and the murder of priests, refused to join the Protestants, charmed they never so wisely. "No flesh shall have peace." The regular troops and the burgher volunteers laid waste the Cévennes. Villages were

[1] Antoine de Guiscard, Abbé de la Bourlie, better known in England as the Marquis de Guiscard.

burnt, and twenty leagues of territory ravaged (December, 1703).[1] Still, the Camisard chiefs, thoroughly acquainted with the country, fleet of foot, and with the hearts of tigers, kept their bands together, and bursting through the cordon of dragoons, which encompassed them, scourged the valleys :

> "Fire, famine and fell fury met,
> And all on utmost ruin set."

Winter, which impeded the march of stiffly accoutred regiments, befriended the lightly armed mountaineers, and Cavalier waged a hot guerilla war. At length, Louis, seriously alarmed by the spread of the cancerous humour, dissatisfied with the clumsy fury of Montrevel, recalled that officer, and sent Villars to Lower Languedoc.

On taking leave of the King, the great officer said: "Si votre majesté me le permit, j'agirai par des manières toutes différentes de celles que l'on emploie, et je tâcherai de terminer par la douceur des malheurs où la severité me paroit non seulement inutile, mais totalement contraire."[2] On his arrival, Villars found the juncture suitable to his views; for Montrevel, stung by the royal displeasure, had put forth all his strength in a final grapple with the rebellion. In spite of Cavalier's craft and courage, his company was nearly destroyed. Roland's people were scattered like chaff. A third company was destroyed on the Tarn. The principal stores of the insurgents were discovered and carried away. There was great discouragement in the Hautes Cévennes. Profiting by the occasion, Villars in concert with M. de Bâville, announced by placard at Nimes, Allais, and Mende, that those who submitted would be treated with indulgence, but those taken red-handed would be punished mercilessly. He even made speeches in the market-places with salutary effect. He struck hard, nevertheless. On the 4th of May, he wrote to Chamillart: "Whilst five detachments, one of which I commanded, searched the hamlets and farm-houses; the garrisons of the towns, ever on the alert, guarded bridges, watched defiles, and

[1] Peyrat: "Histoire des Pasteurs du désert," ii. 58.
[2] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 140.

kept in communication by vedettes, patrolled with circumspection." The system answered. Roland indeed continued obdurate; but Cavalier, reduced to extremity, negotiated. After some discussion, a treaty was concluded on the 17th of May. In the King's name, Villars granted the Protestants permission to sell their goods and leave France. Those who wished to remain, might do so, on respectable persons becoming surety for their good behaviour; captives in gaol or the galleys would be at liberty to depart for foreign countries, or to dwell at home on similar conditions. Cavalier, with the rank of Colonel, was authorized to raise a regiment among his comrades; which regiment, like the Swiss battalions in French pay, would enjoy freedom of worship.

Roland scorned the compact; and several chiefs rejoining him on the rumour of British aid, Cavalier could hold together at Calvisson but 120 followers. This band removed to Macon, its leader went to Paris hoping for a presentation to the King; but, though crowds flocked to see the brave partisan, the royal countenance shone not upon him.[1] Idleness being intolerable to such a spirit, and most of the Camisards rejecting the pacification, Jean Cavalier fled to Switzerland, and joined the Huguenots fighting for the Duke of Savoy against France.

Whilst Cavalier was trimming, La Bourlie guided to the coast of Languedoc some English ships laden with refugees and ammunition. Warned beforehand, the Camisards stole down from the hills in the guise of reapers; but secrecy was impossible; most of the wolves in sheep's clothing were seized; a storm dispersed the vessels. However, Roland's lofty spirit no adversity could lower. The war seemed to revive. The Marshal, against his will, was compelled to burn villages and smite the country folk. In August, 1704, Roland was surprised at Castelnau, in conversation with a young lady who passionately loved him. He defended himself heroically, and was hacked to death by the dragoons. "Déplorable recompense des actions humaines ici-bas: l'infidélité, conduisit Cavalier à la fortune, et à la célebrité; Roland, incorruptible,

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," iv. 284.

scellant sa cause de son sang, n'obtint qu'une obscure martyre!"[1]

Then, the life of the insurrection went out. Villars was placable. Most of the subaltern officers accepted terms, and departed for Geneva. The district was disarmed. Villars encouraged the peasants to rebuild their cottages; and, where houses had been burnt by the soldiers, exempted the owners from taxation for three years. No one was molested for conscience sake. At Christmas, only three or four insignificant recusants prowled amid the solitudes of the Cévennes; and, in January, when the Marshal arrived at Versailles, Louis XIV. hailed him the pacificator of Languedoc.

On the 17th of March, the Duke of Berwick took up his abode at Montpellier. He tells us that, although tranquillity outwardly prevailed, the Protestants sought an opportunity to rebel. Despite the ruthlessness of Montrevel, and the clemency of Villars, "le mal restoit toujours enraciné dans les cœurs, de manière qu'il n'y avoit qu'une grande attention et une grande sévérité qui pût empêcher le feu de se rallumer." Aided by the counsels of De Bâville—"homme des plus sensés qu'il y eût en France,"—the Duke avoided any act calculated to cause excitement. He declared that "he came neither as a persecutor nor as a missionary," but with the determination to do justice to all, to protect the well disposed, and to pursue pitilessly those who resisted the law.

The very day he entered Languedoc, a preacher named Castanet was taken, and speedily broken on the wheel, "being convicted of all sorts of enormous crimes, and not on account of his doctrine, as it was reported abroad."

After a tour of inspection in the mountains, Berwick was one April day consulting with De Bâville, when a spy announced that some notorious Camisards were met together in Montpellier for a deadly purpose. Precise details neither threats nor bribes could elicit. Summoning the civic militia, the Duke posted pickets in the streets, and caused suspected houses to be searched. At dawn next morning the lieutenant

[1] Peyrat; "Histoire des Pasteurs," ii. 227.

of police arrested three strangers. One of them, a deserter from Courten's Swiss, offered to disclose everything if his life were spared. The prayer granted, he asserted that he and his fellows had conspired to murder Bâville, and to seize Berwick and the bishops of the province for hostages. This performance would be the signal of a general rising under the direction of La Bourlie and the Marquis de Miremont,[1] both of whom were in the pay of England and Holland. He further confessed that the Camisard chiefs were at Nimes. He was forthwith sent thither by post under a trusty escort, and by his means, Ravanel, Jonquet, Villas, and other plotters, were taken. Berwick and Bâville arrived soon afterwards; and learning that Maurel, commonly called "Catinat,"[2] lay hid in the town, they threatened the inhabitants so effectually on his account, that the terrible Calvinist was turned out of doors. Captured ere long, he craved leave to speak privately to the general. Standing pinioned before Berwick, he blurted out that Queen Anne, whose commission he held, would deal with Maréchal de Tallard, then a prisoner at Nottingham, in the same fashion as the French authorities dealt with him. "On n'a peut-être jamais oüi parler d'une pareille effronterie." Catinat and the rest being arraigned before a special commission, about thirty of the brotherhood were convicted and put to death. Ravanel and Catinat, old grenadiers, were burnt alive—"à cause des sacrileges horribles qu'ils avoient commis." Vilas and Jonquet were broken on the wheel. As a priest remarked, "all died with a ferocious constancy"—justifying to the very last, Maréchal de Villars' opinion of them: "les meilleurs hommes de guerre qu'il y ait dans le royaume. Ce sont, me disois-je, des François, très braves, et très forts, trois qualités à considerer."[3]

Vilas, the son of a doctor of St. Hippolyte, had served in England as a cornet of Ruvigny's dragoons. His handsome

[1] Louis Armand de Bourbon, an illegitimate offspring of the Conti family.

[2] A discharged soldier, so styled because he was always extolling Maréchal de Catinat, under whom he had served.

[3] Lettre au Cardinal de Janson.

person and attractive manners gaining him admittance into Catholic society, he was fixed upon to execute the plot. All this he avowed with apparent exultation; and, when the Intendant, sitting in judgment, remarked how surprising it was that such a man could associate with ruffians of the deepest dye, Vilas exclaimed: "Ah! monsieur, plût à Dieu que j'eusse l'âme aussi belle qu'eux!"

Those who have considered the Duke of Berwick's character will probably concede that, though pious, he was not a bigot; though in no wise humanitarian, he loved justice. We should remember, too, that life was held cheap in his day; that Catholic and Calvinist were alike intolerant. The best men, sad to say, were often the sternest persecutors. Without further comment, I append Berwick's description of Camisard "atrocities."

"I am aware," he writes, "that in many countries infinite pains have been taken to blacken our proceedings in the Cévennes; but I declare on my honour there is scarcely a crime which the Camisards did not perpetrate. To rebellion, sacrilege, murder, theft, they added unspeakable cruelties—'jusqu'à faire griller des prêtres, éventrer des femmes grosses, et rôtir les enfants.' These abominations imply that the insurgents belonged almost entirely to the dregs of society. Had the Camisards led Christian lives, and simply demanded freedom of conscience and diminution of taxes, they might have tempted, not only all the Huguenots of Languedoc (200,000 souls, it is said), but have carried disaffection into the neighbouring provinces. Perchance many Catholics, aggrieved by the tax-gatherer, would have sympathised with them. It is amazing that the English and Dutch, who underhand nourished the rising, did not furnish it with leaders better qualified to direct its action, and to restrain the heinous zeal of underlings."[1]

The dreadful work over at Nimes, Berwick and Bâville returned to Montpellier, where cause for anxiety still existed. From the papers found on the captured rebels, it transpired that there were 200 fanatics in the canton of Bern ready to

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 182.

start for Languedoc. The merchants who conveyed foreign subsidies to the chiefs were at last discovered and hanged. Suspected persons were imprisoned. "Et à force d'executions en un mois de temps, le calme fut rétabli." Order reigned in Warsaw!

Berwick provided judiciously for the safety of the coast. Having ascertained that the allies intended to land near Aiguemortes, he caused a chain of redoubts to be built along the shore, in such a manner that the soldiers occupying them might rapidly concentrate upon any point requiring their presence. He also established signals upon the cliffs from Aiguemortes to Narbonne, so that both by day and night the approach of hostile sail could be indicated. He ordered the officers who guarded the Rhone to be very watchful, for it was whispered that the Duke of Savoy designed to feed the ferment by way of Dauphiny.[1]

However arduous the Duke's labours in Languedoc, they did not prevent him following events in Spain with apprehension. As early as the month of May he warned M. de Chamillart that intrigue was rife in Catalonia. He showed that the loss of that province would entail the loss of Aragon and Valencia; and that Philip, attacked simultaneously on the side of Portugal, might be in danger of expulsion from Spain. Again, Catalonia in hostile keeping, it would be necessary to send an army corps to Roussillon to defend the French frontier. He suggested, therefore, that French troops should occupy Rosas and Gerona; and—as the nucleus of a field force of 10,000 men—that a few regiments of foot and dragoons should enter Catalonia. The Viceroy, Velasco, had some 4,000 regulars in Barcelona, but he dared not employ them outside the ramparts, lest the burghers should seize the town. The presence of French soldiers would certainly awe the seditious and encourage the well-disposed. That his plan might be carried out without weakening the armies arrayed on the several frontiers, Berwick proposed that troops should be withdrawn from Provence, Nice, Languedoc, and Roussillon;

[1] Court: "Histoire des Camisards," iii. 197.

their place being supplied by militia, which—the enemy engaged elsewhere—would suffice for garrison duties.

With three dragoon regiments, and 100 unattached Irish cavalry officers, ready to march, an artillery train at Perpignan, and the needful rations guaranteed by the Intendant of Roussillon, Berwick states that he could have formed, in three weeks, an army capable of crushing Catalan revolt, and of encountering the Austrian pretender. During the summer he explained all this in pressing letters, or by special messengers, to the Court of Versailles. He argued to no purpose. At last, Chamillart, irritated by his admonitions, declared that Louis was not strong enough to provide troops for the defence of every Iberian county. "Le beau raisonnement! after all my pains to convince him that the question concerned the whole Spanish monarchy, and that the King had merely to avail himself of soldiers useless in their present stations." Berwick supposes that many people may feel surprise that he should meddle in a matter which did not directly concern him, and he anticipates the good-natured conjecture—"Que le motif d'être de quelque chose et à la tête d'une armée étoit principalement ce qui me faisoit agir." Nor does he deny that, tired of idleness "en province," he would have rejoiced to revert to his "natural element." Still, it was the jeopardy of the common cause which really impelled him to trouble Chamillart, that pleasant minister,[1] unable to foresee or to repair disaster. "Par son incapacité a-t-il mis la France au bord du précipice d'ou elle ne s'est tirée que par miracle."[2]

How timely were the Duke's counsels, the current of Spanish affairs showed. Villadarias, without proper apparatus, could make little impression on Gibraltar; and Tessé, who succeeded him, thriving no better, raised the siege in April. About this time, the Austrians sustained a loss in the death of the Admiral of Castile. The King of Portugal lapsed from hypochondriasis into foolery. Nor was the military prospect of the Allies satisfactory. Including the English and Dutch contingents, the Portuguese army stood 24,000 strong, but the

[1] See "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," 430.

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 184.

generals were at variance; and not until it was arranged that Galway, Fagel, and Corzana should each enjoy the chief command for a week in his turn, could the semblance of harmony be attained. Had Tessé been enterprising, the childishness of such a compromise would have been made manifest. Baffled at Gibraltar, he put himself at the head of the Spanish force in Estremadura; but if the confederate leaders aimed their blows feebly, he timidly parried them. They slowly captured Valencia de Alcantara, Salvatierra, and Albuquerque, which places he did not vigorously attempt to relieve. After a parade against Badajoz, the Portuguese retired into summer quarters. Resuming hostilities in the autumn, they crossed the Guadiana, and invested Badajoz; but a cannon-shot having shattered Lord Galway's right hand, the one soldier of repute amongst them became *hors de combat.* Disheartened by his absence, and alarmed at Tessé's approach, they abandoned the siege and fell back over the Guadiana.

Now we come to the events which Berwick had foreboded. The Castilians remained unshaken in their fidelity to Philip V. The conspiracies at Madrid of malcontent grandees like Leganez, were discovered and punished. But provincial jealousies being always rampant in the Peninsula, the loyalty of Castile provoked hatred in Catalonia. The region, of old peculiarly hostile to the Austrian dynasty, became its prime adherent. The Archduke Charles and the Prince of Darmstadt longed to take advantage of this mutinous humour; and the arrival at Lisbon, on the 3rd of June, of Lord Peterborough at the head of 5,000 foot (the greater part English, the rest Dutch) and some artillery, seemed a god-send:

> "Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes!
> Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore et armis!"

"A skeleton in outward figure," Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, was one of the strangest and most gifted officers who ever rattled dice or worshipped Venus. Like unto the knights-errant, whose feats were dear to Spanish imagination, he had quitted London, at fifteen years of age, to fight against the Moors in Africa. He was among the first to seek out

William of Orange. He lost and re-established his fortune more than once. When out of public employment, frivolities enslaved his eager mind. Rough-spun amours were his main pursuit. What wonder, then, if the dawdler in drawing-rooms accounted him a withered beau, up to saying a smart thing perhaps, and brave withal, but physically and morally incapable of steady exertion, much less of high command. However, superior wits find out what the poor creatures of fashion know not of; and in the lean Lothario, so sensitive and fantastical, Marlborough discerned a leader of men, supreme in activity, abounding in resources, and yet of a prudence, rarely possessed by soldiers conspicuous for dare-devil bravery. As Swift afterwards wrote: "Mordanto"

> "Shines in all climates like a star;
> In Senates bold, and fierce in war;
> A land commander and a tar."

Could an expedition—"the principal design of which was to make a vigorous push in Spain"—obtain a more appropriate chief?

Instigated by the Prince of Darmstadt, the Archduke insisted that Peterborough's division and Shovel's fleet should win for him Catalonia. The Englishman disliked the German's scheme. He would have preferred to march "directly from Valencia to Madrid," or else to deal a sudden blow in Italy. But pretenders disdain logic; so the British frigates, with 7,000 troops aboard, appeared off Barcelona on the 16th of August. The difficulties which Peterborough had surmised were speedily apparent. The fortifications proved to be strong, and so extensive as to forbid investment, except by a large army.[1] The Viceroy Velasco stood firm. The peasan-

[1] The following passage suggests the value of Barcelona. "While the siege of Gerona was yet in progress (1808), Napoleon had directed troops to assemble at Perpignan in such numbers as to form with those already in Catalonia an army of more than 40,000 men, to be called the 7th corps. Then appointing General Gouvion St. Cyr to command it, he gave him the short but emphatic order, 'Preserve Barcelona for me. If that place be lost, I cannot retake it with 80,000 men.'"—NAPIER: *History of the Peninsular War*, ii. 54.

try hung back. For three weeks, the confederates gazed at the place, without effecting anything. Differences of opinion "bred so much ill blood," that for above a fortnight "Peterborough and Darmstadt had no correspondence, nor ever exchanged a word."[1] The Dutch General refused to co-operate. Councils of War recommended the re-embarkation of the regiments.

But at the very moment when failure seemed inevitable, the genius of the English commander won the palm. The city of Barcelona is dominated, on the right, by the fort of Monjuich which, crowning a craggy ridge, and bristling with defences, is abhorrent to stormers. Peterborough, learning from deserters that the excellence of their position had lulled the guards into carelessness, resolved to assail the fastness. On the 14th of September the outworks were carried, and three days afterwards Monjuich yielded to assault, opportunely assisted by the explosion of a powder-magazine. The Prince of Darmstadt was killed at the Earl's side in the course of the operations. Still, the siege of Barcelona might have proved a hard task, had the garrison been as courageous as the commandant; but the soldiers, discouraged by the fall of Monjuich, and probably tampered with, forced Velasco to treat; and it was settled that, unless previously relieved, the city should surrender at the end of four days. Straightway came anarchy. The Austrian party clamoured for the Governor's blood. The mob began to pillage. The tumult inside the walls was perceptible in the hostile camp; and Peterborough attended by several officers, rode up to one of the gates and demanded admittance. The Catalan guard opened the wicket; the British General entered the stronghold; and, despite "the shooting and fire that was flying about"[2] he quelled the riot, rescued the fair Duchessa de Popoli from unsavoury admirers, and saved the life of gallant Velasco! Thus it happened that, on the 3rd of October, Charles of Habsburg was proclaimed King of Spain in the market-place of Barcelona! Well said Pope of Lord Peterborough—"He

[1] "Memoirs of Captain Carleton."

[2] Burnet: "History of the Reign of Queen Anne," v. 214.

23867

loved difficulties and was famous for doing great things with little means."

Immediately all Catalonia rose against Philip. The feeble garrisons of Gerona, Tortosa, Tarragona, Lerida were overpowered. Alone held out Rosas; where, in the eleventh hour, Berwick had induced Chamillart to quarter a few Frenchmen. The movement agitated Valencia. Aragon was restless, for Catalan Miquelets (armed peasants) gliding into the towns excited the populace; and, but for the constancy of the Castilian soldiers, would have kindled rebellion.

Spain in peril, one might suppose that an officer of Berwick's experience, if unemployed, would be despatched thither. But this was not Chamillart's way of thinking. Tranquillity in Languedoc rendering the Duke of Berwick available for foreign service, he received orders, about the middle of October, to besiege Nice. The reluctance of military authorities to put the right men in their right places is conspicuous throughout modern history.

Nice, then one of the strongest places in Europe, had been for long the hobby of the Dukes of Savoy. All of them improved the fortifications; and, according to Berwick, M. de Chamillart singled out the fortress for attack merely to gloss over his abortive design upon Turin, by whose capture he had meant that the Duc de Feuillade should gild his spurs.[1] Admirable ineptitude! Without providing his son-in-law with means to achieve anything considerable, the Minister so deranged the disposition of troops in Italy as seriously to hamper the movements of Vendôme.

On the 20th of October, Berwick arrived at Toulon, and was fortunate enough to persuade M. de Vauvré, the Intendant de la Marine (appointed to act as his store-keeper during the siege), to furnish double the quantity of artillery deemed sufficient at Versailles.[2] But for this, the Duke says, "I doubt

[1] Vauban grandly offered, "en mettant son bâton de Maréchal derrière la porte" to serve as La Feuillade's adviser. But the vainglorious fop declared he could do well enough without Vauban, and would take Turin à la Coehorn (the illustrious engineer's Dutch rival).

[2] Intendant de la Marine was a functionary answering to the present

if I should have succeeded." He also urged the departure of the Chevalier de Bellefontaine, charged to transport the cannon by sea to Villefranche; and he instructed M. de Paratte, commanding there, to remind the Governor of Nice that at the end of ten days the existing armistice would expire.

Crossing the Var on the 31st, he confronted Nice with fifteen weak battalions of the line, and one battalion of marines. Owing to scarcity of fodder but 200 dragoons followed him. So inadequate seemed this force that he asked for reinforcements; and, at last, Maréchal de Villars was ordered to send thirty-two companies of grenadiers; but this important addition did not reach his camp in time for the operations. On account of its central position the Franciscan convent of Cimiés became the Duke's head-quarters.

Contrary winds withheld the fleet; incessant rain caused such floods that for several days the French, pent up between the Var and the Paglion, were unable to communicate with Villefranche or the Antibes. As soon as the weather mended Bellefontaine appeared, and working parties toiled. It was indispensable to take the city in hand in the first instance. Its fortifications being provided with revetted bastions, required a formal approach. On the night of the 4th of November, the monastery of St. Jean Baptiste, conveniently situated in the faubourg, being taken by storm, a battery for four pieces and the necessary trenches were begun. Not before the 13th, however, could the guns be mounted. Next morning Berwick summoned Nice. It surrendered at once, the garrison ascending to the citadel.

Up to this time, the Piedmontese had not molested the French, the Duke therefore forbade any firing. He was well pleased to erect his cannon and mortar batteries in peace. But ere long, the Marquis de Senantes, son of De Carail the Governor, presented himself, declaring that if a truce were not immediately accorded, his father would open fire. Berwick replied that his Excellency might do as he pleased; so the

Préfet Maritime. Intendant Militaire was the delegate of the War Minister, in all matters appertaining to military administration.

artillery thundered on both sides. "Il étoit même extraordinaire que le Marquis de Carail eût tant tardé."

Before possessing the town, Berwick could not fully reconnoitre the citadel. In company with the chief engineer, Filley, he now spent a day or two in examining its features. The fortress towered upon that mass of limestone which rises to a height of 800 feet, and on the south stands as a wall against the Mediterranean. The defences looked stupendous. First, the citadel; above it the château; dominating over all, the donjon. Steep ascent everywhere; and men emerging from the city would be face to face with three revetted works of semi-circular form, built fold above fold, fenced with deep ditches hewn out of the living rock; and a double covered-way completely mined.[1] The garrison, including three companies of Camisards, mustered about 1,400 combatants, and 116 guns filled the embrasures.

Vendôme, who had commanded at Nice during the late war, suggested an attack upon this front (W.), but Berwick differed from him; so difficult would it be to place the breaching guns, so formidable were the outworks. The face towards Cimiés presented similar obstacles; and, considering the lateness of the season, and the smallness of his band (only 5,000 men all told), the Duke declined action there; although Vauban advocated it in a memoir prepared for the occasion. In 1691, Catinat had certainly assailed this side, but he succeeded mainly through the blowing up of a powder magazine and the destruction of a well. There remained, therefore, the eastern front looking on Montalban, which front Berwick judged to be the most practicable, in consequence of the comparative ease with which cannon might be brought to bear, and of the dearth of outworks, which the escarpment of the rock apparently rendered needless.

Before attacking in earnest, Berwick guarded the camp from surprise by erecting redoubts on the hills between the Var and the Paglion. Having few troops wherewithal to cover much ground, he was weak at all points, and therefore in ill

[1] Quincy: "Histoire Militaire," iv. 629.

condition to resist a sudden and powerful onslaught. However, in case of succour approaching the city, he resolved to leave behind just as many men as might hold the batteries, and with the rest to march against the enemy—"pour les combattre le plus diligemment que je pourrois." He thinks it astonishing that Victor Amadeus should have remained quiescent, for by the Col di Tendá that prince was nigh, and, in the present plight of the French in Italy, he might have done much before Vendôme or La Feuillade could have interfered with his movements.

On the night of the 16th, one line battalion and five grenadier companies were hard at work on the batteries; for it was with artillery that the Duke meant to vanquish. Not a shot was to be expended before all the cannon could roar. Then, fifty heavy guns would batter from the Montalban side, and twenty pieces, as well as sixteen mortars, set upon the height of St. Charles, might pound the rampart in reverse. In the emergency, the galley-slaves proved very useful. Directed by the Chevalier de Rosny, they dragged the ponderous ordnance of Villefranche over the Montalban ridges, and fixed it in battery.

Whilst pick and shovel were busy, the besieged occasionally sallied, only to be repulsed with loss. Still, the wet weather, the nature of the ground, the feeble working parties, retarded the opening of fire until the 8th of December. "Ce fut alors un beau spectacle," for the Piedmontese replied with fifty pieces to the seventy guns and sixteen mortars of the French: "l'artillerie de part et d'autre tiroit comme la mousqueterie." So horrible the din, so thick the smoke, that to see or hear was impossible. In this effort to level the parapets, and to demolish a redoubt on the sea-side, Engineer Filley and his lieutenant, De Charmont, were killed by the same round-shot, the former's brains being dashed into the Duke of Berwick's face, "qui," writes the Marquis de Quincy, "étoit à tout et qui vouloit s'assurer de tout par lui-même." Filley's death must have been a loss indeed, for, as his general reported to Louis, "he was a prudent and very capable man."

However indefatigable the French, their foes were not remiss. They quickly repaired damages, and good discipline

was displayed in their mode of defence. In their need, a fast-sailing schooner, eluding the blockading galleys, conveyed to them precious nourishment, namely, two engineers, several gunners, fifteen barrels of powder, and some money—in those days the rarest blessing of all.

Although the French kept up the bombardment with spirit, their batteries were so far from the place (a rapid slope at the foot of the glacis barring approach within 250 toises), the masonry was so solid, that breaches widened slowly, and were not ripe for storming before the 1st of January, 1706. Then De Carail, desponding of the citadel, left fifty men on guard there, and, with the rest of the garrison, withdrew into the château.

A ravelin on the Cimiés road having been captured a few days before, Berwick was prepared to insinuate into the covered-way a grenadier company which might dash at any inviting breach at a moment's notice. Perceiving De Carail's distress, he let slip the grenadiers. With wondrous agility they clambered upwards, and, after a struggle in which fifty of them fell, drove the Piedmontese guard into the château, and effected a lodgment in the citadel. Bent on fighting to the last, the intrepid governor had resolved to shut himself up in the keep whenever the enemy mastered the château, and, ammunition and provisions being at his hand, he might yet have held out for some time. But it was not to be. His men growing mutinous and threatening to desert, he beat the chamade on the 4th of January, after defending the fortress for fifty-five days of open trenches. All the honours of war were granted to the Marquis de Carail; for, aware that 3,000 regulars and as many militia, sent by Victor Amadeus to relieve the place, had reached Saorgio, Berwick was anxious to secure the prize. Great must have been his joy when the regiment Dauphin marched into the castle through the breach. More than 100 pieces of cannon and much ammunition were taken. "Tout y étoit bouleversé." The face and right flank of the new bastion were completely laid open, and the two curtains greatly shattered.[1]

[1] General Pelet: "Mémoires Militaires," v. 235.

During the siege the French lost 450 men killed and wounded, the Piedmontese about 700 by fire and desertion. So heavy was the bombardment that many guns burst and 700 milliers[1] of powder were consumed. As soon as the place surrendered, Mr. Bulkeley (Berwick's brother-in-law) sped to Versailles with the glad tidings, and got a colonel's commission for his pains.

Six battalions pushing to Escarena, the Piedmontese gathering at Saorgio dissolved, and the county of Nice submitted cheerfully to Louis XIV. Then, the troops settled in winter quarters, and Berwick returned to Montpellier with a vastly increased reputation. "All the officers," says De Quincy, "highly praised his judgment, vigilance, and courage, as well as the unflagging industry which enabled him to surmount immense difficulties." It must be owned, he was fortunate in having Vauvré at his side, for that Military Intendant so well discharged his duties that nothing lacked during the operations, although nothing could be obtained from the country round about.[2]

By royal command, the stronghold of Nice was so effectually razed, that but a few stones remain to record the glory of Fitzjames, and confer picturesqueness on the promenade, where the valetudinarian now basks, and from whose summit the British tourist expects a glimpse of Corsica.

We may remark, in this place, the readiness with which Berwick assumed responsibility. The King had forewarned him that, after the loss of much time and ammunition, it would be certainly necessary to revert to Vauban's plan of attack. But the Englishman clung to his own opinion in spite of monarch and marshal; and, to prove that the acclivity was less precipitous than rumour described it, he rode, in the pride of victory, with fifty officers from the camp to the head of the breach.[3]

Elsewhere, the results of the campaigning were not altogether unfavourable to the French. Their troops, recovered

[1] Millier: one thousand pounds weight: old French measure.

[2] "Journal de Dangeau," xi. 8.

[3] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 194.

from the disaster of Hochstadt, grimly opposed the coalition in Belgium. On the eastern frontier, Marlborough's grand scheme for invading France by way of Lorraine broke down through the disinclination of the Prince of Baden (who hated Churchill as jealous friends alone can hate) and the determined attitude of Villars on the Moselle. That gay commander perceiving that the allies had retired from before him without beat of drum, exclaimed: "Et ils croyoient m'avaler comme un grain de sel!" According to his maxim—"Sitôt qu'on cesse d'être sur le defensive, il faut se mettre sur l'offensive"—he moved towards Alsace, and joined Maréchal de Marsin, on the 3rd of July, near Weissemburg. They intended to turn the line of the Lauter, and invest Landau before Baden could draw together his forces; but the Germans falling back on an intrenched camp at Lauterburg, the French generals did not consider themselves strong enough to carry it—"ou du moins que pour y parvenir il en couteroit fort cher."[1] Ere long, Marsin being ordered to sustain the army of Flanders, Villars was constrained to the defensive against Prince Louis. The autumn passed in marches and countermarches. The weather was dreadful. Such the mortality of horses that officers, high and low, were obliged to trudge afoot, bivouacing at night in the mud or snow. The Marshal, labouring to mitigate the hardships of his men, showed them a brave example:—"vivant sous la toile ou dans les barraques comme les autres: cela me donnoit le droit d'être ferme: j'envoyai en prison jusqu'à des colonels qui s'eloignirent du camp pour être plus à l'aise."[2]

Back again in the Low Countries, Marlborough forced the French lines between Landen and Tirlemont; but with all his art he could not persuade General Slangenberg and the Dutch deputies to consent to an engagement with Villeroy and the Elector near Genappe.

In Italy, where his brother, the Grand Prior, committed egregious faults, Vendôme suddenly retrieved them all by

[1] Pelet: "Mémoires Militaires," v. 474.
[2] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 196.

defeating Prince Eugene at Cassano,[1] thereby reducing his able opponent from an eager offensive to a cautious defensive. In the far south, as we have seen, the allies, triumphant in Catalonia, were clustering upon the skirts of Castile.

[1] Saint-Hilaire relates an instance of the devotion which Vendôme inspired. In this action, one Cotteron, a captain of the guards, seeing an Austrian musqueteer aim at the Duke, threw himself between the two, and received a shot through the body. Of old, such acts of bravery too often passed unnoticed; to-day, the officer who simply does his duty is proclaimed a hero!

VI.

MADRID LOST.

1706.

THERE are men, very dull in prosperous times, who evince fortitude and intelligence in adversity. Of such was Philip V. With three great provinces in rebellion, traitors on his right hand and on his left, the Spanish soldiery unpaid and discontented, the monks and doctors especially enraged, because he preferred a French confessor and a French physician —the young King cast aside his sloth, and at the head of French troops resolved to besiege Barcelona, before reinforcements could reach the confederate garrison. Louis promised the co-operation of his fleet, and a diversion by land on the side of Roussillon. He wrote to his grandson:—"I should have hesitated to recommend such a plan, but since you have made up your mind, it only remains for you carefully to consider the mode of carrying out your resolution—'lorsqu'il s'agit de défendre une couronne, il faut plutôt que de l'abandonner, perdre la vie.'"[1]

During the King's absence in the field, it was arranged that the Queen, with the French Ambassador and Madame des Ursins for her chief advisers, should act as Regent; and a touching letter did Marie Louise write to the Grand Monarch on the occasion. She protested that government had no charms for her; and, as Amelot could testify, she was misun-

[1] "Mém. de Noailles," ii. 364.

derstood by those who accounted her a princess prone to meddle with State affairs: "plût à Dieu n'avoir que celles dont la plupart des femmes sont chargées, c'est à dire n'avoir qu' à penser à des bagatelles qui m'amuseroient et qui me feroient passer une vie moins agitée que celle que je passe."

No thanks to Tessé if Philip was hardy. Beyond personal courage, that Marshal possessed few qualifications for the high place into which favour had hoisted him. He croaked without ceasing. He opposed every project emanating from Madrid. Where activity was rife, he could see only drowning men clutching desperately at straws. He assured Chamillart that, to maintain the royal authority, every province required an army. He expatiated on the difficulty of traversing fifty leagues of country beset with defiles, mountains, and rivers, as well as bare of supplies. The uncertainty of communication by sea, the likelihood of the allied fleet succouring Barcelona, made him tremble for an enterprise whose downfall might ruin the new dynasty. The thirty-eight battalions and sixty squadrons which Philip could muster he deemed inadequate. He feared that, the King and his men engaged afar off, the Portuguese would march upon Madrid. Such argument being disregarded, he proposed to open a way into the great fortress by the capture of Girona, Lerida, and Tortosa: thus securing the rear, and obtaining a line of retreat. But Philip, backed by many Spanish officers, stimulated by his grandfather, answered objections with a command to advance; and quitting Madrid with a choice corps, he joined Tessé at Alcaniz on the 8th of March.[1] As the royal troops approached, the Austrian partisans receded, devastating the land, poisoning the wells, and committing abominations of foulest sort. The Spaniards pressed on, recovered a part of Catalonia, and on the 5th of April 25,000 men with a numerous artillery confronted Barcelona. At the same time the Comte de Toulouse

[1] In respect of the intervention of Louis, Tessé like a good courtier expressed himself to Chamillart as follows :—" Si l'on tenoit un consistoire pour décider de l'infallibilité du Roi, comme l'on en a tenu pour celle du Pape, je déciderais pour celle de Sa Majesté. Ses ordres ont confondu toute la science humaine."—*Mém. de Noailles*, ii. 382.

was in sight of it with thirty ships of the line, beside galleys and transports laden with provisions. The Archduke Charles abided in the place with 4,000 regulars and more than 8,000 Miquelets and armed burghers. Though urged by Peterborough to retire, the Prince publicly announced his intention of sharing the fate of his brave Catalans; for lo! the Blessed Virgin, attended by two angels, had appeared unto him in a vision, and bade him be of good cheer. The people shouted "Milagro!" The monks not only preached resistance, but fell in for drill. The Capuchin friars, particularly bellicose, tied up their flowing beards with ribands of the Austrian colour, and shouldered firelocks; the women, excited into frenzy, formed companies which duly mounted guard, or drudged with the spade like grisly sappers.[1]

Leaving the royal adversaries at gaze, we will return to Berwick. Notwithstanding Philip's anxiety to recover lost ground in the east, he bore in mind the danger to which the western borders of the realm was exposed. An experienced chief being needful against Portugal, to whom was Estremadura better known than to the warlike stranger so foolishly discarded a year before? In short, the Court of Buen Retiro, by the advice of Madame des Ursins,[2] petitioned that "le grand diable d'Anglois" be restored to the Spanish army. The retractation was relished at Marly; and to mark his approval of recent measures in the Cévennes, Louis sent to the Duke of Berwick (who was still at Montpelier) the bâton of a French Marshal, together with an order to hasten to Madrid. But while the King paid this splendid tribute to British valour, he had also the weakness to confer the vacant government of Languedoc on the Duc de Roquelaure, "au scandale de toute la France." A practical joker, a buffoon, owed an office worth 40,000 crowns a year to the beaux yeux of his duchess.[3] Monarchs and ministers, through all time,

[1] "Comentarios de San Felipe," ii. 16.

[2] Combes: "La Princesse des Ursins," 236.

[3] Without distinguished service, the Duke became a Marshal in 1724. His wife (née Laval de Montmorency) was believed to have been a mistress of Louis XIV.

have been as potter's clay in the hands of a pretty woman. "Plus d'une fois un nez retroussé, un jupon court ont décidé du sort des plus grandes affaires."

In a letter of instructions, Chamillart pompously dilated on the Spanish brigades composing the army of Estremadura, and signified that fifteen French battalions would shortly join it. Subsequently, it came to the Duke's knowledge that this statement was a hoax, to induce him to accept a command in Spain.

As soon as he received the royal orders, Berwick wrote to Orry, recommending that all the troops, not absolutely required in Andalucia, should proceed towards the Tagus; so that, on his coming, he might make head against the Portuguese. At the end of February he left Montpellier, deeply regretted by the loyal, and in the course of a fortnight reached Madrid, only to discover that Orry had not obeyed the injunctions lately sent him, on the plea that, before doing so, he wished to consult the general. "The omission cost dear, for the enemy taking the field soon afterwards, it was no longer possible to assemble an army, and if I had had to do with knowing and active people—Spain was lost."[1] On the 27th of March the Marshal was at Badajoz. Two days before, Galway and Das Minas had concentrated about 25,000 men, 6,000 of whom were English and Dutch, at Campo Mayor.[2]

Had the Andalucian and Gallician contingents been at hand, Berwick might have encamped under the walls of Badajoz: "dans un poste que je reconnus pouvoir être facilement mis hors d'insulte." But the Viceroy of Gallicia retained his people under various pretences; and Villadarias, alarmed by the appearance of hostile cruisers, had summoned the Andalucians to Cadiz. For this, Berwick severely blames the Captain-General. "Was it likely," he asks, "that on the eve of being shut up in Barcelona, the Archduke would dream of assailing a strong place like Cadiz? Nor might the Portuguese

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 198.

[2] "Five English and four Dutch battalions, two English and four Dutch squadrons, twenty-four battering guns, twelve field-pieces, and provisions for a month."—*Somers Tracts*, xiii. 406.

approach it without traversing Andalucia, which was out of the question, unless Badajoz were previously reduced—'c'etoit donc Badajoz qu'il falloit sauver, et pour cela il falloit avoir une armée.'"

The evil effect of several independent generals operating on the same frontier was now apparent. Every one of these officers set his heart on a separate command, although not one could parade a corps fit to cope with an antagonist who kept his forces together.

To aggravate his vexations, Berwick found that the orders sent from Madrid to the viceroys were vague, if not contradictory. The ministers, entirely ignorant of the art of war, were yet doggedly presumptuous. He had to contend with the Despacho as well as with the confederates.

Having thrown a brigade of foot into Badajoz, the Marshal so cleverly imposed on the enemy that quitting their strong position on the Caya, they moved towards Alcantara,[1] whereupon the Spaniards marched by Caceres and Arroyo del Puerco to Brozas within three miles of Alcantara, whose little garrison they strengthened with eight fresh battalions. So loudly did all the border towns clamour for foot, that the Castilian corps of twenty-seven militia battalions and forty-three squadrons, gradually divested of infantry, dwindled to 5,000 horse.

Early in April the enemy encamped on the Salor, and next morning passed the river to engage the Spaniards. At first Berwick stood firm; but perceiving the confederates potent in horse, foot, and guns, he began to retire. Posting his second line on the other side of the ravine midway between Brozas and Arroyo del Puerco, he meant to amuse the pursuers with his foremost sabres. The Castilians receding, Das Minas pushed eagerly forward, but before he could strike, they were under cover of a neighbouring wood. Now the Marshal made a stand wherever the nature of the ground permitted. His

[1] When the French entered Badajoz in 1811, the Anglo-Portuguese, under Wellington, held precisely the same position on the Caya, as did the Anglo-Portuguese under Galway and Das Minas, 105 years before. War repeats itself.

first position was broken through by an overwhelming rush, but his troopers swiftly rallying beat off their assailants. Then smart skirmishing, in which the Spaniards had sometimes the advantage; but at last, charged home by the English horse and Dutch dragoons, they went headlong to the rear. It was lucky for Berwick that Das Minas advanced with extreme caution. In truth, a wood seemed to that veteran so strange an arena to be selected for cavalry combat, that he suspected infantry in ambush. This apprehension, together with the stern bearing of four French squadrons, eventually caused the Portuguese to withdraw to Brozas. "This little affair" was sanguinary on both sides, a general officer of the allies being among the killed, and old Das Minas was himself nearly taken prisoner.

The Marshal re-formed his troops near the ravine, where he expected to find the reserve. But not a man was visible. "And so," he remarks, "if the enemy had pushed me vigorously, my embarrassment would not have been slight." After much search the missing detachment was discovered "at ease" in a meadow two miles off. Contemptuous of orders, Maréchal-de-camp Don Domingo Canales had thought only of ground where his troop-horses might feed plenteously and in peace.

The Spaniards took up quarters at Arroyo del Puerco in the midst of the famous pig-country,[1] and on the 9th the confederates invested Alcantara—a poor place, without ditch, covered-way, or outworks. Still, the imposing bastions should have enabled a resolute governor to hold out for some time. Berwick ordered Don Miguel Gasco to defend the town as long as possible. When a breach seemed practicable, he might make an honourable capitulation; but should unconditional surrender be insisted on, he was to sally over Trajan's glorious bridge to the right bank of the Tagus, where two dragoon regiments only were stationed. The broken character of the ground peculiarly encouraged such a sortie. After skirting the Alagon for a while in the night, Gasco might strike towards La Morraleja. In that land of thorns and

[1] "The bacon district, the pork is superlative."—FORD, *Handbook for Spain.*

ravines, cavalry could not touch him ; and as for infantry, he might surely obtain two hours' start of them. But whatever happened, he was commanded to await assault rather than yield with meekness.

To smooth the way to a satisfactory capitulation, Berwick drew closer to the place, as if he designed to succour it. The manœuvre availed as little as the exhortation. With no sign of a breach, Gasco beat the chamade ; humbled himself to the dust. He and his men became prisoners of war without gainsay. The excuse for the base compliance was an anxiety to preserve the soldiers for the King's service ! "As if," exclaims the indignant Marshal, "we who had no cartel, could recover the garrison at our pleasure !" And like a faithful officer, he proceeds : "As matters stood, a storm ought to have been challenged ; for if the worst occurred, 5,000 foot maintaining a little breach, ten toises wide at the most, could scarcely have been repulsed without bloodshed sufficient to derange or postpone the enemy's projects. I did not answer Gasco's letters, not caring to correspond with one 'qui avoit manqué si essentiellement à son honneur, à son devoir, à son pays, à son roi, et à son général.' What an erroneous opinion I had formed of this man, for in my first campaign against the Portuguese, I preferred him before all the other Spanish officers." [1]

The loss of Alcantara and its garrison at the outset of hostilities, sorely troubled the Duke. The torpor of the Despacho, and the disobedience of the captains-general precluded effective opposition to the confederates. A cheval on the Tagus, they might proceed whithersoever they listed. Had they now laid siege to Badajoz the Marshal would have rejoiced, for the Marquis de Richebourg, who commanded there, was of a temper to keep them in play, till the great heats or aid from France drove them homeward in sorry condition.

The Court of Madrid, hitherto scornful of the General's fears, at length perceived how pressing the danger was. Orry hastened to raise ten battalions of militia, and proposed that a battle should be delivered, on their reaching the front.

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 203.

"Mais cela ne suffisoit pas pour tenter fortune." The venturesome clerk was informed by the practised soldier that, until the government provided an army fit for ambitious tactics, the Spanish leaders must be content with disputing the ground in a modest fashion.

It would certainly appear that the Duke erred in denuding himself of infantry for the sake of the border towns. The Castilian generals, we are told, objected to the arrangement, and the motives which induced it are unknown.[1] That they were weighty motives we may presume. Perhaps the militiamen were too raw for field service. Knowing the sluggish disposition of his foes, the Marshal may have supposed they would not wander far from the Alemtejo, while fortresses frowned in their rear, and that the delay occasioned by sieges might afford him time to receive effective reinforcements. If Berwick argued thus, his premisses were in a measure correct; for, proud of their conquest, under the impression that their interests called for no risks, the Portuguese would have halted at Alcantara *sine die*, had not the English ambassador forced their wretched king, with the threat of a "present rupture," to quicken the pace of his columns.[2] They passed the Tagus on the 20th of April, and the Spaniards, profiting by the bridge of Canaveral, marched to Plasencia. The motions of Galway and Das Minas indicating that their goal was Madrid, Berwick recommended the Queen of Spain to put herself at the head of his troops; for besides being comparatively safe, her presence would animate the soldiers and stimulate provincial loyalty; whereas if she retired elsewhere, men suspecting despair might take thought of revolution. He also advised that all good men and true be summoned to join her in his camp. Knowing the romantic humour of the nation, he felt sure that a vast concourse would rally round the standard of Maria Luisa, and under the witchery of her gracious manners prove themselves her champions to the death.

Madame des Ursins and Amelot dissented. A refuge further removed from the clang of arms appeared to them

[1] "San Felipe, Com.," ii. 37.

[2] Tindal: "History of England," iv. 753.

more suitable. But Orry would have strengthened the field force with the French garrisons of Pamplona, Fuenterabia, and San Sebastian. The Marshal declined the tempting help. To the Bourbon the possession of those places was of paramount necessity. If the Carlists occupied them, the country would be closed against succour from France.

The Anglo-Portuguese entered Plasencia on the 28th, the Spaniards receding to the Tietar. Berwick, calling up eight battalions from Badajoz, caused the fords to be intrenched. However, he merely feigned an intention of resisting at Majadas, with the hope that, the enemy thus beguiled into taking another road, he might gain time: under the circumstances, his sole resource.

On the other hand, divergence of opinion disturbed the confederate camp. Galway wished to march straight to Madrid. The Portuguese officers refused; alleging that, as Barcelona had in all probability succumbed, it would be a safer course to reduce the frontier strongholds, before Berwick could be joined by a victorious detachment from Philip's army.[1] After wrangling for three days, Galway induced his allies to attack the Marshal. As the Tietar was shallow, and the intrenchments too extensive to be manned by the few Spaniards at his disposal, the latter did not seriously dispute the passage of the river. He sent the infantry to the rear, and, after facing the enemy with the horse up to mid-day, retired into the adjacent woods, thus concealing his weakness and the drift of his manœuvres. Joffreville, as usual, commanded the rear-guard, and by his "bonne contenance," checked the Portuguese for above an hour and a half, notwithstanding the cannonade which tormented his dragoons. The duties of a cavalry officer were capitally understood in those days. We may be wise in our generation, but in the saddle at least our forefathers appear to better advantage. When Joffreville drew back skirmishing the confederates crossed the stream, and trudging timorously on, broke down the bridge at Almaraz.[2] Too weak to prevent this interruption of his communication with the country

[1] "Somers Tracts," xiii. 407.

[2] The scene of Lord Hill's "brilliant exploit," in May, 1812.

south of the Tagus, Berwick camped at Peraleda, about nine miles off.

Still in dread respecting Barcelona, the Portuguese wanted to retrace their steps, and encompass Ciudad Rodrigo, whence they might again aim at Madrid, through Salamanca, in case good news came from Catalonia. Whilst the question was in debate, a Spanish gentleman presented a letter from Lord Peterborough. Affirming that Barcelona would be defended till the arrival of the British fleet put the assailants to confusion, the Earl entreated Galway to press forward. The spirited advice fell flat. Although within a few marches of Madrid, to Ciudad Rodrigo the Portuguese would go. On the 20th of May it was invested by them. Girt round with mediæval walls, wanting out-works, ditch and covered way, garrisoned by a single regular battalion and 2,000 militiamen, the town held out for a whole week, and obtained an honourable capitulation in front of a dreadful breach.[1] An intrepid commandant is of greater worth than many soldiers and much shot. Berwick, who had hovered about the rear of the allies during the attack, fell back to Salamanca when Rodrigo fell.

Here a great discouragement awaited him. A courier announced the end of the siege of Barcelona. It was a sad story. At first, Philip's doings promised well. Monjuich was taken after resisting for twenty-three days. Then, batteries thundered against the town itself. So rent were the ramparts that all ranks longed for the assault. At the critical moment, the approach of Admiral Leake's fleet was reported. Immediately the Comte de Toulouse raised the blockade, and sailed for Toulon. Leake entered the port. Tessé despaired, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of many officers, induced the young King to decamp. To avoid traversing now insurgent Aragon, it was agreed to retreat northward into Roussillon. On the 11th of May, under a total eclipse of the sun, the French and Spaniards slunk from the city. Such was the gloom, that regiments strayed out of the line of march; the horses shook with fright, and the dejected soldiers, remember-

[1] "La plus mauvaise place qu'il y ait en Europe, si place on la peut nommer." —*Berwick au Roi.*

ing that the sun was the device of the House of Bourbon, presaged the wrath of Heaven on all its works.[1] So hastily did Tessé break up, that he left behind eighty battering guns and sixty mortars, much ammunition (which Toulouse had lately landed), and all the sick and wounded, who were saved from the knives of exulting Miquelets by the interference of Peterborough, as compassionate after combat as he was ruthless while it lasted.

No sooner had the baffled army passed the Ter, than Philip would have hurried to Madrid by way of Bayonne. Tessé objected. Desiring probably to entangle the Prince in a vague negotiation for peace, which the Duke of Burgundy was supposed to favour, the schemer suggested a trip to Paris. Berwick, too, when he heard of the royal purpose, besought the Queen to discountenance it; for as nothing could now prevent the allies entering the capital, it was expedient to spare his Majesty the shame of forsaking it. In this Marshal's judgment, Philip ought to establish his court at Burgos. His residence there would tend to keep the Castilians in good heart. But the affectionate Queen was not to be persuaded by a matter-of-fact letter. The Chevalier d'Asfeld, to whom Berwick had written in the same sense, found the uxorious King deaf to argument. And, spurring through Navarre, skirting insurgent Aragon with a slender troop of horse—Philip flew to the arms of Marie Louise :—

"Love is the surest bait for heroes' hearts."

In the event of the King and Queen following his advice, Berwick intended to fall back to the Duero, and maintain it against all comers. "In any case, after amusing the enemy as usual, I might have withdrawn to Burgos and Vitoria, until

[1] In what a different manner did the Court at Marly watch the eclipse. To the lords and ladies there it was an agreeable sensation. "Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne après avoir observé l'éclipse et sa durée, rapporta tout, ce qu'il avoit vu, et n'oublia aucune particularité de ce qui regardoit la cause de l'éclipse—ce qu'il fit avec une netteté et un fonds d'érudition qui surprit quelques philosophes, que la bonté de ce prince avoit bien voulu souffrir auprès de lui."—*Journal de Dangeau*, xi. 101.

the troops expected from France came up. I dissented entirely from a retreat to Pamplona. Such strategy, I said, would coop us in a remote corner of Spain, out of which, the Ebro confining us, we might fail to emerge. We should be starved too. But in the heart of Castile, a fertile and friendly land would provide for all our needs."[1]

Singularly enough, Galway was apprized of Philip's flight from Barcelona on the very day that Berwick heard of it. The allies were presently courageous enough to advance to Salamanca, the seat of science, the home of loyalty,[2] which the Marshal, stripping of its stores, evacuated at their approach. After a week's halt they moved to Penaranda,[3] thus showing that their aim was really Madrid, and not Valladolid, as some conjectured. The Despacho, whose ignorance and indecision had hindered the massing of troops behind the Duero, now proposed the defence of the Guadarrama range. Their general scouted the notion. "The country being open to them everywhere, the enemy might on a sudden appear in my rear, and thus deprive me of all communication with France or Madrid." Even if he contrived to stop the confederates, the Archduke by marching up from Aragon might place him between two fires. On the contrary, he recommended that Las Torres' Walloon corps should be ordered to join him whenever required to do so; that the regiments forming at Madrid should be encamped in its immediate neighbourhood; that magazines be provided at Guadalajara, as well as on the road to Burgos; and that their Catholic Majesties be prepared to quit the metropolis at an hour's notice.

To proceed: that Estremadura might not be quite bare of soldiers, the Marshal sent back to Badajoz six out of the ten battalions recently abstracted thence. He also despatched

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 210.

[2] "San Felipe." Com. ii. 38.

[3] The delay is animadverted upon in Peterborough's letters to Lord Galway:—"You told me once you wondered at my temper at the retreat of the Portuguese (from Almaraz). Though it may seem strange to retire when there is no enemy, I think it more extraordinary not to advance towards a crown."—*War of Succession in Spain*, 189.

the rest of his foot, which included four battalions of the Guards detached by Las Torres, to Segovia. Then, slowly retiring before the enemy, he omitted no occasion to vex their progress with the horse.

At a moment when, according to an acute contemporary critic, "M. de Berwick soutenoit une guerre fort difficile," his anxieties were aggravated by intelligence as grievous as the tidings which told "la levée honteuse du siege de Barcelona par le Maréchal de Tessé."[1] About the middle of May, Maréchal de Villeroy broke up from Tirlemont, and, ill acquainted with the motions of the enemy, who were massed at Tongres, marched towards the Mehaigne. When he heard that Marlborough was approaching, he so arrayed his 70,000 men as to ensure defeat.[2] The whole left wing of the cavalry, being covered by the little Geete and the bordering bogs, could neither charge nor be charged by the hostile right: it lay useless during the engagement. The village of Ramillies—in front of the right centre, but too distant from the line to be sustained effectually—was occupied by a few battalions of recruits, crammed so heedlessly into yards and gardens that communication between the fragments was impossible. The village of Taviers, from its situation on the Mehaigne, a very bulwark to the right, could at first show but a regiment of dragoons; afterwards, when the mischief was irreparable, Villeroy hurried thither an infantry brigade. As if to embarrass the movement of his troops, he allowed the baggage to remain clustered between the two lines of battle. On the 23rd of May, the Imperialists were in sight, and without opposition their captain took measures for profiting by the vicious disposition of the French. In vain De Gassion, who commanded the left wing, remonstrated with the Marshal. "Unless you change the order of battle, you are doomed. Diminish the left, so as to fight with augmented power in the centre and

[1] "Mém. de Feuquiere," iv. 18.

[2] According to Lediard, the rival armies were of nearly equal strength. The French appear to have been slightly superior in horse, but inferior in artillery, a matter of little importance in that era of defective gunnery, tactical skill, and conflict beard to beard.

right; draw the lines closer together: a moment's delay, and not a chance is left us."

At four o'clock in the evening Marlborough struck at Autre Eglise and Ramillies. False attacks, they were of course repulsed. Then, deluding Villeroy and the Elector with noisy demonstration elsewhere, he dashed all his horse at the French cavalry of the right, and hurled fourteen battalions upon Taviers. The French cavaliers were broken, Taviers was carried. Presently, heavy columns of infantry, covered by artillery, again assailed, and this time captured, Ramillies. The Bavarian and Spanish dragoons, who ought to have defended the defile of Judoigne, disbanded in panic. Baggage-waggons breaking down, blocked the passage of the field batteries; the scared regiments were jumbled together. In the dire flux and reflux discipline perished. The army fell to pieces. The enemy galloping up seized men and guns without a blow. Though but 2,000 soldiers had fallen in fight, 6,000 were taken prisoners in the course of a few minutes. Total defeat—"les Francais y perdirent la gloire de la nation, et l'espérance de reprendre l'avantage." By the overthrow at Hochstadt, Bavaria and Cologne were lost; by that of Ramillies, Flanders was torn from Spain. At last, Maréchal de Villeroy had to lay down his command, but not a word of reproach escaped the King's lips. When the luckless favourite re-appeared at Court, Louis magnanimously said to him, "Monsieur le Maréchal, on n'est pas heureux à notre âge."

Many a gallant gentleman was slain in the rout, and Berwick mourned his brother-in-law, Viscount O'Brien of Clare, who died of his wounds at Brussels, leaving, as a legacy to the Irish Brigade, a boy destined to be a Marshal of France.[1]

During her husband's absence in Catalonia, the Queen gained the respect as well as the love of her people. Every duty was scrupulously performed. Neither sickness nor sorrow subdued her. Money being especially needful, she went to the Town-hall, and appealed to the magistrates in so touching a manner, that from their close fists she extracted

[1] Charles, sixth viscount: "le Maréchal de Thomond."

6,000 pistoles. Some of the grandees also gave cash and silver plate, but with so ill a grace that a Spanish lady declared they reminded her of the cunning woman, who offered one wax candle to St. Michael and another to the Devil, in order that she might count upon both at a pinch. The higher classes cared more for their own temporal interests than about Felipe or Carlos.[1] The common people were certainly zealous on the Bourbon side; but ignorant and swayed by every gust of opinion, their support lacked solidity.

As Berwick predicted, amorous Philip had scarcely reposed in his palace before the royal family must quit Madrid. Whither should the queen go? To Pamplona, said the Princesse des Ursins. But Amelot and Berwick arguing that the prevalent rumour of a flight into France would be apparently confirmed by a journey to Navarre, it was decided that the Court and all the apparatus of government should be transferred to Burgos, the ancient capital of Castile. To Burgos, then, went Marie Louise, and writes Madame des Ursins: "As it was expedient that nothing should transpire respecting her movements, we departed without the commonest necessaries of life. At first the Queen had to dispense with a bed; luckily, however, it was discovered that the Chevalier de Bragelonne, who commanded the French escort, had a nice new one, 'qui se trouva très à-propos.' But other wants were not so easily supplied: Her Majesty had a couple of eggs only for supper the first night, and nothing much better the next."[2]

Meanwhile, the confederates, slowly toiling over the wild mountains that divide the two Castiles, were constantly harassed by Berwick, who fell back to El Prado (Charles the Fifth's hunting-lodge) on the 20th of June. Joined next day by Philip, he moved eastward of Madrid to Torrejon, where, being reinforced by Conde de las Torres, his band mustered 5,000 foot and 3,000 horse. In the absence of the indefatigable Joffreville, who was sweeping the road to Burgos clear of partisans, the command of the rear-guard devolved on the Comte de Fiennes, who kept Galway's van painfully on the alert.

[1] Madame des Ursins to Madame de Maintenon, August 5, 1706.

[2] To Madame de Maintenon, June 24th, 1706.

But the allies, though "gens de grande prudence," were not to be diverted from their purpose by flea-bites. On the 25th their advance-guard entered Madrid, and two days afterwards Galway and Das Minas rode through the streets in triumph. We may imagine the elation of the Portuguese. Were they not now the conquerors of the haughty race who, some seventy years before, had persecuted and despised them?

Is the city dead? Not a viva in the wind! No dark-eyed señoras to admire the prancing cavalry. No assemblage of smirking magistrates to greet the Pretender's heretic musketeers! Disappointing surely; for when Philip started for Berwick's camp, certain important personages invited Das Minas to take possession of the metropolis, affirming that on its submission the whole kingdom would cease from troubling.[1] So palateable was such advice that the simple Portuguese considered the scowling faces, the undissembled hate around them, as mere fleeting clouds of discontent. Consequently, after proclaiming Carlos III.,[2] and placing guards at the city gates, the generals took up quarters, two leagues away, at lovely El Prado, and stationed the troops along the banks of the Manzanares. Revelling in the fools' paradise, Das Minas listened not to Galway, who pointed out that, according to the rules of war, Philip ought to be followed up. No; deluded by the smooth prophesying of the Spanish intriguers, the old man would not stir an inch before he had tidings of the Archduke. The army slumbered as though the nation enjoyed profound peace. Fatal lethargy! Berwick writes: "Si au lieu de s'amuser à Madrid, à y faire proclamer l'Archiduc et à y attendre de ses nouvelles, ils (Anglo-Portuguese) eussent marché tout de suite après moi, ils m'auroient infailliblement chassé par-delà l'Ebre avant l'arrivée des secours."[3]

[1] "San Felipe, Com." ii. 43.

[2] Lafuente relates that when the Archduke was proclaimed in the Plaza Mayor, few persons were present, except officials and street boys. Among the latter, Das Minas caused money to be thrown, for the purpose of eliciting cheers, whereupon the urchins shouted: "Viva Carlos III., mientras dure el echarnos dinero!" (May Charles III. live, as long as he continues to give us money.)

[3] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 222.

But the evil consequences of inaction were not immediately apparent. Indeed, several circumstances concurred to blind the confederate chiefs. Not a few grandees, actuated by private disgusts, or taking for granted the prostration of France, fell down and worshipped the Austrian Eagle. The Conde de Oropesa, who had been twice Prime Minister under Charles II., and his son-in-law the Conde de Haro, declared for the Pretender. The Conde de Lemos, and Benavides, Patriarch of the Indies, set out for Barcelona to hasten his coming, but infuriated peasants waylaid them, and would have stoned the blue-blooded traitors, had not Joffreville's dragoons made prisoners of them. Even the Marqués de Rivas, lately Secretary of the Despacho, bent the knee, greatly to the joy of Galway and Das Minas; for, as that nobleman had been concerned in drawing up the will wherein Charles II. declared the Duke of Anjou his heir, perhaps he might now be induced to pronounce it fraudulent. Not so. Even in a politician's breast conscience sometimes refuses to be silenced altogether. So Rivas, notwithstanding much solicitation and temptation, stoutly maintained the genuineness of the testament. Thus did he throw bread upon the waters, which came back unto him in season, for on Philip's return to Madrid Rivas was merely banished to his estate a couple of leagues off, and on the birth of the Prince of the Asturias had permission to humble himself at Court. But the most extraordinary recantation was that of the man, of all others the most responsible for the accession of the Bourbon. Impelled by long-suppressed resentment, Cardinal Porto Carrero travelled to Toledo, and causing that city to acknowledge "Carlos," illuminated his palace to celebrate the event. He sang Te Deum in the cathedral, and at a superb banquet drank to the Austrian's success. So extravagant was his exhibition of joy that even the Portuguese marvelled. After abusing the Germans for years he sought reconciliation with the Queen Dowager, whom he himself had exiled to Toledo, and easily induced that princess, despite her promise to Philip, to espouse the cause of her nephew. On every side perfidy of the same sort. The Conde de Santa Cruz, Philip's

lieutenant at Cartagena, instead of carrying money and provisions to Oran, at present besieged by the Moors, sailed with the supplies to Barcelona and instigated the English to despatch an armament to Cartagena. It yielded without a blow. Oran, robbed of food, submitted to the infidel. Thus did the odious passions born of civil war deprive Spain of a fortress, almost miraculously conquered for her by the mighty Cardinal, Jimenez de Cisneros, and therefore peculiarly dear to every Castilian heart.

But if the baseness of Santa Cruz disgusts, how refreshing is the conduct of his brother, the good Archdeacon of Cordova. As soon as he heard of the treachery, he tore out of the baptismal register of the city the leaf which contained the Conde's name, exclaiming: "No quede en los hombres memoria de tan vil hombre." (May no record of such a wretch remain among men.) And what a touching example of simple loyalty, does the Princesse des Ursins narrate to Madame de Maintenon: "Yesterday a curé handed 120 pistoles to the Queen for the King's service. His village is inhabited by twenty-six very poor families, and yet, he said, his parishioners were ashamed to send so little. They besought Her Majesty to remember that in the purse lay 120 hearts which would be faithful whatever befell. 'Le bonhomme pleurait en haranguant la reine, et nous fit pleurer aussi.'"[1] No doubt the affection of the lower classes grew hourly. Let the grandee disgrace himself to the full, poor mechanics and starving water-carriers, who had taken little heed of Felipe and Maria Luisa dallying at Buen Retiro, loved them well, forsaken and in sorrow. Fidelity to the fallen is a noble quality of the Spanish peasant. He is a generous, though often a ferocious fellow. Alas! let no one suppose that devotion to the Bourbon was always evinced in an unexceptionable manner. The Castilians, unable to contend against the English and Portuguese in the open field, sometimes resorted to foul expedients. The knife came into play, and San Felipe relates how the most degraded women of Madrid formed, and to a certain extent carried out,

[1] Burgos, August 12th, 1706.

a plot for the destruction of the foreign host. "History," says this Spanish writer, "furnishes no instance of fidelity wrought up to such a pitch of impiety."[1]

Men lolling by their fire-sides are apt to censure in unmeasured language "the atrocities" perpetrated by their neighbours; but in the hour of need, how few of the indignant philanthropists would refuse help from unclean hands. Whatever the excesses and impurities of the Madrileños, I wonder not that Marie Louise, from the balcony at Lerma, cried, "Long live the Castilians!"

"Ce sont ces gens-là, Madame, qu'il faut aimer, puisque c'est leur bon cœur qui les guide, sans aucune politique."[2] More emphatic still was the opinion of Peterborough: "With such a people in such a mood, no son of Austria shall ever govern the Castiles."

[1] For a curious account of this particular development of loyalty, see "San Felipe, Com." ii. 49.

[2] Princesse des Ursins à Madame de Maintenon.

VII.

MADRID REGAINED.

1706.

WHEN the confederates quartered at El Pardo, King Philip and Berwick retired to Alcala, and soon afterwards moved along the Henares to the convent of Sopetran, where they were beyond the reach of a surprise. The position was in other respects well chosen. It commanded the passes of the neighbouring mountains, covered Old Castile, kept open the communications with France, and would obstruct the junction of Galway and the Archduke.

And now, encouraged by a rumour that Philip was about to abandon the struggle in despair, desertion to a serious extent occurred in the Spanish cavalry. But the modest Prince was not cowed. Overcoming the constitutional shyness which, according to Tessé, impaired his influence with the rank and file, he caused the troops to parade before him, and addressed them squadron by squadron. He was resolved, he said with tears in his eyes, to remain in Castile, and trusted all good soldiers would stand by him. In a little while, French succour must be up, and then he would combat the foreigners, and, if need be, die at the head of the last faithful regiment. The speech produced the happiest effect; grim old troopers swore they would shed their last drop of blood to defend "Felipino." Desertion ceased.[1] No rhetoric so suasive as a few artless words spoken from the heart!

[1] "San Felipe, Com." ii. 54.

In spite of Joffreville's foraging towards the Samosierra, the little army hungered. Though Berwick, in his letters to Orry, insisted upon the supreme importance of supplies, that functionary neglected the business:—"Jamais il ne voulut seulement imaginer que les ennemis pussent venir à Madrid, et n'en convint que lorsqu'ils y furent."[1] In military emergencies, the presumption of amateur strategists is astounding. Another grave embarrassment—want of cash—could only be remedied by French assistance. Amelot proposed that Orry should proceed to Paris, to explain the requirements of the troops, and to borrow money upon the Queen's jewels, among which shone the famous pear-shaped pearl, "la peregrina," for size, weight, and lustre, unequalled in Europe. At first Berwick demurred. Jean Orry away, to whom could he apply for information respecting matters of detail? Who else was so conversant with Spanish finance? At last, the impossibility of procuring accommodation otherwise, induced the Marshal to consent to the minister's absence for a short space. "But no sooner," says Berwick, "was Orry's back turned, than the Spaniards inveighed so bitterly against him that I was obliged to oppose his coming back as strongly as I had lately opposed his going. In fact, it behoved His Catholic Majesty to comply with the wishes of Castile, which was giving splendid proof of its attachment to his person. Nay, to its steadfast loyalty the preservation of his crown was due."

For a while, Amelot, fearing to displease the Queen and Madame des Ursins, did not concur with the General, but at length his good sense and the public outcry overcame his scruples; and, in conjunction with the Marshal, he wrote to Chamillart, requesting that Orry might be detained in France. So the Envoy's occupation was cut short. To convince him and the Princesse des Ursins that there had been no underhand dealing, a copy of the unpleasant but perhaps salutary despatch was sent to both of them.

Berwick dashes off a graphic sketch of Jean Orry. "He was a man of remarkable intelligence, ready of speech, and

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 214.

extremely laborious. But, attempting too much, he never got through his undertakings. His lively imagination furnished him with expedients for every difficulty. As soon as he conceived a design, he somehow or other supposed it was achieved. His strong point was finance, and no one was better fitted to succeed in that line, if he had worked under an able and sober chief, who would have kept him to the desk, and prohibited dabbling in state affairs. His political and military notions were crude, but self-conceit made him uphold them through thick and thin. His rough manners and the innovations he introduced made him hateful to the Spanish people. His enemies accused him of robbery, but I will do him the justice to declare that, notwithstanding much talk about his peculations, I never knew a single imputation properly substantiated. If he thieved, he did so very adroitly."[1]

With Philip a fugitive; the Portuguese in Madrid; Berwick, in no hopeful mood, hugging the Henares—what of the Archduke and Peterborough? On the relief of Barcelona, a council of war decided that Charles should proceed to Madrid by way of Valencia, the shortest route, and that presenting fewest obstacles. The cavalry was quickly on the march, and Lord Peterborough, sailing away with a body of foot, soon landed at Valencia. Here let us notice an example of the rare energy of the man:—"He thought he could make no better use of his short stay than to recruit his shattered cavalry, which he not only did, but mounted a new regiment of dragoons draughted out of the companies of foot."[2] So rapidly

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 216.—St. Simon is less merciful. He states, Orry rendered to Chamillart so unsatisfactory an account of two millions of francs which had been advanced for the payment of the troops in Spain that "le roi le voulut faire pendre. Il en fut à deux doigts." Indeed, he owed his safety to Madame de Maintenon, who, for the sake of the Princesse des Ursins, laboured so effectually in his behalf that he obtained the appointment of President à mortier of the parliament of Metz, but he never did any duty, "parcequ'il ne savoit mot de lois ni de jurisprudence." "Mémoires," v. 201. At Madame des Ursins' request he was subsequently allowed to return to Spain.

[2] Alnut's foot furnished a large number of men for this new corps, which was called the Earl of Peterborough's Regiment. A few months

formed was this corps that "it had its rout given it the very day it was mounted on country horses costing not above £10 a-piece." [1] Such are the deeds, at first sight insignificant, that denote the commander in whom soldiers may put their trust. Without delay the Earl sent General Windham to reduce Requena, a walled town capable of impeding the advance to Madrid. It speedily capitulated. And yet from the Archducal Court at Barcelona came uncertain sounds, even shuffling and cavil. All at once, the ruffled Englishman heard that Charles, swayed by German parasites, intended to travel to Madrid, not by Valencia, but through Aragon, which had revolted in his favour. In vain General Stanhope protested; in vain Peterborough wrote dissentient letters. The Pretender persisted; and, owing to the distance to be traversed, did not enter Zaragoza till the 18th of July.

Meanwhile, the confederate generals were finding their situation at Madrid by no means enviable. What with fever and debauchery they had 6,000 men in hospital. Every day brought news of the defection of places in Old Castile, which at first had declared for them; hence their communications with Portugal were endangered. The peasants of La Mancha, rising for Philip, occupied the passages over the Tagus. The burghers of Toledo tore down the Austrian flag, expelled the Portuguese garrison, placed the Queen Dowager in respectful duress, with shouts of "Viva Felipe V!" And the Duque de Osuña, Philip's captain of the body-guard, arrived to conduct Her Majesty to Bayonne, where, breathing an atmosphere untainted by intrigue, it was hoped she might abide in peace. The commotions retarded the coming of convoys. The contractor at Madrid failed to supply bread. "The murmurs of the inhabitants who seemed one and all in another interest" [2] grew loud. Such troubles, together with a desire to facilitate the Archduke's progress, caused the allies to break up from the Manzanares, and march for Alcala. Thereupon,

before, the Earl had transferred Barrymore's regiment into dragoons.—*Historical Records of 13th and 36th Regiments.*

[1] Somers' Tracts, xiii. 397.

[2] Ibid., xiii. 408.

the Duke of Berwick, at present in command of nineteen Spanish battalions and fifty-five squadrons, withdrew from Sopetran to Jadraque, detaching some infantry to Siguenza and Atienza to secure his rear, and "give him more elbow-room." Now, pleasant intelligence of Spanish constancy reached him. Andalucia was raising horse and foot. Castilian rustics were knocking the brains out of every straggler from the Portuguese lines, and couriers being continually stopped, the Marshal fathomed much of the enemy's designs.

On the other hand, Galway and Das Minas, masters only of the ground on which they camped, saw their army wasting away, whilst that of the adversary increased; they wrote therefore to Lisbon, entreating that reinforcements might be sent to them over the bridge of Almaraz. The Portuguese ministers, careless of what was happening in Castile, did nothing of the sort.

In the middle of July, Berwick learned through intercepted letters that the Archduke was shortly expected at Zaragoza. Simultaneously came intelligence that to favour his approach, the allies had moved to Guadalajara. As the French would be under his orders in the course of a few days, the Marshal eschewed risk. Sending Philip to Atienza, he retired behind the Henares to Sirouette, about a league from Jadraque, whence he might observe every hostile motion, and even, by a forced march, fall upon the Archduke, should he turn venturous. At the end of the month, French succour, under the Marquis de Legall, entered the camp. By this addition of thirty battalions and twenty squadrons, the army mustered forty-nine battalions and seventy-eight squadrons; but owing to sickness, and losses before Barcelona, Legall's battalions scarcely averaged more than 300 rank and file a-piece. At the same time, Galway could parade only forty battalions and fifty-three squadrons, but he counted upon a strong reinforcement under the Archduke and Peterborough.

Presently, the banks of the Henares became the scene of complicated manœuvring, Berwick desiring to fight the enemy at an advantage, and to eject him from Castile; the allies bent on protecting the Pretender's advance to Jadraque. But

so cautious were the opponents, so unpromising was the hilly ground, that no important engagement took place—only brisk skirmishes in which the French and Spanish dragoons distinguished themselves. So bad was the "intelligence department" of the confederates, that the Marshal assures us they knew not of Legall's arrival till deserters reported it to them, and even then they were at first disposed to consider the large number of tents spread out before their eyes as a "ruse de guerre," to imply the presence of a host. "It is indeed surprising that our Frenchmen should have marched all the way from Barcelona to Perpignan, thence into Navarre, afterwards skirted the borders of Aragon, without the allies knowing anything of the matter; 'cela ne donne pas une bien haute idée de la capacité, ni de la prévoyance de leurs généraux.'"[1]

Upon the Jadraque heights so solidly posted were the Portuguese that there seemed small chance of assailing them successfully; however, being in dread of severance from Guadalajara, they struck tents on the night of the 30th, and marching rapidly all next day, crossed the Henares. But the Spaniards hotly pursuing, they repassed the river, and took up a strong position behind Guadalajara. Then, the Marshal encamped on the plain of Marchamalo; and Legall seized Alcala. Thus were Galway and Das Minas outmanœuvred; their communication with Madrid lost, their return to Portugal blocked. Philip V., again at the head of his soldiers, sent Don Antonio del Valle with 500 horse to recover the capital. Four hundred Miquelets shut themselves up in the palace, and for four days made a show of resistance. But by the 4th of August—the day fixed for the triumphal entrance of Charles—Madrid had effaced every trace of Austrian occupation. There was vociferous joy. The streets resounded with "Viva Felipe! mueran los traidores!" In high feather, the mob burned the portrait and the standard of the Pretender at the Puerta del Sol; and, ransacking the mansions of his chief adherents, made bonfires of sumptuous furniture, to show that they intended to punish renegades, not to profit by the spoil.[2]

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 222.
[2] "Mém. de Noailles," ii. 393.

Such was the ignorance respecting recent events on the Henares, that several dons were arrested in Philip's camp, which they visited under the impression that it appertained to Charles. And so little did Das Minas contemplate expulsion from Madrid, that he left there his pontoon train, ample stores, and 500 pistoles for the cleansing of Buen Retiro.

We have seen that, contrary to common sense, the Archduke (lovesick, it was said) tarried at Barcelona, instead of hastening to Valencia; again, when allured by the friendliness of the Aragonese he strayed to Zaragoza, some fell influence held him loitering there. So opposed to manly feeling as well as to policy did this sloth appear, that a rumour of his sudden death was readily believed, and witnesses came forward to swear that they had seen him embalmed and buried.[1] At last he started for Daroca and Molina, ordering Peterborough to proceed from Valencia, so that, mutually supporting one another, they might converge towards the capital. The Earl obeyed with sneers. "It is hard," he wrote to General Stanhope, "I should be thought mad amongst the rest. After the taking of Requena, twenty horse might have gone to Madrid, and all the places were offering to acknowledge the King, upon condition I would protect them from Miquelets and the thieves and rogues bred up under Basset; but now many thousand men were in arms to oppose our passing the river Xucar; and they broke down all the bridges, and flung up earth, and stoccaded many passes, and have given us the most warm and foolish marks of ill-will, and would have made it very uneasy for us to pass but for the drought, which made many places fordable."[2]

On the 4th of August, Charles and Peterborough met at Pastrana, and two days later they joined the English and Portuguese at Guadalajara. The Austrian Prince's following was not imposing; it amounted to six battalions and twelve squadrons. About 18,000 men now composed the united forces. On the other side, the coming of the French enabled Philip to array rather more than 20,000 troops. Nor was the

[1] Lamberty, xiv. 258.

[2] Mahon: "War of the Succession in Spain," 205.

preponderance merely numerical, for, by the departure of Maréchal de Tessé "on sick leave," the conduct of the campaign devolved entirely on Berwick. A court sycophant was exchanged for a soldier:

"Wise to consult, and active to defend."

But the confederate camp was as a house divided against itself. At least three generals aspired to the chief command. To his honour, be it said, Galway offered to serve under Peterborough, until the arrival of his own letter of recall which was expected soon.[1] Das Minas would listen to no compromise of the sort, and urged his own pretensions, which the English Earl angrily repelled. What was simple jealousy at the outset quickly grew into open quarrel; and "inexpressible," says Captain Carleton, "was the confusion in this fatal camp." Men of Peterborough's temper being unused to impose their presence where it is distasteful, it occurred to him that, by a clause in his instructions, he was at liberty to proceed to the assistance of the Duke of Savoy. Charles, delighted to be rid of "Mordanto," jumped at the idea; and giving him a commission to borrow £100,000 from the Genoese Jews, on the security of the Spanish crown domains, surlily bade the conqueror of Barcelona farewell.

Whilst the Archduke's captains were squabbling, the Castilians waxed bold. The citizens of Segovia compelled the hostile garrison of their citadel to surrender. Graver still; on the Portuguese confines, the mountaineers of the Sierra de Gata rose and chased the allies out of the Moraleja and Coria. His communications in peril, and supplies running short at Guadalajara, the Pretender must depart. On the evening of the 11th, Berwick's scouts asserted that the enemy would move that very night. It being imperatively necessary to cover Madrid and Toledo, as well as to hinder the return of the confederates to Portugal, the Chevalier d'Asfeld started at eleven o'clock p.m., with ten battalions, twenty-five squadrons, and ten field pieces, for Alcala. In the morning the rest of the army

[1] "Parliamentary History," vi. 946.

followed. D'Asfeld dashed across the Jarama, to gain a footing on the Tagus. Berwick lost not a moment. On the 14th, his forces encamped at Ciempozuelos; the bridge of Aranjuez was occupied by his cavalry; so that any stir about Toledo might be instantly reported. Meanwhile the Archduke, whose progress through the rugged district had been necessarily slow, took post on the left bank of the Tajuna, at Chinchon and Colmenar. The position though naturally strong was unsatisfactory, for the "bandoleros" so troubled its skirts, that to feed the soldiers became very difficult, and in frequent skirmishes the destruction of men and horses was great.

The following incident shows how well Philip was served by his light cavalry. When Peterborough marched to Guadalajara, he ordered his heavy baggage to be sent after him. Escorted by a party of horse and foot, eight waggons laden with the Earl's plate, raiment, "eatables and drink" (not of the Napier stamp, this general), reached Huete, some sixty miles from the confederate lines. On a sudden, 150 dragoons, under Colonel Don Juan de Zereceda, entered the town. They had "boughs in their hats" (the badge of the Austrian party), and they shouted "Viva Carlos III.!" The Portuguese were befooled. Before they could fall into rank, Zereceda rode them down, slew seventy men, took the rest prisoners, pillaged the baggage, and returned gaily to Ciempozuelos. The bad news met Peterborough as he was travelling back to Valencia.[1] With eighty of Killigrew's dragoons, he galloped across country to Huete, minded to lay it in ashes, for he suspected the inhabitants of having given the cue to Zereceda. On his approach, however, the clergy and magistrates came forward to appease him; and, "on their knees" disavowing the charge, persuaded the choleric but good-natured Briton to spare the pretty town. Touched by his forbearance, the burghers proposed to compensate his lordship in ready money. "Not displeased at their offer," the Earl replied that, bread being scarce at Chinchon, he would be satisfied if they sent thither corn to the value of his plundered

[1] He wrote to General Stanhope: "I bear all other losses patiently, besides my barbs and my cheese."

goods—probably a more convenient arrangement to them than payment *de contado*. "I am apt to think," observes Peterborough's honest comrade, Captain Carleton, "the last century (and I very much fear the current will be deficient) can hardly produce a parallel instance of generosity and true public spiritedness."[1] Even so; though his misfortune was the army's gain, the eccentric peer could not be induced to claim anything from the Government for having so magnanimously supplied Galway's needs.

To the accomplishments of cavaliers like Zereceda, Caballero, and Carillo, Peterborough pointedly testified in a letter to a minister at home:—"If I were at the head of the 6,000 Spanish horse (serving under Berwick), which are very good, I would be accountable with my life that, instead of the King's coming by Zaragoza to Madrid, when His Majesty was in that capital, I would burn and destroy all that country, even to the walls of that city."[2]

Harried by regulars and irregulars, on short commons, and distracted with jarring counsels, the allies discovered they could no longer abide at Chinchon. Accordingly, after a month's sojourn, they passed the Tagus on rafts at Fuente Dueña. This movement sent the Spaniards pouring over the Aranjuez bridge, and Berwick with a strong advance-guard pushed a-head to Santa Cruz, so as to vex Galway's retreat and, opportunity offering, fall upon his rear. But that officer wisely halted at Ucles. It was obvious that from thence he might enter Valencia through a fertile country; or else, by striking southward, renew communication with Portugal by means of the Guadiana. The Marshal therefore resolved to block both those paths. Philip joining him with the remainder of the forces, he menaced the confederate left so effectually, that Galway hastened to Saelices, whence a good road led to Valencia; but clouds of dust announcing the Spaniards, he suddenly counter-marched, and, toiling over a

[1] "Carleton's Memoirs," 222. Berwick regretted the rifling of the Earl's property, and afterwards "generously ordered all his papers to be returned to him without waste or opening."

[2] Dr. Freind: "Peterborough's Conduct in Spain," 89.

rocky ridge, resumed the way to Cuenca, never resting till his people had crossed the Jucar, a river both wide and deep.

Berwick tells us, swift marching had removed the Spanish columns so far from their supplies, that how to penetrate beyond Ucles much perplexed him. At any rate, he must get rid of a number of ineffectives who dogged the feet of the army. Hence; "Je suppliai le roi d'Espagne de s'en aller à Madrid, où d'ailleurs le bien des affaires demandoit sa presence."[1] This is polite and instructive. Philip environed by gaping citizens, restored to the sweet companionship of Marie Louise, was far better placed than amid the hungry, ragged, ferocious soldiery. So he went his way and, in the beginning of October, was greeted with enthusiasm at Madrid.

The Marshal now resorted to a manœuvre, which he calls "assez singulière." It consisted in each infantry brigade proceeding by a separate route to La Roda, about seventy miles off. In this order, not only might the men subsist more easily than when marching in mass; but "I might also disguise from the enemy my intention of passing the Jucar below Alarcon, and smiting them in the plain before they could reach the Cabriel. Therefore I detached Legall, with 1,000 French horse, to harass them at close quarters, the bulk of the cavalry under myself following in support." Legall did his work well. He took prisoners and provisions in plenty. He even laid hands upon certain portable copper ovens, which had been lost by Don Juan of Austria when the Portuguese defeated him at Elvas. This was booty after the Castilian's proud heart.[2]

The confederates, deeming themselves safe east of the Jucar, would have halted a while at Villaneuva. But Berwick was untiring. As soon as the whole of his foot was assembled at La Roda, he crossed the Jucar in force on the evening of the 24th of September. His van appeared in the plain early next morning, just as the ill-informed enemy were beginning their retreat. The Spaniards quickened the pace. Their dragoons rushed upon Galway's rear-guard; but, though

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 231.

[2] "San Felipe, Com.," ii. 75.

prisoners and commissariat carts were seized, the allied army could not be stopped. It contrived to draw up behind Iniesta on ground unsuitable to cavalry action. As the Spanish infantry were not yet in line (they had marched seven long leagues without water and in intense heat) Berwick would have edged away to his right, so as to pass the rivulet (covering the confederate front) at a point where obstacles were slight. But the sun was setting. Nothing could be done, except praying for good luck next morning. During the night, however, the enemy clambered over the mountains to Villagorda, and passed the Cabriel at dawn, leaving to the pursuers herds of stragglers and heaps of baggage. Hopeless of combat, Berwick encamped at Tarazona; where, water being plentiful, and a short halt necessary to reorganize the commissariat, the weary soldiery stole a minute's rest.

To facilitate their return to Castile, the allies had left a strong garrison in Cuenca. Lieutenant-General de Hessey hastened to besiege it with a picked detachment of horse and foot and three 12-pounders ("notre unique grosse artillerie"). Brigadier de Pons went to Molina to cover New Castile, on the side of Aragon. The Marqués de Bay dispersed a Portuguese throng that threatened Salamanca. During these evolutions, Galway and Das Minas, after throwing reinforcements into Requena, continued their retreat to Valencia. Thus, central Spain was almost rid of the Archduke's myrmidons.

Cuenca being evidently left to its fate, Berwick marched into the kingdom of Murcia, whose patriotic bishop craved help: for the English, after capturing the castle of Alicante, and seizing Orihuela, had encompassed the city of Murcia. Inadequate supplies prevented the Spaniards advancing in army corps; therefore the Marshal thrust Joffreville towards Villena, whilst Maréchal-de-camp Medinilla moved straight upon Murcia, the investment of which was raised at his approach. The bishop liberated, Medinilla assailed Orihuela. Not even a wall girt the place, not a regular soldier stood within it, yet the townsmen, stimulated by the monks, fiercely defended their homes for several hours. Medinilla forced his way in, at the cost of ten officers and 150 grenadiers. Many

monks and burgesses were slain. The houses were pillaged. Nor was this punishment enough: the incensed bishop disarmed all the inhabitants and abrogated their ancient charter.

On the 9th of October Cuenca surrendered, and five regiments became prisoners of war.[1] Now Berwick advanced to Villena, and Joffreville to Elche, where 400 of Killigrew's dragoons and a like number of British infantry were stationed. At first, Colonel Phineas Bowles was undaunted, but, on the Marshal's appearance two days afterwards, he grounded arms. The town—"une des plus jolies et des riches qu'il y eût en Espagne"—suffered severely. Although it had been plundered to some extent, before Berwick could coerce the marauders, 80,000 sacks of flour and 20,000 pistoles in gold were extorted from the citizens.

The confederate army being at present scattered in the mountainous parts of Valencia, Berwick began to ponder his next enterprise. The weakness of the artillery was his chief concern. When the arrival of the French troops enabled him to assume the offensive, he had sent to Seville for four 24-pounders. Owing to want of carriages they were long in the rear; at last they approached, and as four 16-pounders had been received from Madrid, he determined to besiege Cartagena, his battering train being insufficient to attack Alicante. Cartagena was then a rich and populous city, possessing, writes Captain Carleton, "so good a harbour that when the famous Admiral Doria was asked which were the three best harbours in the Mediterranean, he readily returned, June, July, and Cartagena." To close with this important fortress, considerable and diverse preparation was required. "Singularly enough," observes the Marshal, "I was obliged to have made a great many buckets, for in the plain around the city there was no water save what came from wells; consequently, without a liberal supply of pails, battalions and squadrons would have been athirst."[2]

The Marshal arrived before the place on the 11th of No-

[1] Namely, German, Neapolitan, Dutch, Portuguese, and Spanish. So much for the national character of the Austrian pretension.

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 237.

vember. He found it surrounded by walls presenting strong flank defences. It had neither ditch nor covered-way, but the citadel was imposing, and plenty of cannon could be seen. The Spaniards seized a neighbouring height, and a few 8-pounders were placed thereupon. The fire of the fortress soon silenced them, and, according to an English writer, likewise thwarted an escalade, attempted by O'Mahony and a party of grenadiers.[1] On the same night, ground was broken, and next day the besiegers began to construct batteries, which, opening on the 17th with heavy guns, the soldiers surrendered as prisoners of war. Seventy-five large pieces and much ammunition were found. The Conde de Santa Cruz, who had so basely deserted Philip, was, at the outset, in the port with two galleys; but, fearing for his life, he sailed away before the end came. To whom could the command of the stronghold be better given than to Daniel O'Mahony, who had lately defended Alicante for twenty-seven days, submitting on honourable terms, after he had been thrice wounded, when provisions were exhausted, and his force reduced to 134 sickly men.[2]

A few months before, O'Mahony had been nearly ruined by an ingenious but very shabby trick of Lord Peterborough's. Early in February, the Duque de Arcos, who was investing Valencia with 10,000 men, had posted O'Mahony's dragoons at the pass of Murviedro, two leagues in his rear. This town stands at the bottom of a hill, crowned with the ruins of glorious Saguntum. The Palancia flowing before the walls was commanded by works. It was therefore evident to the English commander that, supposing the ford were passed, he could scarcely expect to reach Valencia over the plain beyond, whilst O'Mahony's sabres flashed in the rear of his little band. But "he gave the officers hopes that what he could not do by force, he did not fear but to compass by art." Accordingly, sending forward "a trumpet," he requested an interview with O'Mahony, who happened to be related to his Aunt Penelope.[3]

[1] "Annals of Queen Anne's Reign," v. 307.

[2] Quincy: "Histoire Militaire," v. 252.

[3] Second Countess of Peterborough, and daughter of Barnabas, Earl of Thomond.

The gentlemen met. The conference began by Peterborough offering his opponent high promotion in the English or Austrian service, if "he would engage to the interest of King Charles." The Irishman flatly refused. Then the Earl changed his note, and, professing to have a strong corps at his disposal, suggested the surrender of the town. Pointing to his men, who were spread out upon the brow of a hill hard by, in such a manner as to make a great show, he said: "You see how near my forces are, and can hardly doubt our being soon masters of the place; I know you cannot pretend to defend it with the horse you have, which will be much more useful, if joined with Arcos, to obstruct my passing the plain of Valencia." So seemingly frank all this, so flattering the peer's avowal of kinship, that O'Mahony incautiously admitted "his part was to strengthen the Duque de Arcos with his horse." In brief, a capitulation was engrossed soon after the brigadier's return to quarters. The aide-de-camp who brought it to Peterborough had likewise to encounter blandishments, but though his loyalty remained unshaken, his cunning host "contrived all he could (and not without success) to give him jealousies of Mahony."

The English nobleman's next move was still more sinister. Murviedro won by a cheat, he had now to devise a quiet march between that town and Valencia. His wit was equal to his will. After carefully priming two dragoons, he sent them disguised as deserters to Arcos, whom they informed that, hidden behind some rocks, they had not only overheard the conversation between Peterborough and O'Mahony, but had seen the former hand a purse of gold to the latter, who thereon agreed to command 10,000 Irish Catholics about to be enlisted for the Austrian service. It was also arranged, the fictitious turncoats said, that O'Mahony should inveigle Arcos into advancing with his whole army across the plain, as if to join the Irish dragoons, but really with the view of being caught in an ambuscade. The astounded don at first disbelieved the tale, but anon arrived the same aide-de-camp whose pulse Peterborough had felt, bringing a proposal from O'Mahony that, to baffle the enemy, the Spanish troops should

move upon Murviedro. Arcos—a shallow grandee—now fancied he saw through the plot, and thought to circumvent it by marching "quite the contrary way." Meanwhile, the Irishman was anxiously looking out for his chief. At length Peterborough's approach compelled him to seek the Spanish camp. On arriving there he was arrested, and sent to Madrid, only, however, to prove his innocence; and, with the rank of lieutenant-general, to lead the troops raised by the Murcian bishop; at the same time, the Duque de Arcos had to resign his command to a better soldier, the Conde de las Torres. So the artifice succeeded to admiration: O'Mahony cozened, Arcos sent astray, there was nothing to prevent the arch-dissembler revelling at Valencia del Cid, "whose joys would make a Jew forget Jerusalem." [1]

This story which I relate, according to a very friendly interpretation, reveals the dark side of a curious character. "Mordanto" was a paradox. Strange weakness mingled with his strength. His impulse was often noble, yet he easily descended to vileness. He was a blasphemer; he despised humanity, and scoffed at the profession of which he was an ornament.

After the fall of Cartagena, the Spaniards went into winter quarters. To cover Murcia, Hessey was posted at Orihuela. D'Asfeld occupied Yecla, so that, watchful of Villena, he might protect La Mancha from disquiet. To secure Castile, and maintain the communication with Aragon, troops cantoned between the Jucar and the Cabriel. Headquarters were fixed at Albacete, nearly in the centre of the frontier to be guarded. These arrangements completed, the Marshal departed for Madrid.

"Thus ended," remarks Berwick, "a campaign of a very uncommon kind. In the beginning, ruin seemed imminent. The end was beneficial as well as honourable to the Two Crowns. The foe master of Madrid; no army to contest his progress;[2] Philip forced to fly from Barcelona, and, for a moment,

[1] Freind: "Peterborough's Conduct in Spain," 255. Carleton's "Memoirs," 173.

[2] When Berwick was retiring towards Madrid, Das Minas jocularly

to retire into France—the fate of Spain was apparently sealed, and, doubtless, had the confederates known how to profit by the crisis, 'et pousser leur pointe,' the Archduke might have ascended the throne, but the gross errors committed by the generals, together with the matchless fidelity of the Castilians, gave us time to acquire the upper hand, and to eject our antagonists from Castile.

"The two armies made, so to speak, the tour of Spain. They took the field near Badajoz, and, after traversing the Two Castiles, rested from their labours in the Kingdoms of Murcia and Valencia, 150 leagues from the point of departure. We pitched eighty-five camps, and though no great battle was fought, we were as much the gainers as if we had been victorious in one, for the 'states' show that 10,000 prisoners fell into our hands." [1]

Surely so; by his patience and military knowledge, the Duke of Berwick reinstated Philip and Marie Louise in Madrid, trained the Spaniards to war, educated some excellent officers. At the same time, his resolute measures confounded the allied forces, and drove them into the Valencian hills. "Il les y conduisit marche par marche, comme un pasteur conduit des troupeaux." [2] But amateurs were displeased. Fine ladies longed for bloody conflict.[3] Civilian ministers, totally ignorant of military science, taxed the Marshal with negligence for not smiting the enemy on the Tagus. So sharp and plausible were the criticisms, that Berwick defended himself in a letter to Louis XIV., justifying his conduct on the ground that, in the unprecedented condition of the country, it would have been madness to hazard his little army—the sole, the last resource of Spain.[4]

In England it was the fashion to impute the reverses of the Archduke to the incapacity of Lord Galway. Now Galway,

styled him "Aposentador," *i.e.* Quartermaster, who goes ahead to prepare quarters for the coming soldiers.

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 239. [2] Montesquieu: Eloge.

[3] "Vous n'etiez pas la seule, Madame, à souhaiter une bataille en ce pays-ci."—*Madame des Ursins à Madame de Maintenon.*

[4] "San Felipe, Com.," ii. 84.

though not a brilliant commander, was, up to the measure of his lights, an efficient officer. In vain he urged Das Minas "to march directly from the bridge of Almaraz to Madrid."[1] In vain he entreated the Pretender to hasten to the Henares. It was owing to his masterly disposition of the confederates in the retreat from Chinchon to Valencia, that Berwick never caught them in an ill-chosen position. The selfish blundering of Das Minas, the lukewarmness of the Portuguese, the dawdling of the Archduke Charles, were sufficient to upset the wisest arrangements. How apathetic the Portuguese were, how peculiar the sense of honour inspiring some of their officers, is divulged by Berwick. "In the month of April, when we were on the frontier of Portugal, a peasant brought me a letter from a general officer of that nation. Though we were perfect strangers to one another, the writer offered, out of respect for his Catholic Majesty, to apprize me of the operations about to be undertaken by his friends. Notwithstanding my astonishment, I replied with studied politeness; and, in fact, by keeping me informed concerning the enemy's intentions, he proved of the utmost use to our side. When we lay at Ciempozuelos, the allies being at Chinchon, he paid me a visit on the sly, and I conversed with him for two hours, much to my satisfaction, for he spoke fully of the condition and projects of his party. In taking leave, he begged I would assist his return to Lisbon, which he proposed to compass in this wise: feigning sickness on the morning when his comrades decamped, he would obtain from Das Minas permission to remain where he was. Then, I was to be asked for a guard, and after a little repose (ostensibly for the recovery of his health) I might perhaps allow him to go his way rejoicing. He played the farce to perfection. At the right moment, Das Minas, entering his quarters, found him smeared with blood, which, he said, he had just vomited. He was therefore authorized to apply for my protection. I did as he required, and—how comical!—in the course of the winter he was exchanged for one of our generals who happened to be

[1] "Parliamentary History," vi. 944.

a prisoner in Portugal. This visionary pretended that war with Spain being contrary to the interest of the King his master, he was benefiting his country 'par ce beau manége.' Nothing but ill success, he argued, would open the royal eyes, and afford a pretext to forsake the alliance. A desire to discuss the subject with the ministers, was his chief reason for wanting to go home." [1] The sophistical rogue deserves credit for a novel reading of patriotic duty.

Berwick had not been long settled at Madrid, when news, partly good partly evil, reached him. The Marqués de Bay [2] had carried Alcantara by escalade in the night. Two battalions and considerable war material were taken. Thus, a fortress of strategical mark on the border reverted to Spanish keeping. About the same time, the Chevalier de Pons, being eager for distinction, pushed from his station at Molina into Aragon; but the enemy, gathering thick, surprised his few squadrons and raw militiamen. De Pons, "naturellement un peu étourdi," might commit more blunders; therefore, Berwick caused Joffreville [3] to assume charge of the whole frontier, with an addition of four cavalry regiments to the troops already thereabouts.

British soldiers, being the grandest element of the Archduke's power, the Court of Madrid was presently alarmed by the intelligence that a large body of those splendid fighters would join Galway in Valencia. The occasion of this contingent was as follows. For the purpose of a descent upon Guyenne, 10,000 foot and 1,200 horse, including seven incomplete regiments of French Huguenots,[4] had in July embarked at Portsmouth, under the orders of Earl Rivers. They were

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 240.

[2] This good soldier was the son of one Ducasse, a publican at Gray in Franche Comté; joining the Spanish army at a time when military talent was very rare, his zeal, intelligence, and bravery procured him rapid promotion.

[3] St. Simon, seldom liberal of his praise, describes this excellent officer and the Chevalier d'Asfeld:—"gens de talent et de mérite, d'un grand soulagement pour un général."—*Mémoires*, xiii. 151.

[4] Lieutenant-general Marquis de Guiscard (originally Abbé de la Bourlie) was to command the Frenchmen in English pay.

provided with artillery, intrenching tools, and a good military chest. The English, landing between Blaye and the Charente, were to seize Saintes, whilst the refugees glided into the Cevennes. By the doings of these men the future course of Rivers would be regulated. At least the ships of war at Rochefort might be burnt, and popular favour, it was hoped, would enable the troops to hold out in Saintonge until an insurrection in Languedoc warranted their assuming the offensive. But contrary winds detained the fleet till October, too late in the season, it was considered, to invade France, and the subjugation of Spain being of vital moment, the expedition was sent to Lisbon.[1]

Well may the Marshal exclaim: "This year was heavy-laden with calamity to France and Spain. By the battle of Ramillies Brabant was lost; Prince Eugene won Italy when he forced the lines of Turin. The raising of the siege of Barcelona, and our retreat from Madrid, seemed to portend the downfall of Philip V. We alone had the good fortune to retrieve our disasters." It is easy to understand how the defeats were brought about. Let none suppose that clumsy organization, defective mobilization, inferior arms, hurried France to the verge of ruin. The prime factors of evil were the court generals, orthodox in religion, and delightful companions in the boudoir:

> "Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to hit,
> And sweet Sir Fopling, you have so much wit."

"The history of Ramillies," writes General de Feuquière, "excites in me but one feeling—surprise that the King should have been so long in discovering what France had never been ignorant of: the incompetence of Maréchal de Villeroy." Because upstart Chamillart placed his son-in-law, the Duc de

[1] Burnet, "History of the Reign of Queen Anne," v. 266. The Duke of Berwick states: "J'ai cru devoir insérer dans ces Mémoires, ce que je viens de rapporter, quoique hors de mon sujet, à cause que ce projet a été su de peu de personnes, et que j'en ai appris le détail par un des ministres d'Angleterre sur qui tout avoit roulé." (Mr. Secretary St. John?) i. 242.

la Feuillade, at the head of a besieging army; because Madame de Maintenon selected the devout Marsin[1] to succeed the rakish Vendôme, the Spanish monarchy forfeited its territories in Northern Italy, and Louis XIV. was bereft of enormous sums, a large portion of his artillery, and a multitude of soldiers. Nor should we forget that Maréchal de Tessé, whom the Duchess of Burgundy warmly recommended to her sister, Marie Louise, "a pensé perdre toute l'Espagne."[2]

As the superiority of the French arms in Italy disappeared when Vendôme was transferred to Flanders, so did the Bourbon cause revive in Spain when Tessé gave way to Berwick. An apt illustration of a fact which some of us seem in danger of forgetting: it is the man, not the machinery, that really sways the destiny of war.

Louis, reeling under terrible blows, confessed to the sinfulness of strife. He proposed to make peace by relinquishing Spain and the Indies to the Archduke, furnishing the Dutch with a barrier, granting commercial advantages to the two great maritime powers—on condition that the Kingdom of Naples, with Sicily and the Milanese, should remain as a separate sovereignty to Philip of Anjou.

But warfare being Marlborough's harvest, he persuaded the ministers that peace would be adverse to the national weal. The stock-jobbers were of a like mind. Austrian greed continued unabated. The Dutch—the stress of hostilities falling upon others—generously declared they would do as their allies wished. So negotiation with France was declined. The Partition deemed politic in 1700, was denounced off-hand in 1706.[3] Europe must be scourged for years to come, legions

[1] Ferdinand, Comte de Marsin, was mortally wounded at the battle of Turin. He was a Belgian by birth. St. Simon thus describes him: "C'était un extrêmement petit homme, grand parleur, plus grand courtisan—tout occupé de sa fortune, sans toutefois être malhonnête homme, dévot à la flamande—de peu de jugement, de peu de capacité, dont tout l'art et le mérite alloit à plaire."—*Mémoires*, v. 242.

[2] "Mémoires de Feuquière," i. 126.

[3] So anxious were the English ministers to hide from the public everything relating to this business that "they would not so much as permit

of brave men must perish, that kings and statesmen may learn for the hundredth time—

> "What our contempts do often hurl from us,
> We wish it ours again."

the preliminaries offered by Louis to enter into any of the newspapers; which certainly afforded just ground for suspecting either that they were doubtful of the propriety of their own conduct, or secretly conscious of acting from other motives than those which referred purely to the interest of the nation."—SOMERVILLE: *History of Queen Anne*, 233.

VIII.

ALMANSA.

1707.

"FIVE years ago," wrote Amelot to the War Minister at Paris, "Philip V. had neither troops, arms, nor artillery. His servants were unpaid. Hungry guardsmen scrambled with paupers for the soup doled out at the convent gates. This is all changed." Though Berwick had often to complain of the destitution to which the French contingent was reduced by Chamillart's neglect, the native regiments were tolerably provided for. At least foot guards no longer begged by the wayside. The King lived decently, if not sumptuously. And above all, as Bolingbroke finely remarks, "there was aroused that spirit in the Spanish nation, which a succession of indolent princes had lulled asleep." This amelioration was accomplished by the industry of Madame des Ursins and Amelot, of Berwick and Orry. What a proof of the resources of Spain! She only required then, as she requires now, an intelligent administration, to be respectable and prosperous.

Happy augury, the Queen was pregnant with her first child. The Princesse des Ursins gives a lively account of the enthusiasm which greeted Marie Louise when, in accordance with ancient custom, she went in state to the Church of Our Lady of Atocha. After describing the procession through the sanded streets, the gorgeous tapestry hanging from the windows, the fountains and statues garnished with flowers,

the soldiers in full dress, the braying trumpets, the dulcet haut-bois, she proceeds: "un peuple infini chantait les louanges du roi et de la reine; les uns pleuraient de joie, et demandaient au ciel que S.S. M.M. eussent cinquante enfants qui durassent plus que le monde; les autres riaient et faisaient des grimaces très-ridicules; il y en eût de si transportés en voyant la reine, qu'ils poussérent la folie jusqu'à lui dire qu'ils l'aimaient plus que Dieu."[1] The modern newspaper reporter might learn a lesson from the witty old lady, and her sparkling narrative recalls to the minds of some of us, the guard-mounting at Dublin Castle on St. Patrick's day.

But military affairs claim our attention. A long despatch having arrived from Versailles respecting the hostilities in prospect, Berwick sent thither the Marquis de Brancas, who would be able to answer the monarch's questions, and explain the general's intentions more comprehensively than the pen could do. The Duc de Noailles, disdaining repose in Roussillon, had suggested that, if reinforced, he might effect an important diversion by penetrating into Catalonia, and—circumstances demanding—he could afterwards join the main army. Berwick judged the first part of the proposition unreasonable, because the enemy being thereby put in a central position between Noailles and the remainder of Philip's forces, could fall with concentrated strength upon whichever of the two bodies he pleased; and, after defeating it, engage the other. Nor did the Marshal approve the second part of the young commandant's scheme, inasmuch as the line of communication by Seo de Urgel along the Segre presented serious impediments: the way was long, and the country, a very jumble of precipices and defiles, hazardous to an army.

"Confident qu'en fait de guerre, il falloit aller au plus sûr," Berwick recommended that the soldiers, detached by Louis, should enter Navarre. There, they would be in a situation to join him, or be joined by him. In free correspondence with them, he could direct their motions according to the exigency of the hour. He contemplated their conquest of Aragon;

[1] Madame des Ursins à Madame de Maintenon.

after which, should the enemy linger amid the mountains of Valencia, he himself might besiege Lerida. In the event of the allies opposing the French in Navarre, he would hasten thither with every available man. Further, if Galway passed into Castile by way of Villena, or into Murcia by Orihuela, the Duke would encounter him with the mass of the troops; leaving, however, on the right bank of the Tagus a force sufficient to coerce Aragon, and even Valencia, in case of necessity. Such was the plan which Brancas disclosed to Louis on the 3rd of February in Madame de Maintenon's apartment at Versailles.

Preparatory to opening the campaign, Berwick travelled to Molina on a tour of inspection. While thus employed, he was informed that the Duke of Orleans would command the new French division. This prince (whom we have met as the Duc de Chartres) burned to wipe out the defeat he had suffered at Turin through the faults of La Feuillade and Marsin: "his courage and his ambition led him to seek occasion for displaying his mettle—'car il faisoit plus de cas de la vraie gloire, que de la grandeur de sa naissance."[1] On the Marshal's return to Madrid, he found their Majesties delighted with the notion of having a Prince of the Blood for titular generalissimo, not so much on account of kinship, as because the appointment indicated grand-papa's earnestness in the cause. Indeed, the rejection of his overtures had braced the old King's nerves. His spirit rose. Recruits were quickly under arms. Money was obtained, with difficulty and on very onerous terms. In Flanders and Germany the defensive was to be maintained; and that a seasoned force might be forthcoming to defend France, or to sustain Philip V., a convention which secured the neutrality of Italy, was concluded with Prince Eugene. By this bargain, 20,000 French troops were to evacuate the fortresses still retained in the Milanese, and to retire to their own country. Thus was Lombardy abandoned to the Emperor, who in conformity with his engagements ceded to the Duke of Savoy,

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 245.

Alessandria and the Lomellina. Had Louis and Philip consented to a similar sacrifice in time, Victor Amadeus might not have deserted them; Italy might have been preserved.

The intelligence that Earl Rivers had landed at Alicante on the 6th of February with 7,000 men,[1] caused Berwick to alter the disposition of the armies of Castile and Estremadura. The Archduke, counting Rivers' people, might probably muster in Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, sixty-nine battalions and eighty-nine squadrons. Whilst owing to the garrisons of Cadiz and other places, the Spaniards could not assemble more than fifty-five battalions and ninety-nine squadrons; the Marshal therefore proposed that fourteen of the battalions coming from France should join his head-quarters, and that the remaining six battalions and twenty-three squadrons, halting at Tudela, should invade Aragon the moment he put his forces in motion. In respect of the Duke of Orleans, he begged Louis to place him at the head of the main body of troops; and he promised to be zealous for the glory of his Majesty's nephew and son-in-law.[2] He also urged the despatch of as much artillery and ammunition as possible to Pamplona; so that, if a battle were won, the Spaniards might be prepared to profit by it. As the confederates had probably twelve battalions and as many squadrons in Portugal, the Marqués de Bay, charged to keep them in check, received a like number of men.

We now return to the allies. At the end of 1706, Lord Peterborough, having raised a loan at Genoa, returned to Spain. No longer in any official capacity—"only a volunteer" (he said) detested by the Archduke's German favourites—his financial success obtained for him a polite reception, and his opinion of the situation was requested. In a council of war,

[1] Originally about 11,000 English and French Protestants, but "having been exposed for six months to all the inconveniences that usually attend long voyages, they did hardly make up 7,000 effective men; and of these, the English soon after their landing were reduced to about 4,500 men."—*Annals of Queen Anne's Reign*, vi. 13.

[2] Philip of Orleans married Françoise-Marie de Bourbon (called Mademoiselle de Blois), one of the daughters of Louis XIV. by the Marquise de Montespan.

held at Valencia in the middle of January, he advocated the defensive in Aragon and Valencia; because, the Castilian spirit being inflamed, the French contingent augmented, the Spanish superiority of cavalry indisputable—an advance towards Madrid would probably be disastrous. General Stanhope did not think so. He argued, nothing would satisfy England, but a battle. If Berwick were defeated before reinforcements reached him, Charles would obtain possession of "his capital," where his personal graces, backed by an influx of Portuguese from Estremadura, ought to maintain him. These ideas being shared by Galway, Das Minas, and other generals, a dispute arose between Peterborough and Stanhope—lately sworn friends, evermore thinly disguised foes. The former talked sense to deaf ears. The flashy sentiments of the latter were adopted. Consequently, the extraordinary man, soul of Austrian adventure in Spain, washed his hands of the concern, and sailed homeward; accompanied by Lord Rivers, who either disapproved the course decided upon, or, as some said, was chagrined because Galway would not resign to him the command of the British troops.[1]

The supreme act of folly was to come. In a rapid concentration of force, lay the pith of Stanhope's device; but no sooner did the Archduke learn the resolution of the general officers than he declared his intention of proceeding to Barcelona with a posse of Dutch and Spaniards. Every soldier of repute—except Comte de Noyelles, who made it his business to thwart those set over him—remonstrated without avail. The dull Prince, bent upon awing the Catelans, simply muttered that, when his columns approached Madrid, he might perhaps deign to play the soldier at their head. Thus, both parties were rid of their "Kings." Philip stayed at home to nurse his sweet consort; Charles deserted his own colours to saunter at Barcelona.

In the juncture, Spanish doings were at least respectable.

[1] The army consisted of three separate bodies: English, Dutch, and Portuguese; and Galway stated in the House of Lords, that "he always received orders from the Marqués das Minas."—*Parliamentary History*, vi. 991.

Apprised that the enemy were "en grand mouvement," Berwick quitted Madrid on the 15th of February, and travelling by post, with the Duca de Popoli, Conde de Aguilar, and other generals, was speedily at Yecla in Murcia. Immediately he called up the troops stationed near San Clemente; and, that every effective man might stand to the front, left but a single battalion at Orihuela. His anxieties were grave. The recruits had not yet joined. The magazines were incomplete; the commissariat lacked carts. But he worried the storekeepers without ceasing, and compelled the country round about to supply pressing needs.

The confederates gradually extending to Novelda, Elda, and Castalla, the Marshal sent forward the regiment of horse commanded by Don Juan de Zereceda—"l'officier de l'armée le plus propre à me donner de bonnes nouvelles." Good news was not long in coming. Scouts announced that a large convoy was about to leave Alicante for the use of the troops in the valley of the Castalla. Accordingly, Zereceda placed eighty chosen troopers and a "guerrilla" of thirty volunteers in ambush within a league of Alicante. Climbing up a tree, early next morning, he descried not a convoy, but an English battalion, issue from the town. Though the land was hilly and wooded, the soldiers marched in the most slovenly fashion—"their muskets slung at their backs, the lieutenant-colonel at the head of them, in his chaise, riding a considerable way before." Joy for Don Juan. Rejoining his men, who were ranged behind a barn, the moment for a charge was breathlessly awaited. On came the English, joking and singing, as if on the road to Finchley. When they had partly passed by, the Spaniards sprang upon them, "cutting and slashing at such a violent rate," that the whole body, taken unawares, was broken up. Many dead and wounded cumbered the ground. Lieutenant-Colonel Bateman, three captains, three lieutenants, and 315 rank and file became prisoners, at the cost of four soldiers and fifteen horses killed or hurt on the Spanish side.

Now occurred an incident which, Berwick thinks, nicely illustrates the Spanish character. Zereceda, disposing a very

small troop, and embarrassed with a crowd of captives, pushed Captain Fuenbuena and twenty cavaliers on reconnaissance to the very gates of Alicante. The captain quickly reported "all well." Nay, so favourable seemed the occasion, that with twenty more horse he thought he might take the city. In his despatch to the Marshal, Zereceda accounted for his officer's proposition in this way:—"Porque todo le parecia poco por su gran valor." (Because all things seem easy to his mighty courage.)

Here is another national trait. Carleton relates that a Captain Mahony assured him the Duke of Berwick "turned pale" when he heard an English regiment had been destroyed by a few Spaniards. He would not look at the captured colours; and his reception of Colonel Bateman was by no means flattering. He coldly remarked to that incautious chief that "he thought he was very strangely taken."[1] The wags of the English army made merry, it appears, at poor Bateman's expense. His military conduct, they declared, was of a piece with his economy, having two days before his march sent his handsome young wife to England under the guardianship of the young chaplain of the regiment."

Of Zereceda and his exploits, the Duke of Berwick speaks in glowing terms. "This action was very hardy and brilliant. So craftily did Don Juan bide his time, so adroitly did he profit by the foe's remissness, that no one may call him rash. He was probably the best partisan in Europe; enterprising and yet judicious. He had a peculiar faculty for gaining knowledge of a country, for regulating marches, and other military movements. I found in him so much sound sense, such promptness, such various resources, that I consulted him upon all occasions, and rarely rejected his advice with impunity."[2]

[1] "M. le Maréchal de Berwick ne voulait point du tout croire que 500 de même nation que lui, de troupes reglées, et bien armées, eussent pu se laisser battre par 80 Castillans: ces derniers ont cependant toujours eu l'avantage sur leurs ennemis, quand ils les ont attaqués."—*Madame des Ursins à Madame de Maintenon.*

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 248; Quincy, "Histoire Militaire," v. 396; "Memoirs of Carleton," 271.

Zereceda seems to have been a leader of the same type as the late

Early in April, Galway and Das Minas marched in force from Jativa to Fuente de la Higuera. So Berwick ordered the concentration of all his people on the beautiful plain of Chinchilla, fourteen leagues west of Yecla. On the 12th, D'Asfeld evacuated that town, which was immediately occupied by the enemy, who, after securing the stores it contained, advanced by night for the purpose of surprising Popoli's out-posts at Monte-Alegre; but the latter, warned in season, fell back on Chinchilla.

The confederates had suddenly taken the field in order that they might engage Berwick before his ranks were fortified by Frenchmen. But when he retired before them, they judged further progress dangerous, unless Villena were in their hands. If they attacked it, the Marshal might peradventure march to its relief; in that case they would combat him on rough ground ill suited to the tactics of cavalry, his strongest arm. They therefore encompassed Villena, where quartered Captain Grossetête and 200 of the Blaisois regiment. The town surrendering straightway, the allies anticipated little trouble with the castle. But it possessed thick walls flanked with towers, and Grossetête was intrepid. Hence, trenches must be dug; batteries constructed. In a word, a siege was before them.

Meanwhile, the anxiously expected French having reached Chinchilla, Berwick moved to Monte-Alegre, where, through want of rations, he had to tarry four days. Now, taking for granted the fall of Villena, he detached the Conde de Pinto against Azora, simply that its garrison might be exchanged for Grossetête's men; but, learning on his arrival at Almansa, on the 23rd of April, that the enemy had withdrawn from Villena, the Marshal no longer doubted that they meant to fight. Pinto was therefore recalled.

On the other hand, ill-informed about Spanish movements, ignorant that the French auxiliaries were in line, Galway and Das Minas supposed Berwick to be intent upon intercepting their communication with Valencia. They saw

General Cabrera, whom (I am told) Marshal Radetski, in 1848, pronounced the best officer of light troops in existence.

the English soldiers falling sick in large numbers. They knew that the Archduke would not detach a drummer from Catalonia. Every day diminished their fighting power. Clearly there was no alternative, and at a Council of War held on the 24th, it was unanimously agreed to encounter the Spaniards.

About eight o'clock next morning the Spanish vedettes perceived four heavy columns approaching Almansa from Caudete. Instantly, the dreadful note of preparation resounded. The tents were struck. The roar of a great gun summoned the foragers. The baggage lumbered to the rear. Twenty-five thousand soldiers fell into rank.[1] The right, composed of Spaniards, stretched to some rising ground in the direction of Monte-Alegre. The left, where the Frenchmen stood, rested upon a gentle eminence overlooking the Valencia road. In the background, about a mile, was the town of Almansa. According to custom, the troops were ranged in two lines, the cavalry on both flanks, the infantry in the centre. And they gazed on a fair field, just the arena the dragoon would choose for the display of his charger's action, and the exercise of his own right arm.

After personally explaining his design to the general officers, the Marshal rode up to the Castilian soldiers, and in their own tongue bade them remember that fidelity and bravery were the special virtues of their race.

> "And every wretch, pining and pale before,
> Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks."

Passing on to the French, he simply expressed confidence in their firmness and discipline.

At mid-day the hostile columns entered the plain, and marched under a burning sun till they came within a mile of the Spanish position. They now halted for refreshment, and to adjust the battalia.

Galway, weaker in cavalry than his opponent, endeavoured

[1] De Quincy states:—Fifty-two battalions and seventy-six squadrons. This is vague. Considering how weak were most of the battalions, I do not think that Berwick could have arrayed more than 25,000 men.

to supply the deficiency by intermingling horse and foot in the wings. Thus, on the extreme right stood five battalions, then came five squadrons. This order was carried out in both lines. Altogether the allied army numbered about 20,000 men, nearly 10,000 of whom wore British uniform.[1]

Marking Galway's device for extending his line, Berwick strengthened his right with a few squadrons from the left; whereupon, Lord Tyrawley, who commanded the confederate left wing, wishing to present an equal front, prolonged his first line with some horse from the rear.

Everything ripe for arbitrement of the sword, Galway passed a ravine, which covered his left, without hindrance, for Berwick was glad that an obstacle should exist at his assailants' back. It was three o'clock, and the cannon roared on both sides. Still Galway advanced, detaching Colonel Charles Dormer with a party of Essex's dragoons to carry a battery which crowned the hillock on the Spanish right. Before Dormer could reach the guns, they were withdrawn, and artillery appears to have been of no significance whatever during the engagement.

Galway, if unfit to conduct a campaign, was admirably qualified to lead in conflict. He now placed himself at the head of the British horse of the left wing, at the same time ordering the Portuguese to take up the fighting as it rolled down to them, but not to strike before they perceived the English and Dutch sharply at work.

When the British horsemen were within a hundred paces of his line, Berwick hurled the cavalry of his right under the Duca de Popoli. The shock was terrible:

"Coursers with coursers justling, men with men."

The Spanish squadrons being heavier, the British yielded ground. Then Southwell's and Wade's foot (interlined with

[1] Historians have such a habit of exaggerating the enemy's force, and diminishing the strength of their own side, that it is difficult to arrive at a fair estimate of numbers. When Burnet speaks of "about 16,000 men under Lord Galway's command," he is perhaps mistaken; for General Stanhope, writing to the Duke of Marlborough from Barcelona, on the 3rd of May, remarks, "the whole body of foot consisted of 43 battalions

the horse of the front rank), wheeling to the right, poured a withering fire upon the enemy's flank, and, Galway's men rallying, Popoli was repulsed. Quickly the Spaniards re-formed, and struck hard; again the well-nourished fire of the English musketeers, aided by English dragoons, drove them in confusion upon their second line, where Asfeld was in command. He was the man for such an occasion. Berwick, marking the jeopardy, ordered the Chevalier to bring into action nine French battalions (amongst which was the famous brigade du Maine). After skilfully "opening out" to assist the retreat of the cavalry, Asfeld faced Southwell's, Blood's, Wade's, and Mountjoy's regiments, which, in some disorder, were pursuing Popoli's people "with shouts and hollowings." At the same time, fresh squadrons fell fiercely upon, and quite overpowered the British horse, so mauled in the recent fray, and, for the moment, deprived of the one-handed Galway, who, severely gashed over the eyes, was in the surgeon's hands. Alive to the opportunity, Asfeld bounded tiger-like upon the infantry in his front, which Stewart's "Holy Boys" from the rear had just strengthened. Tormented with hot fire at very close quarters, charged front and flank with the bayonet, Brigadier Wade's people were broken. Still Britons were of a good courage. Lord Tyrawley, observing that two French battalions had dashed recklessly ahead, let slip Harvey's horse, by whom the Frenchmen were chastised at the cost of brave Colonel Roper's life. Nevertheless, the confederate left was routed and chased over the ravine with slaughter.

On the Franco-Castilian left, where the Walloon D'Avaray commanded, the struggle was also hard. Some ground had been gained by the Spaniards. Much Portuguese cavalry had been put to flight. But as yet, the allies had suffered no positive disaster in that quarter. In the centre, where the English, Huguenot, and Dutch foot were drawn up, the battle

(16 or 17 English, 19 Portuguese, and the remainder Dutch), we had but 51 squadrons of horse. It should be remembered that three regiments in English pay, viz. Guiscard's dragoons, Nassau's and Sibourg's infantry, were entirely composed of French Protestants."

was obstinate indeed. The veteran grenadiers defied the impetuosity of French and Spaniards. Here old Das Minas, accompanied by a young lady in a gay riding-habit, was seen cantering to and fro under fire. Alas! the licence of camp. "Turpe senilis amor." The "fast" heroine was the octogenarian's mistress, and an unmannerly bullet laid her in the dust.

From stern resistance the cosmopolitan infantry suddenly changed to brilliant attack. With a tremendous effort they beat back all opponents. Two battalions, irresistible in might, trampled down the enemy's double line, pressed even to the walls of Almansa. Superb audacity, in front of well-led soldiers, is sometimes foolishness. Dash without prudence is a snare. Don José de Amezaga, with two squadrons charging the warriors blown and in disarray, cut them to pieces. It was the moment for a great commander to be doing. Up! Asfeld, up! That officer's conquering division turned upon the left flank of the as yet irresistible centre. Simultaneously, a cloud of dragoons of the left breaking upon Atalaya's Portuguese of the right wing, drove them far and wide. Could it be otherwise? The men unsteady, their chief of the hysterical kind that sees disaster in every strait. Then the wondrous English and Huguenot foot, quite *en l'air*, deprived of support, most of the superior officers laid low, thought of retreat. The manœuvre was impracticable. Hundreds of men were trampled under the hoofs of exulting cavaliers. Six battalions crushed into a crowd had to lay down their arms. But thirteen battalions[1] holding grimly together under Count Dhona and Major-General Shrimpton of the Guards, retired in firm order to a hill about a league from the field. Next morning, "sore of former fight," wanting food and ammunition, they were compelled to surrender as prisoners of war to Asfeld. According to General Stanhope, scarcely "500 men escaped out

[1] Five English, including the Guards, five Dutch, and three Portuguese. The Guards battalion was composed of detachments of the 1st Guards and the Coldstream. Three out of the five Dutch regiments wholly consisted of French Protestants, namely, the regiments of Belcastel, Lislemaritz, and Vicouse.

of the whole body of foot."[1] The cavalry fared better. Galway had returned to combat as soon as his wound was dressed. He gathered together the remnant of English and Dutch squadrons, rode hard for Alcira, and, joining Das Minas, rested not till he had crossed the Ebro at Tortosa, where the beaten generals mustered about 2,000 horse, and were afterwards strengthened by some broken battalions.

The victory was complete. Whilst the Spanish loss amounted to 2,000 men killed and wounded, more than 4,000 confederates lay dead or disabled. The prisoners were twice as many.[2] Most of the baggage, and all the artillery (twenty-two pieces) were taken, together with 120 standards, bearing the arms of all the nations in league against France. So abundant the spoil that for many days a horse could be bought for one crown; a coat sold for 7½*d.*; muskets were a drug in the market; mules might be had for the trouble of catching.

Seldom were three hours, during which the combat lasted, more bloodily spent. Eighty-eight British officers, among whom such men as Brigadier Killigrew, Colonels Dormer and Roper, were slain. The Huguenot regiment, which Jean Cavalier had raised in Holland, was all but destroyed. Opposed to a French Catholic battalion (of dire repute perhaps in the Cévennes), the kinsmen recognized one another. Inspired by religious hate, they fired not a shot, but fell to so savagely with the bayonet that, out of 1,200 contending men, not more than 300 escaped unhurt:—"ici la fureur fit ce que ne fait presque jamais la valeur." Cavalier was wounded, and owed his life to a horse opportunely tendered by an English officer. Voltaire relates that the Duke of Berwick, familiar as he was with the horrors of war, never spoke of this incident without emotion.

The causes of the overthrow are obvious. Superior generalship, superior numbers were on the Bourbon side. D'Asfeld's

[1] Marlborough Despatches, iii. 352.

[2] "Three Irish battalions were formed out of the prisoners made at Almansa. They were Irish Catholics, whom poverty enlisted, and persecution induced to join the brigade, wherein they could enjoy the free exercise of their religion, which in the ranks of the English was denied."—O'CONNOR: *Military Memoirs of the Irish*, 330.

flank attack, rightly timed and boldly executed, was decisive. So commingled were the antagonists, that the more numerous artillery of the allies availed not. The hostile gunners, afraid to open, regarded the grapple with devilish longing. The rout of the "interlined" horse and foot of the wings left the noble infantry of the centre powerless.[1] If we except certain Portuguese regiments, no disgrace attaches to the combatants. Never did Briton and Dutch face the foe more steadily. French Catholic and French Protestant butchered one another with ferocious glee. The Spanish cavalry exhibited all the pristine valour of their nation: such is the effect of discipline, and of serving under captains whom no accident can discompose, no danger appal. At Almansa, the confederates possessed many excellent brigadiers, but no competent commander-in-chief. Galway's hurts deprived them, in an emergency, of a leader brave as his sword and of long experience:

> "Wounds deck the hero with distinguished grace,
> And write the best encomium in his face."

Das Minas was but a vigorous partisan. On Berwick's skill and calmness we need not dilate. The victory attests his merits. Wherever peril threatened, there was he, animating Castilian recruits, sustaining back-sliders, watching for an occasion to strike, and then striking with his full strength.

How conclusively did the grand result of that Easter Monday prove the wisdom of the Fabian tactics, which the critics of Madrid had impugned, and fine ladies wittily derided. By "delaying well," Berwick preserved the state. He gained time to form an army which gradually inured to war, by long marches, labour in the trenches, and lively skirmishing, grew powerful enough to cope with the veterans of Shrimpton, Freishman, and Belcastel.[2]

[1] "Une armée en bataille est une fortification mouvante, dont il faut que toutes les parties se flanquent et se donnent un secours mutuel."—MARÉCHAL DE PUYSEGUR; *Art de la guerre*, i. 328.

[2] This account of the battle is chiefly based upon:—"Mémoires de Berwick," i. 252; "San Felipe, Com.," ii. 110; Quincy: "Histoire Militaire," v. 398; Brodrick: "History of the late War," 192; Somers' Tracts, xiii. 409.

IX.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

1707.

THE triumph in Murcia was a glorious answer to the discomfitures of Ramillies and Turin. The Courts of Versailles and Madrid rejoiced. Te Deum pealed in a thousand churches. Even the heavily taxed French peasant made merry. Madame des Ursins had the honour of telling the glad tidings to Philip and Marie Louise, breaking it very gently to the latter—"Afin de ne pas trop émouvoir la reine, pour conserver notre prince des Asturias, que nous pouvons espérer qui naîtra bien heureux." Louis complimented the Duchess of Berwick most graciously on the services her husband had rendered to the Two Crowns, and a regiment was immediately given to her brother, Henry Buckley, of the regiment du Maine, who came to Marly to describe the engagement in detail.

When a young officer of talent and spirit accidentally misses a general action, his disappointment is sore. The Duke of Orleans, having gone out of his way to pay respect to his royal relatives, reached Almansa just a day too late. And yet, neither sulking nor bewailing his fate, he wrote to his uncle: "Je ne puis m'empêcher de dire à votre Majesté, que si la gloire de M. de Berwick est grande, sa modestie ne l'est pas moins, ni sa politesse, qui l'engageoient quasi à vouloir s'excuser, sur ce que les ennemis l'ont attaqué, d'avoir

remporté une victoire aussi complète que celle-ci."[1] So, the chivalrous Englishman strove to comfort his illustrious comrade:

> "Thou heart of our great enterprise! how much
> I love these voices in thee."

How to feed the troops was the question which mainly troubled the Spanish generals. But as the enemy need not be feared at present, and as little could be procured from Castile, they resolved to rely for subsistence upon the country whither they were going.

On the 28th the two dukes were afoot. Crossing the Jucar unmolested, they were speedily before Requena, which surrendered at once. As the Castilians advanced into the kingdom of Valencia fragments of the vanquished army fled before them towards the Ebro. Presently, being but four leagues distant, Berwick summoned the city of Valencia. The magistrates—lately Peterborough's genial hosts—kissed the rod without a murmur, and Don Antonio del Valle (the officer who retook Madrid) occupied the gates and guard-rooms. Save Alicante, Jativa, and Denia, the whole country submitted.

Like Wellington a century later, the Duke of Orleans discovered how thoughtful, how laborious, how conversant with details of administration, must be the officer who would command troops with effect in Spain. On the 8th of May he wrote to Chamillart: "You may well say that I am simply a military intendant. But in this country it is necessary a general should do everything. He must be commissary, artilleryman, and, too often, paymaster. These are trades I know very little about. But, to make the most out of the present conjuncture—which ought to settle the crown upon King Philip's head—I have plunged up to the eyes in business."[2]

The conquest of the kingdom of Valencia presenting few difficulties, the Prince bade farewell to Berwick early in May,

[1] "Mémoires de Noailles," ii. 403. [2] *Ibid.* ii. 404.

for the purpose of taking command of the force assembled in Navarre. After a very short stay at Madrid, he proceeded to Tudela; and, without cannon, his infantry with ill-stored pouches, marched on Zaragoza. Ignorant or timorous, the Conde de la Puebla, who acted there for the Archduke, retired to Lerida; and throughout Aragon there was no sign of resistance.

Here Berwick relates an anecdote which he would have deemed preposterous, had not most respectable eye-witnesses vouched for the truth of it. To retain his hold upon the inhabitants of Zaragoza, Governor de la Puebla informed them that the rumour of an army approaching from Navarre was false; nay, that the camp discernible from the belfry was an apparition conjured up by some black magician. Therefore the clergy walked in procession to the ramparts and, with prayer, exorcised the spectre host, now, as it seemed, drawing nigh. "It is amazing," exclaims the Duke, "that there should be people silly enough to swallow such stuff." The citizens were cruelly undeceived on the morrow. The Orleans hussars, driving in a cavalry out-guard, decapitated several troopers under the walls of the place. Such evidence could not be gainsaid, and the magistrates went forth to implore the clemency of his Royal Highness.[1]

A quantity of flour having been collected at Valencia, Berwick marched with thirty battalions and forty squadrons to the Ebro. He designed to sweep the enemy from its left bank, to subdue the contiguous district, and afterwards unite with the Duke of Orleans. The Chevalier d'Asfeld was appointed to the command of the kingdom of Valencia; and, his army corps being augmented, he was in a condition to control the disaffected, and to make head against the Austrians, should they attempt to return when the principal Spanish force had passed into Aragon.

On the 23rd of May the advance-guard under Carillo was opposite Tortosa, and drove the confederates out of the faubourg on the southern side of the Ebro. To prevent them

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 256.

recrossing the river, sappers were attached to a ravelin that covered the bridge of boats. Though the enemy destroyed their own bridge, the isolated work held out bravely for some time. At this point Berwick hoped to be joined by Asfeld, but that commander had his hands full. He was now besieging Jativa, whose inhabitants, encouraged by the presence of 600 English soldiers, resisted with incredible obstinacy. They would not hear of capitulation. A breach effected, the Castilians lodged therein; it was still requisite to plant cannon amongst the ruins in order to demolish the intrenchments thrown up in the rear. That accomplished, the grenadiers were obliged to attack the town, street by street, house by house, "ces enragés se defendoient par-tout avec une bravoure et une fermeté inouie." The convent of San Augustin had been fortified, and was held by the monks. Certain of these, who had not taken up carnal weapons, threw themselves, with the Holy Sacrament in their hands, betwixt fanatic clerics and furious laymen. The passions at work were not to be so appeased. Helpless in the fiery furnace, most of the blessed preachers of peace perished. The friars in arms were slain to a man. Asfeld especially enjoined mercy to women and children, but the brutal soldiery mowed them down:

> "Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himself
> To seem more huge——
> No age was spared, no sex."

Both parties set fire to the houses: the citizens in despair; the Castilians from very rage. None could tell which of the two was readiest to reduce Jativa to ashes. After fifteen days of open trenches, and one week of fighting within the town, D'Asfeld was its master. Those who had eluded the edge of the sword, retired into the citadel. Artillery appearing, the English commandant demanded a capitulation for the inhabitants; but on the Chevalier answering, "unconditional submission," the English shut themselves up in the château, and the townsfolk laid down their arms.

To strike terror, and by an awful example to prevent such stubbornness for the future, Berwick ordered Jativa to be

razed. The principal church alone was to be preserved. The people saved from massacre were to be banished into Castile. The very name of the city was obliterated. Henceforth it would be called "San Felipe." Nor was all this enough. By royal decree the *fueros* (ancient charters) of Aragon and Valencia were abolished: the two provinces must be governed after the despotic fashion of Castile; a punishment which the population, used to extraordinary liberties, esteemed worse than death:[1]

> "Huge affliction and dismay
> Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate."

"Now," says the Marqués de San Felipe, "Spaniards vied with Frenchmen in cruelty and extortion. The King gained not by such crimes. Men who had wielded the sword gloriously became tyrants and plunderers."[2] In all ages, soldiers high and low have delighted to spoil the vanquished. Indeed, an irreverent knight of the fourteenth century declared: "Si Dieu le père se faisoit gendarme, il deviendroit pillard."

Leaving some troops to blockade the resisting citadel, D'Asfeld marched with 3,000 foot for Tortosa. Soon afterwards the fortress of Jativa yielded; also the town of Alcira, on condition that their garrisons should be conducted into Catalonia. Alcira commanded the sole bridge over the Jucar, and was otherwise a place of such strategical importance that Berwick terms it, "le clef et la citadelle du royaume de Valence."

Owing chiefly to dearth of supplies, it was the end of May before the Marshal could move. Leaving the Chevalier de Croy to watch Tortosa till D'Asfeld's arrival, he toiled over the mountains separating Aragon from Valencia, in quest of the Duke of Orleans. He had to fight his way through many a gorge, for the peasantry had intrenched the ugliest places.

[1] St. Simon writes: "Rien n'étoit plus différent que la Castile et l'Aragon, et conséquemment leurs annexes. Tout est de longue main despotique en Castile—En Aragon tout le contraire: la loi du pays ne peut être contrariée; le conseil suprême en est le conservateur."—*See Journal de Dangeau*, xi. 426.

[2] "Comentarios," ii. 171.

But the grenadiers made light of opposition, and the punished villagers soon ceased to trouble. Hearing of the capture of Zaragoza, he threw out several detachments, some to connect his force with the Prince's troops, others to hunt for corn, and to collect boats at Caspe, where he intended to cross the Ebro. For a while, the confederate horse observed his motions from the northern bank of the river, but on a sudden they sped to Lerida.

Caspe in his power, the Marshal paid a flying visit to Zaragoza, that he might concert combined operations with the Duke of Orleans. Matters were not running smooth. Soldiers cannot advance without rations; a siege cannot be undertaken without artillery and stores. Such apparatus is not to be manufactured offhand, and despite repeated entreaty throughout the winter, Chamillart had not forwarded a single caisson to Pamplona. Monseigneur laboured indefatigably, though fruitlessly, to make up for ministerial neglect. But he could not work miracles. Lerida must be blockaded, until the Spaniards were sufficiently equipped to assail it. The Prince, after despatching ten French battalions to the aid of De Bay in Estremadura, sought Berwick's camp at Candasnos.

Soon, the whole army marched to the Cinca, which, swollen with heavy rains, was for the moment impassable. On the other side of the river patrolled parties of hostile cavalry, but not a foot soldier could be seen. "Il falloit prendre patience." On the 1st of July, Legall, on the extreme left, burst across the ford in his front. At the same time, Berwick's corps, passing the Cinca at Fraga, occupied the town, and after repairing the bridge, which the enemy had burnt, moved to the Noguera. General d'Arennes, conveying into the Segre the boats lately so useful in the Ebro, threw a bridge over the former river, near its junction with the Cinca. These movements were ominous. The allies, fearful of being surrounded in Lerida, retired towards Barcelona, thus evacuating the plain of Urgel, which, plenteous in corn, afforded comfort to the lean soldiery of the Two Crowns.

Siege guns and ammunition still absent, and the troops suffering from the excessive heat, Berwick fixed head-quarters

at Balaguer, throwing two bridges over the Segre[1] for the accommodation of foragers; and to keep up connection with Aragon, placing detachments in Alfaraz, Fraga, and Monzon.

Galway, menaced in the south and west, had also cause for alarm in the north-east. The young Duc de Noailles was astir there in a manner which would have wrought mischief, had his means been greater. From Perpignan he crossed the mountains to the Ter, drawing subsistence from that wild region, and keeping within bounds the warlike and refractory peasantry.[2]

Another very distinguished Frenchman had met with a repulse. D'Asfeld, having mastered the bridge-head fending Tortosa, marched southward to besiege Denia, a strong place on the coast between Valencia and Alicante. But the Governor, Don Diego Rejon, was skilful and without fear; Major Perceval received reinforcements by sea; the townsmen were courageous; four English frigates contributed to the defence. The Chevalier must bow to fate. His stormers, thrice repelled, he raised the siege on the 20th of July, and departed, leaving troops to contain the garrison.

Now, the confederate generals angrily threatened the Marshal with reprisals by Marlborough in Flanders, because, as they alleged, the garrisons of Jativa and Alcira were being conducted into Catalonia by a roundabout way, instead of by the direct road. Berwick replied that, the contrary not being stipulated in the Articles of Capitulation,[3] he might forward

[1] More than 1,750 years before, similar things had been done. "Arrivé en présence d'Afranius devant Lerida, Fabius fortifia son camp, et jeta des ponts sur la Segre, pour assurer ses communications, et pouvoir fourrager sur les deux rives. Les fourrageurs des deux armées en vinrent souvent aux mains."—NAPOLÉON I.: *Précis des guerres de César.*

[2] The Princesse des Ursins, writing to Madame de Maintenon, pays a charming compliment to the captain of the Scotch company of the Garde-du-corps:—"l'agrément de sa conversation ne permit pas qu'on puisse s'ennuyer un moment avec lui: il a l'art de communiquer sa vivacité sans perdre rien de la sienne, et l'on croit avoir de l'esprit quand on a remarqué le sien, de sorte qu'on ne cesse jamais de l'entretenir sans avoir envie de recommencer."—*Madrid, Avril 25, 1707.*

[3] And yet the second article seems precise:—"That the said garrisons shall be safely conducted by land the best and shortest way to my Lord

the men by whatever route he pleased. Indeed, he would have been warranted in detaining them; for several officers had escaped, and, joining the Miquelets in the Valencian recesses, were at present harassing the Spanish troops—"ce qui étoit contre toutes les régles de la guerre."

Torrid heat and Chamillart's inertness for a while restraining the French and Spaniards, we turn to another theatre of the war. The English and Dutch Governments, alive to the hazard of their position in the Peninsula, had recommended that Prince Eugene should proceed with a strong force from Italy to Barcelona. The Emperor declined the proposal. The selfish Joseph would have nothing to do with Spanish warfare. Therefore, Marlborough, at the end of 1706, urged the invasion of Provence.[1] Let Toulon be besieged by an army under Eugene, in co-operation with the troops of Victor Amadeus and the fleet of Cloudesley Shovel. The fall of the fortress (not formidably equipped, it was said) would at least paralyze the main armament of France, and despoil her of vast military stores. As usual, the Kaiser hesitated: measuring others by his own standard, he suspected the two maritime powers of designing to benefit themselves exclusively. At length, Marlborough's influence prevailed. Eugene was ordered to advance upon Toulon. The Duke of Savoy's aid was bought with English gold. Thus, in every juncture, we find the crafty father of the Duchess of Burgundy and the Queen of Spain in opposition to his children's weal. Marie Louise, with tears in her pretty eyes, once said to Cardinal Aquaviva—"Mon principal chagrin est de savoir que M. le Duc de Savoie, mon père, est la cause unique de tous ses malheurs et des notres."[2] To assent to a scheme, and to aid in its accomplishment, are two very different things. At the very moment when men

Galway's army at Barcelona, their march not exceeding three or four leagues a day, or as Colonel Stewart shall think fit, and to halt every third day."—*Annals of Queen Anne's Reign*, vi. 24.

[1] The Earl of Peterborough declared that "the design on Toulon was first concerted by him with the Duke of Savoy, and that he laid the whole plan of the secret expedition. This Marlborough and Godolphin denied." —CUNNINGHAM, *History of England*, ii. 103.

[2] Reboulet: "Histoire du regne de Louis XIV.," iii. 274.

expected to see the Emperor putting forth his strength to sustain Eugene's expedition, that self-seeker sent Daun, the defender of Turin, to conquer for him the kingdom of Naples. It was an easy task. Gaeta alone gave trouble. Minorca yielded; and, with the exception of Sicily, Philip was bereft of his Italian possessions.

Notwithstanding Daun's absence, Eugene prospered at the outset. He passed the Col di Tenda. There were no strong places on the Var to obstruct his progress, and give time for the collection of opposing forces. Two regular battalions only lay in Toulon. Its glacis was encumbered with villas and gardens. It seemed as if the arsenal, perhaps even Marseilles, were doomed. "Mais le vraisemblable n'arrive pas toujours." As soon as the enemy's aim was manifest, twenty-nine battalions under Tessé marched in from Dauphiny. All classes, from generals and gentlemen of quality to hewers of wood and drawers of water, plied the spade upon the heights of Ste. Catherine. Peasants and sailors worked night and day to clear the glacis from lumber. Ships were sunk at the mouth of the port. Soldiers flocked in from stations far and near. The Duke of Burgundy was forming an army. In the thick of these preparations, the allies came in sight of Toulon.

No electric telegraph in those days agitated and warned mankind. It was the middle of August before the Duke of Berwick received an order to proceed to Provence. He started at once, travelling day and night; but at Beziers, intelligence of the foe's retreat rejoiced him. What had seemed easy at first, proved insurmountable even to a chief of Eugene's character. Divers circumstances impeded his action. The winds controlled Admiral Shovel. The Duke of Savoy was perverse. Disease ravaged the ranks. Provisions grew scarce. The French were fiercely patriotic. Comte de Médavy's columns approached. Burgundy's army might soon be fit to bar retreat into Piedmont. Fortune certainly frowning, the confederates raised the siege on the night of the 20th of August, and marched back to the Var. Tessé, like Dogberry, glad to be rid of rough knaves, never drew a sword against the rear-guard. Well might St. Simon exclaim: "Rien de plus

dissemblable à Anne de Montmorency en cas à peu près pareil, et sur le même théâtre." Free, then, to do as he listed, Prince Eugene persuaded Victor Amadeus to make a feint at Perosa, whilst he beset Susa. Prevailing against it, he acquired a fortress commanding the Alpine pass into Dauphiny. Out of a serious reverse he snatched a solid advantage. Such feats reveal the sterling commander.

To the allies the expedition was a calamitous disappointment. The English and Dutch ministers had counted upon destroying the French naval power in the Mediterranean, and by the contrivance of Cavalier (summoned from Spain for the purpose) reviving insurrection in Languedoc. Their anticipations were but dreams. Ten thousand soldiers were lost. Enormous sums were wasted. Britain must deplore the death of her boldest seaman. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, after bombarding Toulon, was homeward bound, when his flagship "Association" and two other vessels of war struck upon the rocks off the Scilly Islands. The crews perished to a man.

To return to the Duke of Berwick, whom we left at Beziers. Though ailing from the intense heat, he allowed himself only two days' rest before retracing his steps to the south. In September, he accosted Philip of Orleans, who was now blockading Lerida. Monseigneur still required battering guns, and all things needful to siege work. Resolved, however, to assail the city, he wished to break ground forty-eight hours after the Marshal's arrival. But, on the latter affirming that at present the infantry were too weak to furnish working parties and to guard trenches, he postponed operations till the return of the French regiments (which, no longer wanted in Provence, had been countermanded on the way thither), and the coming of six Castilian battalions. "Besides the town," writes Berwick, "there was an admirably situated citadel before us—a very indigestible morsel. We had but fifteen battering pieces, little ammunition, and insufficient entrenching tools. It was quite possible, therefore, that we might miss Lerida, and with a maltreated army be in peril on the disturbed confines of Aragon and Valencia."[1]

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 263.

Monseigneur determined to run all risks, the trenches were opened on the night of the 2nd of October. On the side of the Spanish attack scowled a double line of bastioned rampart, which united at the angle abutting on the river Segre. There was no ditch, and, save a ravelin covering the angle, where the two curtains conjoined, the place boasted not external defences. Against this ravelin the Spaniards erected their chief batteries, and a breach effected there, as well as in the enceinte, they assaulted on the evening of the 12th. Despite a valiant resistance, the grenadiers of Auvergne made a lodgment, and might have burst into the town. But, lest some unforeseen accident should occasion much loss of life, if not expulsion, Berwick deferred further progress till daybreak. More than once during the night the men, clinging to the breach, had to fight desperately for the lodgment, but their hold could not be shaken.

Berwick asserts that the commandant, Prince Henry of Hesse-Darmstadt, committed a gross error, which, the Castilians not perceiving, remained unprofitable. The German had drawn all his troops into the covered-way between the town and the Segre, whence they kept up a galling fire upon the assailants. "Now if we had pushed on, or filed along the rampart, our opponents would have been caught in a trap, and fifty men only being at that time in the castle, it might have been captured. Major-General Wills, after vainly representing to his chief the danger of the manœuvre, retired into the citadel with two English battalions. Speedily Prince Henry did likewise." Ensconced there, he craved mercy for the town and the people he had forsaken in it. The application came too late. That the provisions might be sooner consumed, Orleans compelled all the inhabitants, the nuns excepted, to share the fate of the garrison.

On the morning of the 14th the Spaniards had complete possession of the city. Having been the refuge of the country folk, it teemed with booty; and Monseigneur merrily telling his men, "Qu'ils pouvoient déshabiller," pillage was permitted for eight hours. But it was executed methodically, two soldiers

from each squad (*chambrée*) being "en fatigue" as spoilers.[1] We are told that, in respect of the citizens, Darmstadt's conduct was blameworthy. Had the chamade been beaten in season, the persons and property of civilians would have been protected.

It was decided to attack the citadel, grimly set upon an escarped height, on the front which overlooked the country, the flank that dominated the town being watched by a line of posts. Ground was broken on the 16th of October. The artillery played a few days later with slight effect, owing to the great elevation of the enceinte. Sap and mine had to be employed. Continuous rain hindered the work, and not before the 11th of November did the garrison offer to capitulate. They obtained honourable terms, and the Hessian Prince was complimented by the Duke of Orleans. Thus fell Lerida, which but yesterday had repelled the great Condé: the ancient Ilerda, where Cæsar, cooped up between two rivers, and communication with Rome cut off, by a clever stratagem surrounded Afranius and Petreius, and forced them to surrender.[2]

Orleans was the hero of the hour. His munificence, his agreeable manners, "son exactitude à tout voir par lui-même," made the soldiers adore him, "et donnérent une volonté qui fut le salut d'une expédition qui tout rendit si difficile."[3] The event showed that his persistency was truer wisdom than the caution of Berwick, who appears to have exaggerated the strength of the place, whilst he undervalued the resources of his own people.

A moment's retrospect. After the overthrow at Almansa Galway laboured like a good officer. "From the broken remains of the foot he formed five battalions, and raised four more of Catalans." He re-organized the cavalry, and, as we have seen, "endeavoured by opposing the passage of the

[1] Quincy: "Histoire Militaire," v. 428.

[2] "César réduisit une armée égale en force à la sienne par le seul ascendant de ses manœuvres."—*Précis des guerres de César, par Napoléon I.* For a very interesting account of the forty days' warfare between the Segre and the Ebro, see "Cæsar's Commentaries," book ii. chap. lxii.

[3] "Mém. de St. Simon," v. 409.

enemy over the Cinca, to amuse them till the latter end of the campaign."[1] To feign an intention of succouring Lerida, he collected a sort of army ("une espece d'armée") at Tarraga; whereupon Monseigneur and the Marshal had a little dispute respecting the course to be pursued. The former desired to march against the enemy. The latter dissented: judging from appearances the allies would not await attack, and the season being far advanced, the siege ought to be vigorously pressed. Again; "One is never sure of winning a battle. If we were beaten, Spain was undone; if we prevailed, our bloodshed would but obtain for us Lerida, so crippled was the army by a bad commissariat and lack of ammunition. As soon as we got possession of the place, we should assemble all our people on the right bank of the Segre. In that position we would be free, either to defend our excellently placed camp, or, an opportunity occurring, to issue forth against the enemy. Eventually His Royal Highness acquiesced in my view."[2]

A few days after this discussion, Galway advanced to Las Borjas, within three leagues of the Spaniards; and, on the 1st of November, reconnoitred them at the head of all his cavalry. But Zereceda was on the watch. That admirable dragoon, being on outpost duty, handled 150 troopers so adroitly, that he enticed the enemy's advance-guard more than a mile from the main body. Then, wheeling about, he charged, slew fifty soldiers, and, with as many more captive, returned to camp.

When Lerida fell, Galway retired to Cervera, and Monseigneur, reluctantly foregoing the siege of Tortosa, hastened to Madrid, in order that, blazing with diamonds and in a coat of the last Parisian mode, he might be the Grand Monarch's proxy at the baptism of Luis Fernando, Prince of the Asturias. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Porto Carrero. Of strange inconstancy, this potent Archbishop of Toledo. After placing Philip of Anjou upon the Spanish throne, he laboured to depose him; but now, amid Castilian vivas, he devoutly consecrated the birthright of Luisillo: "Policy sits above conscience."

[1] Earl of Galway's Narrative: "Parliamentary History," vi. 947.
[2] "Mém. de Berwick," i. 265.

With the exception of the siege of picturesque Morella, a fortress of strategical value in the hilly borders of Aragon and Valencia, the campaign terminated. The Marshal set to work to arrange the winter quarters of the troops. He entrusted to the Chevalier d'Asfeld the kingdom of Valencia, as well as the important district lying between the sea and the mountains of Morella. And so rigorously did the Chevalier carry out his chief's orders, that, if San Felipe may be believed, there were scarcely trees enough in the province whereupon to hang the poor wretches whom he considered dangerous rebels. "After all," quoth Lord Peterborough, "a general is only a hangman-in-chief." M. de Louvigny, a Walloon officer, was made governor of Lerida, and General de Legall commanded in Aragon. Thus, all Aragon, all Valencia, except Alicante, Denia, and Alcoy, obeyed Philip V. Behold the fruits of Almansa!

Whilst the events we have related desolated eastern Spain, the frontier of Portugal was ravaged. The Marqués de Bay made incursions from Estremadura; the Duque de Osuña, entering from Andalucia, reduced the towns of Serpa and Moura. But the prime exploit of the autumn was the recapture by escalade of Ciudad Rodrigo, which in spite of his peasant blood, wón for the hardy De Bay the coveted distinction of the Golden Fleece.

And how was the Duke of Berwick rewarded for his splendid services? "a quien sin duda debió su salvacion la España." Besides investiture with the order of the Golden Fleece, he was created a grandee of the first class, with the title of Duque de Liria y de Gérica, which towns were formerly the appanage of the second sons of the Kings of Aragon. It was a domain of 40,000 livres de rente. To these honours an unprecedented privilege was attached. During his lifetime Berwick was empowered to transfer the grandeeship as well as the dukedom to whichsoever of his sons he might select. And to mark his approval of the Marshal's conduct, Louis, without solicitation, bestowed upon him the government of Limousin, worth 50,000 livres de rente; thus, the Duke derived from his French and Spanish

guerdon a yearly income of 90,000 livres, *i. e.* about £3,600, but worth at least double that sum at present.

It is certain that Orleans and Maréchal de Berwick occasionally differed about military matters. But the variance never estranged the two men from one another. "The Marshal," writes St. Simon, "was so straightforward, that when a proposition, which he had opposed with all his might, was once decided upon, he endeavoured to make it feasible; casting about for expedients to guard it against mischief; acting, indeed, as if he had been the author of the scheme instead of its antagonist. It rarely happens that as much may be said of a man flushed with victory, and by nature tenacious and self-opinionated. But, as Philip of Orleans often said to me, 'Il étoit doux, sûr, fidéle, voulant surtout le bien de la chose, sans difficulté à vivre, vigilant, actif, et se donnant, mais quand il étoit à propos, des peines infinies.' Nor did the Prince's eulogy stop here. He declared: 'Berwick étoit un des hommes qu'il eut jamais connus avec qui il aimeroit mieux à faire'—grande louange à mon avis pour les deux."[1]

The troops being snug in winter quarters, Berwick went to Madrid to confer with Monseigneur and the Spanish ministers concerning the next campaign. Soon afterwards both generals applied for leave of absence—"pour faire un tour en France." The favour was granted, and they departed. But "Brochet's" restoration to "Nanette" was not yet; for, alarmed at the prospect of being without a commander-in-chief, Philip so strongly protested against private affairs overruling public necessities, that a courier from Versailles intercepted Berwick with a command to remain in Spain. At the same time, Chamillart privately notified that Louis intended to employ him elsewhere in the coming spring. Of course the countermand caused tears at St. Germain, and Anthony Hamilton wittily alludes to the contretemps: "Adieu, mon cher Brochet, la belle Nanette ne savoit plus sur quel pied danser au bal de Marly, ni à la mascarade de Saint-Germain, tant elle se désespère de ce que vous n'avez pas eu le courage de pousser jusqu' ici, sous prétexte des ordres du roi. Si votre absence dure

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," v. 407.

encore quelque temps, je ne sais ce que cette pauvre dame deviendra, tant elle engraisse."

The home-sick husband, after a short stay at Madrid, proceeded to inspect the cantonments and frontier posts. Before starting he was annoyed to hear that the regiment of Louvigny, detached contrary to his express order in the remote Ribagorza, had been surprised by the Catalan partisans—"C'étoit dommage, car il étoit bien composé en officiers et soldats."

The Marshal scanned the northern hem of Valencia—where lines had been constructed to prevent incursions from Tortosa—and surveyed his castle of Gérica. Then, he visited the head-quarters of the army at Zaragoza; and afterwards went to Lerida to consult with the engineers about new fortifications. Whilst thus occupied, he received an order from Louis to hasten to Versailles as soon as the Duke of Orleans returned to Spain. He was also instructed not to take leave of King Philip; not even to apprize him of what was about to occur, for fear the poor young man should try to detain so efficient a servant. Accordingly, Berwick went to Pamplona about the end of February, 1708, under the pretext of meeting Monseigneur, the day after whose arrival he journeyed to Versailles, acquainting Philip by letter with the reasons which dictated so extraordinary a course. "I am aware," he remarks, "that all this was very ill taken at Madrid, but I had not sought the recall, which duty obliged me to obey; nor could I divulge it without betraying a secret of my sovereign." "Il sauva l'Espagne, et fut rappelé," observed Montesquieu.

It cannot be denied that inconsistency and caprice stamped Louis' management of the War of the Spanish Succession. No sooner did a general become famous on a particular stage, like Berwick in Spain, or Vendôme in Italy, than he was transferred to another field. Whilst Tessé, sleek and timorous, obtained constant employment, Villars, beloved of Victory, was grudgingly selected for service. Madame de Maintenon was supposed, rightly or wrongly, to instigate this admirable fooling:—

> "Old men and beldames in the streets
> Do prophesy upon it dangerously."

The events of the year testify to the immense resources of France, irreparably beaten, most people fancied, in 1706. How the allies fared in Provence, how the Austrian lost ground in Spain, we have seen. Vendôme, on whom the defensive had been strictly enjoined, manœuvred so dexterously in Flanders as to prevent Marlborough obtaining any substantial advantage. Both generals evinced strategical capacity of the highest order, but no decisive tactical effect came of it. Operations were livelier in Germany, where the Emperor, hard set by the Magyars, had stinted the army of the Margrave of Bareuth. Villars seized the opportunity. He forced the lines of Stolhofen on the right bank of the Rhine, scattered the Austrian troops, and, laying the country under contribution, penetrated to the Danube. Only in two instances had the confederates reason to rejoice. Italy was wrested from the Spaniards, and Marlborough achieved a diplomatic victory. Charles XII. of Sweden, wild and daring genius, having conquered Poland, was encamped near Leipsic with 40,000 veterans. Such men in such a position might make him the arbiter of affairs in Germany. It was suspected that he inclined towards France. Indeed, Louis, by a secret envoy, had besought him to act the peace-maker, and promised to accept the terms he might propose. To baffle French diplomacy, Marlborough went to the Swedish head-quarters, and by bribes to certain ministers, together with gross flattery of the hero's military talents, conjured away the dreaded soldiery. Charles marched to measure swords with Peter the Great; and in a little while the Paladin whom kings and generals had humbled themselves to propitiate shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth. "Voilà la guerre," cried Napoleon I., "bien haut le matin, et bien bas le soir; du triomphe à la chute il n'est souvent qu'un pas."[1]

[1] This lamentation was wrung from the Emperor by the defeat of Vandamme at Kulm in 1813. For a very interesting account of the causes which produced the disaster at Leipsic ("un peu d'ail mêlé à un déjeuner contribua à décider du sort de la campagne"), see Ségur, "Histoire et Mémoires," vi. chap. v.

X.

"THIS JARRING DISCORD OF NOBILITY."

1708.

THE Duke of Berwick reached Versailles in the middle of March, and was forthwith received by Louis, who, with many graceful compliments, appointed him to the command of the troops in Dauphiny. This arrangement, however, did not stand.

And now a venture, planned in the Marshal's absence, and without his knowledge, was launched. The exasperation which the Union had aroused in Scotland—amongst the Presbyterian lowlanders no less than the Jacobite highlandmen—led the French Court to suppose that "James III." might raise the country with a fair prospect of success. An expedition was therefore secretly organized at Dunkirk. Five thousand men, stationed at St. Omer, were held in readiness to embark. The brave Chevalier de Forbin[1] was to command the fleet, General de Gacé the soldiers. The Duke of Perth, Lords Middleton and Griffin, Lieutenant-Generals Sheldon and Richard Hamilton,[2] would accompany the Prince to the home of his fathers. When the Admiral was getting under weigh, James fell sick of measles. The delay thus occasioned betrayed the secret to the English Government, and Sir George Byng with forty sail appeared off Gravelines. Never-

[1] Chevalier, afterwards Comte de Forbin, born at Gardane, in Provence, in 1656, died in 1733. He was a true sailor, expert, and of a very jovial temper.

[2] See "James II, and the Duke of Berwick," 154.

theless, Forbin put to sea on the 18th of March. On that hazy Saturday, the still ailing Prince wrote to his mother:— "Enfin me voici à bord. Le corps est fort foible, mais le courage est si bon, qu'il soutiendra la foiblesse du corps. J'espère ne vous plus écrire que du palais d'Edimbourg, où je compte d'arriver Samedi."[1] No sooner were the ships in the offing than a storm arose. "The young King," writes Forbin, "faced the danger with a calmness far beyond his age. As for his friends, ils étoient tous malades; tous vomissoient jusqu' aux larmes, et ils me pressoient avec instance de rentrer dans la rade." But the blunt seaman, who from the first disrelished the undertaking, mocked them, saying: "I'll do nothing of the kind, 'le vin est tiré, il faut le boire.' You would have it so; by what right then do you complain?"[2] The tempest raged. Three of the finest French men-o'-war were nearly wrecked. But the weather moderated quickly, and on the third day the fleet cast anchor outside the Firth of Forth. Unluckily, Byng had followed close. Next morning he was descried. The game was up. The responsibility resting wholly upon Forbin, he determined, in spite of murmurs, to run for Dunkirk, whither the expedition returned, with the loss of some soldiers and of the "Salisbury," a frigate recently taken from the English, and now commanded by the Chevalier de Nangis, who, young, inexperienced, "et de bon race," had cleared decks for fighting, "au lieu de faire force de voiles."

Berwick states that the enterprise, urged on by most of the Scottish nobles, was ill concerted in France, in consequence of the animosity between Chamillart, the War Minister, and Ponchartrain, the Minister of the Marine. "Each jealous of the other, as the stung are of the adder."

It was said, too, that had Forbin run ashore somewhere in the Forth, the troops might have disembarked. Likely enough the English would have burnt the vessels before all the arms and stores were safe ashore, "but such a consideration ought not to have prevailed. The landing of James at the head of a body of trained infantry was the essence of the whole matter.

[1] "Journal de Dangeau," xii. 101.
[2] "Mémoires de Forbin," ii. 255.

All Scotland expected him, and was eager to rise in his favour. Moreover, England being bare of troops, he might have marched into the northern counties, where many influential persons had promised assistance. Nor is it improbable that Queen Anne, fearful of civil war, would have acquiesced in some compromise respecting the succession. At any rate, there was consternation and a run upon the Bank in London. But Forbin's failure re-established the credit of the Government. One person only profited by the affair, Comte de Gacé. Being an intimate friend of M. de Chamillart, he obtained the command of the contingent, and when he stepped on board ship received the brevet of Marshal of France.[1] The Scots wanted me; but the King, worked upon by Chamillart, protested he had need of me elsewhere."[2]

Exiled from Bavaria since the battle of Hochstadt, the Elector dwelt in Flanders, of which he was governor for life, and *ex-officio* chief of the army of the Two Crowns. Now, the Duke of Burgundy wished to serve this year, and Vendôme, who commanded the French in Belgium, encouraged him to do so, expecting probably to be more powerful under the nominal supremacy of an inexperienced prince than under the Elector, long versed in "the disciplines of wars." Louis at length consenting to send his grandson to the Low Countries, the Elector must be got out of the way. To this end, Chamillart conceived a magnificent idea: a large army should invade Germany, raise Bavaria, and subdue the country between Munich and Alsace, thus assuring communication with France. Lieutenant-General de St. Fremont, charged to render the project palatable to the Elector, easily succeeded in doing so. Hence, the Duke of Burgundy would adorn the host in Flanders with Vendôme for his lieutenant, whilst the Elector and Maréchal de Berwick repaired to the Rhine. Villars, who had previously commanded there, being on ill terms with the Bavarian, was sent to Dauphiny, instead of Berwick. The Duke of Orleans, assisted by Comte de Besons, was to uphold the Bourbon cause in Spain.

[1] He afterwards assumed the title of Maréchal de Matignon.

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 39.

The King ordered St. Fremont to disclose the grand design upon Germany to Berwick. That officer, deeming it impracticable, proposed to discuss it with his Majesty. Louis good-naturedly replied—"Vous n'avez que peu de jours à demeurer en ce pays-ci, il faut vous laisser le plaisir d'etrê avec la Duchesse de Berwick, et dans votre famille. Vous pouvez venir à Marly tous les jours et aux heures qui vous conviendront le plus. Je crois que ce parti-là soit la plus agréable et le plus commode pour vous." A conversation ensuing, in which the Marshal demonstrated the unsoundness of the plan, the King declared that Berwick was right, and might act as he thought most conducive to the good of the service, adding with a smile: "Chamillart croit en savoir beaucoup plus qu' aucun général; mais il n'y entend rien dû tout." Berwick says: "This remark amazed me, for M. de Chamillart was the favourite minister, and possessed the royal confidence entirely. I said nothing. But I concluded the King was aware of Chamillart's military incapacity. Nevertheless, during the campaign he was allowed free scope for his whims, as we shall see anon."[1]

In the middle of May, the Marshal left St. Germain for Strasburg, and on the 21st was joined there by the Bavarian Elector.[2] The French army consisted of sixty battalions and 150 squadrons. The allies, commanded by the Elector of Hanover (afterwards George I. of England) and Prince Eugene, were more numerous; yet their attitude bespoke the defensive, an easy task owing to the nature of the borderland. The lines of Ettlingen forbade the French to pass the Rhine, except in the direction of the Black Forest, where broken ground and the difficulty of feeding troops precluded operations. "Some people," writes Berwick, "thought that

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 3.

[2] "I am very well pleased with their changing their generals in France; and I think it is no good sign for them. The Elector of Bavaria going to the Rhine will make all Flanders uneasy and jealous that the French design to give them up to the States, as I really believe they intend to do, in case of any check or considerable disadvantage."—*Godolphin to Marlborough*, May 11, 1708.

instead of taking the law, so to speak, from the enemy, we ought by audacious manœuvring to pin him to the Rhine; or, in case he departed thence, compel him to retrace his steps for the defence of the Empire; but it was absurd to imagine that the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene should not perceive, as clearly as we did, that if we forced the Ettlingen lines, and pushed to the Neckar, they had little to fear so long as they did not lose a battle: the Imperialists, à cheval on the Rhine near Philipsbourg, prevented us, inferior in numbers and deficient in transport, from proceeding further, or even maintaining communication with France. We must have receded to our Alsatian quarters. Glad indeed the confederates would have been to see us entangled in ambitious evolutions; for, in the midst of them, Eugene hastening with a strong force to Flanders, after the manner of Marlborough in 1704, might crush our army and strike at the French borders."[1]

Such the reasoning which induced the Bavarian to acknowledge that, a thrust at the heart of the Empire being at present out of the question, his duty was to preserve France, and supply his men at the cost of Germany. Therefore his army, crossing the Rhine at Kehl and Fort Louis, encamped at Lichtenau.

Berwick, aware that the Duke of Burgundy contemplated offensive action in Flanders, kept a watchful eye on the enemy; and when confederate troops were seen filing towards the Lower Rhine, St. Fremont was detached to the Sarre. Speedily came intelligence that Prince Eugene, leaving the Hanoverian at Ettlingen, had gone to Frankfort. Then Berwick and the Bavarian re-passed the Rhine, and, ordering Comte de Bourg to hold the Lauter, followed St. Fremont to Sarre-Louis. To obtain his chief's consent to this movement, Berwick affected to be apprehensive about certain frontier places, also lest the enemy should enter France by way of Lorraine; but his real motive was to prevent Eugene, whose intention he divined, forestalling him in Flanders.[2]

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 4-5.

[2] "With Heinsius they (Eugene and Marlborough) settled two projects, one real the other ostensible. The purport of the ostensible project

After a month spent by both parties in marching and counter-marching, it transpired that Eugene had left Coblentz with above 20,000 men, for the Netherlands. Straightway Berwick bade farewell to the Bavarian Elector, on the Moselle, and at the head of a gallant corps sped to the same goal. To step freely and to subsist easily, his men marched by separate brigades through the wild Ardennes. The Elector, not an eminent commander, but a brave soldier, went back to the Rhine with a heavy heart: doomed, he well knew, to stand sentry over the inert, sullen Hanoverian. "I pray God to bless me with success, for I expect none from the Elector of Hanover," wrote Marlborough to Godolphin, on the 17th of May.

Meanwhile an army, 90,000 strong, had assembled near Mons, under the Duke of Burgundy. It was more numerous by nearly 10,000 men than that which Marlborough commanded in the vicinity of Brussels. After his prodigious efforts, Louis looked for proportionate results. And to acquire a share of the honour, a golden band led by the Duke of Berry and James III. of England (serving with the title of the Chevalier de St. Georges) reported themselves joyously at head-quarters. Enthusiasm of this kind is always fallacious. "I am of opinion," wrote astute Godolphin, "that the Duke of Burgundy and the rest of the French princes that accompany him, will be rather a hindrance and a perplexity to M. de Vendôme, and not any advantage." It was so.

Fénelon's pupil, pious, chaste, highly educated, was the last man living to consort amicably with the cynical, dissolute, irreligious "fils de Gabrielle." As time went on the opinions of that great soldier came to be lightly regarded; "le conseil du prince balança souvent les raisons du général." The camp

was to form two armies, one in the Netherlands, under Marlborough, the other on the Moselle, under Eugene, as if they intended to resume the design of penetrating through Lorraine, which had been baffled in 1705. The real project was to unite these two armies by a rapid march, and give battle to the French before they could be joined by reinforcements drawn from distant quarters."—COXE: *Memoirs of Marlborough*, iv. 51.

was divided between Vendômiste and Bourguignon. But in the adversary's lines men of diverse nations were of one mind. Whenever Eugene and Marlborough met, they thought and acted with more than the cordiality of brothers.[1]

Still, Vendôme opened the campaign with effect. Marlborough was fain to fall back on Louvain. The French scoured Brabant up to the Demer. After a few weeks of inactivity, they struck their tents between Genappe and Braine-l'Allieu, on the 4th of July, and in a single night reached the Dender near Ninove. A detachment suddenly confronted Ghent. The townsmen shouted for joy as General de Chemerault's grenadiers swaggered through their streets. Next morning the citadel surrendered. Two days after, Bruges, equally glad to be rid of the Dutch, opened its gates to Comte de la Mothe, who subsequently took by storm the fort of Plasschendael, a post needful to the communication between Bruges and Dunkirk. But the French were not so fortunate at Audenarde. The commandant of Ath entering it with some troops preserved a place of vast importance on the Scheldt. It enabled the allies to menace Lille and ravage Artois; or else, by passing the river and occupying Lessines, to hang upon the flank of a corps advancing to Brussels.

The French plan began to unfold: Flanders was to be recovered, and the course of the Lys swept clear by the capture of Menin. The enemy should be arrested on the Dender or the Scheldt. A *coup de main* on Audenarde having failed, that fortress must be masked. But to execute such a design in the face of a consummate captain is a different affair from revolving it in snug quarters. As soon as the French movement was ascertained, Marlborough repaired to Assche, where he learned the surprise of Ghent and Bruges. Among the Dutch at Brussels the utmost alarm prevailed. The army was perturbed, and with delight the soldiers saw Prince Eugene ride into their camp. Finding he could not bring up his people in time, he had left them at Maestricht, and galloped onward to draw his sword in the expected conflict.

[1] Voltaire: "Siècle de Louis XIV."

When concord was of especial moment, dissension divided the French generals. Vendôme desired to defend the line of the Dender. Burgundy, swayed by his personal staff, insisted on watching Audenarde and besieging Menin. There is no disputing with princes. The army must recede to the left bank of the Scheldt. Incensed with the gainsayers, Vendôme sank into a fit of ignominious sloth, and everything went wrong with the French. On the 11th of July, when they were trickling over the Scheldt at Gavre, under the impression that Marlborough camped at Lessines, that general was also passing the river below Audenarde. When too late, Burgundy quickened his pace. The mischief was done; a corps under Cadogan had already seized very advantageous ground, forming a sort of amphitheatre, garnished with coppices, seamed with hedges, and cut up with ravines. The antagonists were now so near that to avoid an encounter was impossible.

About three o'clock p.m. the fight began with two French brigades feeling Marlborough's left. After brisk skirmishing, Vendôme requested the Duke of Burgundy to attack the cavalry of the hostile right—which was separated from the rest of the army by a brook—with the French left wing. But the Prince, deluded by shallow advisers, and supposing the marshy land thereabout impassable, caused his men to entrench themselves!

The action went on, and for a time was obstinate. Whilst the allies were finely deployed, the French of the right wing took up the fighting column after column, as they chanced to come breathless upon the scene. The infantry therefore acted without cohesion. There was a broken series of combats in woods and behind hedges. A portion only of the foot, the Maison du Roi, the gendarmerie, and two brigades of horse were really engaged.

Perceiving the French left inactive, Marlborough strengthened his hard-pressed wing, and launched a mass of cavalry under old Auverquerque.[1] The disjointed French were smitten

[1] Saint-Hilaire, the French general of artillery, says that the fate of the battle, hitherto doubtful, was decided by this manœuvre. See "Histoire de Marlborough," ii. 343.

upon their right flank. Some bands were surrounded, other bands dispersed. Even the Maison du Roi is said to have owed its safety to a short-sighted or bewildered staff officer of the allies who, conveying a message to the British red-coats, rode wildly up to similarly attired Frenchmen, and, taken captive, confessed his errand.

Every moment the turmoil increased. Battalions were "clubbed." Brigades were intermixed. Scarcely a troop rode knee to knee. The sun set on chaos. The princes clustered round Vendôme to ask what was to be done, or to offer suggestions, more or less ridiculous. He listened not to them; nay, in a voice of thunder, he reminded poor Burgundy, venturing upon a remark, that "Monseigneur joined the army on condition of obeying him." He proposed, however, that the troops being formed afresh during the night, the battle should be resumed next morning, and he directed St. Hilaire to plant the artillery. The princes and their sycophants contradicted him. Then, boiling with rage, he cried aloud: "Oh bien, Messieurs, je vois bien que vous le voulez tous, il faut donc se retirer; aussi bien (looking Burgundy full in the face) il y a longtemps, Monseigneur, que vous en aviez envie." Passionate and unjust this, for the Prince was brave and well-meaning, however misplaced.

Covered by a rear-guard conducted with admirable firmness by Vendôme,[1] the French retreated in the night to Ghent. They lost, it is stated, 4,000 men killed and wounded; 6,000 were taken prisoners. The confederate casualties amounted to nearly 3,000 men slain or disabled.[2]

The configuration of the ground, the slovenly tactics of the French, and Marlborough's masterly manœuvres sufficiently account for the captive throng. We are told that Prince Eugene hit upon a clever device for increasing it during the night. He caused drummers to beat "the retreat" *à la Française* at the head of the camp. Also, refugee officers

[1] "On ne saurait sans injustice refuser au Duc de Vendôme les louanges qu'il merita si bien par la conduite qu'il tint dans cette occasion."—*Histoire du Prince Eugene*, iii. 288.

[2] Lediard: "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," ii. 284.

shouted, "à moi, Picardie," and other regimental calls. Thus deceived, hundreds of officers and soldiers who had been separated from their corps hurried toward the welcome sounds, and were taken in charge.

Artillery, as Archdeacon Coxe observes, played a very minor part in this engagement. The only pieces used by the allies appear to have accompanied Cadogan's detachment; and on the French side, De Quincy relates, but four guns fired, the rest being still in the rear. It is curious to contrast the present ascendancy of gunnery with its insignificance in the field a century and half ago. Yet war was then quite as sanguinary as it is now; for men fought at closer quarters, and the effect of cavalry was more decisive. In fact, it was the destruction of his veteran troops that caused Napoleon to supply their undaunted spirit with the tremendous machinery of shot and shell:—"à mesure que ses soldats d'élite diminuaient, il tenait d'autant plus à ses canons."[1]

Feuquière ascribes the grave reverse at Audenarde to Vendôme's ignorance of the country he was operating in: "Si M. de Vendôme avoit mieux connu le pays des environs d'Audenarde, il n'auroit pas engagé le combat avec une tête d'infanterie et par brigade contre une corps d'infanterie dont il ignoroit le nombre, que le pays couvert et coupé lui cachoit entièrement."

This is no doubt true. Still, the real cause of the defeat may lie deeper. I would rather trace it to the amiable Burgundy's interference with Vendôme's dispositions, to his actual disobedience of that general's orders. Opposition irritated and enfeebled Vendôme at the moment every faculty of his should have been in brilliant play. In narrating the battle, he wrote thus to Louis:—"Je ne pouvois pas deviner que 50 bataillons et prés de 180 escadrons des meilleurs de cette armée se contenteraient de nous voir combattre pendant six heures, et regarderaient cela comme on regarde l'Opéra des troisièmes loges. Monseigneur, le duc de Bourgogne me rendra justice, et il est convenu avec moi qu'il avait tort de n'avoir pas suivi son premier mouvement, et de s'être rendu à de mauvais cón-

[1] Comte de Ségur: "Histoire et Mémoires," vi. 367.

seils.——Si les affaires vont bien, comme je l'espère, toute la gloire sera pour le duc de Bourgogne, mais si par hasard elles allaient mal, je supplie votre Majestée de ne m'en donner tout le blâme, puisqu'elle voit bien que mes sentiments ne sont pas toujours suivis."[1]

It is pleasant to know, on the authority of Berwick and St. Simon, that the Chevalier de St. Georges exhibited bravery in action, and by his affability in camp gained the goodwill of the soldiers.

In the midst of these events, Berwick was moving swiftly through the Ardennes. On the 12th of July, being encamped at La Buissière on the Sambre, he heard of the defeat. His men were jaded; yet he immediately despatched twenty squadrons to Mons, and gave orders that the rest of the troops, as soon as they came up, should proceed to Valenciennes. He himself travelled post to Tournai, "pour voir de plus près de quoi il étoit question." He found the city full of fugitives; as many, indeed, as 9,000 soldiers had sought shelter there, at Lille and at Ypres. As his infantry could not arrive for some days to come, he quartered stragglers in the above-mentioned places, and collected therein the garrisons of places in the rear; for Vendôme, anxious to be superior to the enemy, had scarcely left men sufficient to guard the gates. "I could not blame him," remarks Berwick, "though we knew from experience that the loss of a battle brought about the loss of Flanders—faute de garnisons."

The French were now in position behind the canal connecting Ghent and Bruges. The allies, after resting a few days at Audenarde, advanced on the 14th to Pont d'Espierres. Next morning they passed the Lys, forced the almost naked lines of Comines, and encamped at Wervicq.

And Berwick was very active. After a visit to Lille, he went to Douai, for the purpose of assembling troops to cover Lille and Ypres. He also strove to furnish the frontier towns with ammunition and food; and as his foot marched in, he so

[1] "Général Pelet," viii. 392; Quincy, "Histoire Militaire," v. 496; Coxe, "Memoirs of Marlborough," iv. 137; "Mém. de St. Simon," vi. 313; "Mém. de Feuquière," ii. 168.

distributed them that wheresoever foemen appeared a stand might be made.

At this juncture, Marlborough wrote to Godolphin:—"That which hinders us from acting with vigour is that as long as the French are masters of Ghent, we cannot make use of the Scheldt or the Lys. But we are using our utmost endeavours to get some cannon by land, which meets with infinite difficulties, but we must overcome them, or we shall have very little fruit of our victory."[1]

It will be remembered that, in order to be present at Audenarde, Eugene had shot ahead of his army corps. By this time, it clustered in the neighbourhood of Brussels; and a detachment was under orders to escort an immense amount of heavy baggage to the confederate camp. Intelligence of the project reaching Berwick, he proposed that Vendôme should issue from Ghent with the bulk of his forces, whilst he (Berwick) passed the Scheldt at Condé. The two bodies, uniting on the march to the Dender, should either attack the convoy, or at least drive it back whence it came. Vendôme refused, saying:—"All the enemy's movements tend to one object, that of making us abandon Ghent. We will not be imposed upon." So the enemy's baggage travelled in safety.

Unquestionably, Marlborough was extremely anxious that the French should quit a position which secured Bruges and Ghent, commanded the navigation of the Scheldt, and intercepted the communication of the allies with Holland. But this advantageous situation possessed a glaring strategical defect. It left uncovered the frontier of France. It was by working on this weak point that the English general hoped to compel his opponents to seek other quarters. He tried to alarm the French Court by thrusting partisans to the gates of Arras and by levying contributions in Artois. He even suggested to Eugene the invasion of France. Venturous as he was, that officer "thought it impracticable, till we had Lille for a place d'armes and magazine."

Although Vendôme—his splendid faculties obscured, his jovial temper soured, cook and dogs his prime solicitude—

[1] Coxe, "Memoirs of Marlborough," iv. 159.

seemed averse from a grand operation, he agreed that Berwick, leaving troops at Bethune and Douai, should proceed to the Scarpe; and to render him formidable between Condé and Mortagne, he promised a reinforcement of thirty-five squadrons. Further, he wrote: "Si les ennemis vouloient faire passer quelque autre convoi considerable, et faire venir leur artillerie, nous pourrons nous donner la main, lorsque vous serez à Condé et nous y opposer."

Marlborough and Eugene were now concerting a dangerous enterprise with admirable sagacity. The invasion of France postponed, the siege of Lille was decided upon. Lille, the capital of French Flanders, is the key of the district watered by the Scheldt and Lys. Since its cession to Louis XIV. in 1667, Vauban had fortified it with a citadel, which connoisseurs proclaimed his master-piece. He also drew up a plan for its defence, which plan was in the hands of his nephew, Du Puy-Vauban, at present chief engineer within the walls.

So well kept were the secrets of the confederate generals that the French staff could not ascertain whether Ypres or Mons, Lille or Tournai, was the point aimed at. However, Maréchal de Boufflers, the Governor of French Flanders, surmising evil, obtained Louis's permission to repair to Lille, and, being a man kind as he was brave, requested that Lieutenant-General de Surville, who had incurred the royal displeasure, and General de la Frezelière of the artillery, now languishing in the Bastille, might act with him. He also applied for Lieutenant-General Lee of the Irish Brigade. Ten thousand soldiers, mostly new levies, and a courageous population, whom forty years' connection with France had completely nationalized, were proud to fight under the defender of Namur.

But as the French closed the water-way, how could Marlborough bring before Lille the battering train and stores necessary to a siege? A part of the difficulty was already surmounted. Ninety-four heavy guns and sixty mortars had arrived at Brussels *viâ* Antwerp from Holland; 16,000 draught horses were ready; 3,000 ammunition waggons awaited the signal to start.

These preparations of course came to French ears; and on

the 2nd of August Berwick wrote from Douai to the Duke of Burgundy, pointing out how the enemy's schemes might be frustrated. He advised that in one night the Prince should occupy a height on the right bank of the Scheldt near Audenarde, whilst he (Berwick), with as much horse and foot as could be spared from the Arras district, formed on Burgundy's left, so as to prevent Marlborough constructing bridges at Pottes and Escanaffe. "To this plan," observes the Marshal, "it may be objected that Marlborough by a rapid march could overcome Bruges. I reply, our right being very near Ghent, we might possibly arrive in time to succour Bruges. Even if it fell, the preservation of the rest of our places should under the circumstances console us for the sacrifice. Bref, rien ne se fit."[1] Dissentient as usual, Vendôme propounded an attack in full force; and Burgundy, under the fatal spell of D'O and Gamaches, stooped to half-measures. He despatched 18,000 men from Ghent to Melle, and allowed Berwick to advance to Mortagne. Thus, as a glance at the map will show, was the Scheldt unbarred from Audenarde to Tournai!

The confederate chiefs were the very men to profit by the blunder. After sojourning a few days at Brussels with his mother, the wicked but fascinating old Comtesse de Soissons, Prince Eugene went to Wervicq, to confer with his illustrious brother-in-arms. Early in August he departed, with twenty-five battalions and as many squadrons, to rejoin his army still stationed round Brussels.

On the 6th, the indispensable convoy quitted that city, nominally under the orders of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, but really directed by General Dorff, a Dutch officer peculiarly conversant with such matters. To protect its right flank from the French at Melle, a detachment of horse and foot took post at Ninove. To keep open the Scheldt, Marlborough had placed a large corps at Audenarde. Eugene commanded the covering columns.

The enormous congeries of cannon and material, stretching over fifteen miles, reached Soignies the same evening. This turn to the south diverted Berwick's attention from the

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 11.

Dender towards Mons, Charleroi, and Namur. Contrary to expectation, the next move was to Ath. On the 10th, crawling all the while between Eugene's regiments, the convoy was at Frasnes. It passed the Scheldt on the following day, over the bridges which Marlborough had laid near Pottes, the very point foreboded by Berwick. A communication was constantly kept up between the allied commanders. As the train drew near, Marlborough advanced troops to amuse the French at Ghent. Another corps restrained the garrison of Lille. Not a hitch occurred. The enterprise succeeded marvellously. Guns and stores travelled seventy-five miles "without losing a single carriage, without suffering a single insult." With a light heart, the English commander-in-chief moved to Helchin.

Seldom were the abilities of Marlborough and Eugene more signally displayed. They accomplished the impossible. "Comment," exclaims Lieutenant-General de Feuquière, "peut-on comprendre que l'ennemi dans une si grande étendue, ait pu si bien couvrir cette longue file, que ni l'armée de M. de Berwick, ni celle du Duc de Bourgogne n'aient rien entrepris sur ce convoi? C'est ce que personne de bon sens ne comprendra jamais."[1] The achievement may not be unaccountable after all. Did not jarring counsels in the French camp help it on its way? Talents and energy languish in the poisonous atmosphere of dissension. Napoleon wisely declared, "Un mauvais général vaut mieux que deux bons."

General Pelet declines to censure Berwick. His infantry being locked up in frontier places, he could not be expected to encounter a superior enemy with cavalry alone. But Burgundy ought to have stopped the convoy before it passed the Scheldt. Unfortunately the Prince had not an idea beyond the preservation of Bruges and Ghent, beyond keeping Marlborough outside the Lowendeghem entrenchments.

A Babel of tongues amongst the French; with the confederates all swiftness and decision. On the 12th, the Prince of Nassau arrived with a large force within sight of the gate of St. André at Lille. Twenty-four hours afterwards, Eugene of

[1] "Pelet," viii. 61; Quincy, v. 507; Coxe's "Marlborough," iv. 218; Brigadier Kane, "Campaigns," 75; "Mém. de Feuquière," ii. 378.

Savoy passing the Marcq at Pont-à-Tressin, completed the investment of the town. The besiegers amounted to fifty-two battalions and eighty squadrons, with 120 battering guns, forty mortars, twenty howitzers, and 400 ammunition waggons. The army of observation, composed of seventy-two battalions and 180 squadrons, was massed at Helchin, a position which protected the siege, favoured the approach of convoys from Audenarde and Brussels, whilst it obstructed the junction of Burgundy and Berwick. The latter, pregnant with expedients, proposed a diversion against Brussels. Vendôme preferred an attack upon the enemy when engaged in the siege. He objected, however, to any movement before the breaching batteries opened; for, incredulous of real operations against Lille, he surmised a feint for dislodging the French from Ghent.

However nettled by Vendôme's rebuffs, the Duke of Berwick continued to advise. "In former times," he remarks, "when armies were small, it was possible, by a secret march, to fall suddenly upon a weak point, and so relieve a beleaguered fortress; but in these days, when 100,000 men, encamped in two or three lines, make sure of a whole region, that sort of enterprise has little chance of success. Marlborough now on the Rhosne, and Eugene fully employed before Lille, the following idea occurred to me. Burgundy should march with a pugnacious air from Ghent toward Marlborough, whilst I, having covertly collected thirty-five battalions behind the Scarpe, dashed with them and 100 squadrons at Eugene, whose lines were still unfinished."

The King approved the design; and, so carefully matured was it, that the Marshal states he could have faced Eugene with an army corps before that general knew that he possessed one. But, Burgundy for the nonce agreeing with Vendôme that all the forces should act in combination, Berwick received a peremptory order to join head-quarters. He tells us that the previous approbation of Louis might have justified a disregard of the summons, but feeling that if Burgundy came to any grief, or if the blow at Eugene failed, the blame would be laid to his charge, he resolved to do as his immediate superiors

enjoined: — "Les généraux français ne s'entendirent sur rien."

In the midst of these disputes, Berwick occasionally received letters, chiefly on business, from the Duke of Marlborough. One day, the illustrious uncle forwarded to him a passport for the Duchess, who longed to join "Brochet;" and another time, he wrote thus: "I shall let my brother Churchill know how much he is obliged to you for your kind concern for him. He was well in England by our last letters from thence; and you may be sure the difference of parties will not hinder me from having that friendship for you that becomes me towards my relations. Prince Eugene returns your compliment with thanks."[1] Little as there is in this, it yet reveals the courtesy and good taste that made Marlborough as potent in society as in the field.

Bruges and Ghent left under the guard of Comte de la Mothe's flying camp, Burgundy and Vendôme issued from the Lowendeghem lines on the 27th of August. The next day they were at Ninove. At the same time Berwick's troops marched behind the Dender to Herines. On the 30th the two armies effected their junction at Lessines. Thus 131 battalions and 238 squadrons stood under arms. Berwick writes:— "The Court, anticipating great difficulties for us, expected that Marlborough would attack me as soon as I had passed the Haine.[2] But his plan was cut-and-dry. He had no notion of risking an action except on ground well known to him near Lille. He had come to the Rhosne simply for the purpose of foraging, of observing us closely, and of obtaining news of Brussels. As soon as our forces were united, he repassed the Scheldt, and retired behind the Marcq, to the proximity of Eugene's siege corps."

When he arrived in Burgundy's camp, the Duke of Ber-

[1] "Marlborough Despatches," iv. 113.

[2] On the 23rd of August, Marlborough wrote to Godolphin:—"I marched this morning (to Amougies) to hinder his (Berwick) joining with the Duke of Burgundy between the Scheldt and the Dender at Lessines, which I was assured was their design, which now will be very hard for him to do." It was the wary nephew's motion east of the Dender which probably saved him from his relative's embraces.

wick, by the King's express command, took orders from Vendôme.[1] He did so with extreme reluctance, for he maintained that a Marshal of France should obey none other than a Prince of the blood, and he disliked to incur the reproach of establishing a different precedent. But Louis would listen to no objection. Nay, Madame de Maintenon and Chamillart had much ado to prevent him sending the three senior marshals from Paris to "take the word" from the Duc de Vendôme. After going through the unpalatable ceremony, Berwick resigned his command and remained with the army simply as Burgundy's friend. "M. de Vendôme," he observes, "ought to have been satisfied with the King's decision. I alone had cause for annoyance; yet he never forgave me for presuming to question his supremacy, "il n'y a sorte de dégoûts qu'il ne cherchât à me donner." Well may St. Simon exclaim, "Quelle aigreur! quelle division!"[2]

With distraction in high places, the army reached Tournai. Here Bishop Beauvau implored the blessing of Heaven on its arms; and a gorgeous procession, in which the Duke of Burgundy walked, roused the religious fervour of the soldiers, and the sneers of Vendôme, chafing at "waste of time." On the 2nd of September the French crossed the Scheldt in eight columns, undisturbed by the enemy, but slackened by a dispute respecting the route which the troops ought to pursue: Berwick urged a movement straight on Pont-à-Tressin; Vendôme was resolved to march to Pont-à-Marcq, where he would meet the artillery which St. Hilaire was bringing up from Douai.

So the army took the road to Cysoing. After proceeding about three miles, the peasants affirmed that the country further on, being broken with woods and marshes, was extremely difficult of access. Burgundy therefore recommended a wheel to the left on Orchies. Vendôme was at first exceeding wroth, and keenly reproached Berwick, whom he suspected of prompting the Prince. Out of respect for Monseigneur, the

[1] Literally "prit le mot;" *i.e.* took the word which the general-in-chief issues every day for the purpose of distinguishing friends from foes.

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 15.

Marshal answered not a word. But, after questioning the country people, Vendôme himself changed the order of march to Orchies.

On the evening of the 4th, the armies were in presence. The French lay at Mons-en-Puelle and Pont-à-Marcq; the allies, deployed on the other bank of the Marcq, covered Lille. The French generals reconnoitred the enemy. Opinions clashed. The grandson of Henry IV. with characteristic fire pronounced for onset. The son of James II. with characteristic caution objected that "the enemy occupied a plain excellently adapted to manœuvring; but we could not approach them without filing through a wood, scrambling over hedges, or floundering in a bog. We might be charged therefore before we were formed. And even if allowed to form, how could we advance without being smitten on the right or the left flank? The ground between the Deule and the Marcq, widening in the direction of the allies, afforded them every facility for attack, and left us completely en l'air."

Vendôme, bent on assault, readily admitted the necessity of opening roads by which the columns might march upon the confederates. So 2,000 pioneers went to work. Whilst their spades were busy, Marlborough and Eugene (who had hurried to the front every man that could be spared from before Lille) fortified their post. The centre being the weakest point, they entrenched the village of Ennetières, and planted batteries there. They turned up the ground along the whole of their line, from the right near Noyelles to the left at Fretin. These entrenchments were at least ten feet wide and five deep, with a parapet four feet high. They were not flanked, but had openings in several places; behind the openings were traverses to bar entrance.[1]

This performance was seriously examined by Burgundy

[1] "Pelet," viii. 87. Throughout Marlborough's warfare the spade played as important a part as it did in the days of the Romans. With every respect for certain critics, I affirm that its use is no more a Turkish invention than the efficient employment of light cavalry is a Prussian invention. There is no evidence whatever that the immense mechanical progress of the century has at all improved the art of war.

and his staff. Berwick and most of the officers considered that to assail a position so strengthened would be madness. Vendôme, on the contrary, averred that the scheme was feasible; and pledged himself to scour the entrenchments with St. Hilaire's "feu d'enfer;" "never reflecting," says Berwick, "that the enemy's ground was far better than ours."[1]

The Duke of Burgundy, declining to decide so momentous a question, sought the King's commands. Vendôme also wrote to Louis, forcibly explaining his plan of attack, and bitterly complaining of the opposition of several generals. In a letter to Chamillart of the same date (Sept. 8th), he declared:—"C'est une chose pitoyable de voir que la bonne volonté de cette armée devienne inutile par les conseils du Maréchal de Berwick et de quelques officiers généraux qui détruisent en un moment dans l'esprit de Mon^r. le Duc de Bourgogne tout ce que je puis lui inspirer—ainsi je vous prie en faveur de l'amitié que vous m'avez promise, d'obtenir mon congé du roi."[2]

Immediately Chamillart appeared on the scene, bearing Louis's positive orders to attack. There was no disputing these; and by the Minister's suasion, Vendôme and Berwick shook hands. "Ay; but I fear me with a hollow heart." They paid mutual visits, and promised to take friendly counsel together respecting future arrangements. The army broke up from Mons-en-Puelle, crossed the Marcq unmolested, the "enfants perdus" of the partisan Lacroix feeling the way, and encamped with the right at Ennevelin, the centre at Antreulle, and the left pointing towards Seclin. Less than a mile separated the opponents. The confederate outposts were instantly driven in upon the village of Ennetières. When Marlborough saw the French in motion, he drew up in order of battle, and sent for the troops that had just returned to the trenches before Lille. General Fagel too, with five Dutch battalions,

[1] Marlborough wrote to Godolphin on the 3rd of September:—"The ground is so very much to our advantage that, with the blessing of God, we shall certainly beat them; so that it were to be wished they would venture, but I really think they will not."—*Coxe*, iv. 229.

[2] These letters are given by Pelet, viii. 88-9-90.

joined from Brussels. On the morning of the 12th, Vendôme expelled a hostile detachment from Seclin, and opened fire upon Ennetières.

However, a reconnaissance pushed within half-cannon shot of the lines revealed even to sanguine Louis-Joseph that the opportunity for onslaught had passed. The days wasted by the French chiefs in wordy war had been spent by the allies in rendering an excellent position virtually impregnable. Hence, Chamillart suspended the royal mandate, and applied to Versailles for fresh instructions. The King yielded to the judgment of his generals. The army fell back across the Marcq, and shortly afterwards passed the Scheldt. Thus was abandoned all intention of directly succouring Lille on the side of the Lower Marcq. By interposing between the enemy and Brussels, the French hoped to prevent supplies reaching the besiegers.

Berwick asserts that Marlborough and Eugene, perceiving the faulty position of Vendôme's army, wished to level their entrenchments in order to attack it. Happily the Field Deputies dissented, alleging that, as they expected to take Lille without bloodshed, there was no occasion to run any risk. Again, being so distant from their own homes, a retreat, in case of misfortune, would be perilous.[1] "I am persuaded, however," continues the Marshal, "that had the project been executed, we should have been beaten *à plate couture*, for our flanks were uncovered, and we had not elbow-room sufficient for effective manœuvring."[2]

Lame and impotent the conclusion of the grand operation which had aroused feverish dreaming at Versailles. The Duchess of Burgundy, we are told, spent the greater part of the night in the chapel. Women who had husbands or sons with the army hardly stirred from the churches. The salons were empty. If a horse cantered down a street, the inhabitants cried out, "What news!" Some people, indeed, had made

[1] Prince Eugene is said to have declared that if Alexander the Great and Cæsar had been encumbered with Dutch Deputies, they would have made few conquests.

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 21.

up their minds that a glorious triumph was in store. Pretty Marquise d'O went about pitying "ce pauvre Prince Eugene;" enemy though he was, she could not help regretting the ruin of so fine a general.[1] To those who possess the faculty of keeping their heads cool in emergencies, there seems no more contemptible thing than popular excitement. It turns sensible men into raving idiots. For the moment the power of reasoning vanishes. A potent nation becomes the derision of its neighbours.

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," vi. 385.

XI.

THE FALL OF LILLE.

1708.

LILLE was besieged under brilliant patronage. Kings and Princes repaired to the confederate head-quarters to learn the science of war. There, might be seen the ex-King of Poland and a little son of his, only twelve years old, whom in the coming time Frenchmen would hail Maréchal de Saxe. There, too, reported themselves the Landgrave of Hesse, the Electoral Prince of Hanover (afterwards George II. of England), and many a high-born soldier. Well might they come, for the enterprise was evidently more serious than experts had conjectured.[1] Every day attested the energy of Boufflers, the skill of Frezelière, the courage of the troops, the dauntless spirit of the citizens. But Eugene was equal to his work. At the outset, he published a series of regulations, which is a model of professional knowledge and foresight. He discerned the dangers of the situation, and laboured to avert them. Faults were committed, but not by him. I may not enter fully into the subject, but the following letter from Marlborough to Godolphin (Sep. 24) will explain the progress of the siege :—"Since my last, Prince Eugene has received a

[1] Marlborough wrote to Godolphin on the 27th of August : "Whatever M. de Vendôme intends for the relief of that town (Lille), he must not lose much time, since our engineers promise that we shall have the town in ten days. After which we shall attack the citadel."

wound in his head, which, I thank God, is no ways dangerous. Ever since Friday, that he was wounded, I have been obliged to be every day at the siege, which with the vexation of its going so ill, I am almost dead. We made a third attack last night, and are not yet masters of the whole counterscarp; but that which is yet worse, those who have the charge of the stores, have declared to the deputies that the opiniatrety (*sic*) of the siege is such that they have not stores sufficient for the taking of the town. Upon which the Prince has desired to speak with me to-morrow morning. My next will acquaint you of what is resolved, but I fear you must expect nothing good—I am so vexed at the misbehaviour of our engineers that I have no patience."

How were the waning stores to be replenished? The French were now at Saulchois and Tournai. The infantry formed the first line, the cavalry the second. The Scheldt flowed in front of the camp. Flying corps held various posts lower down the river. Chemerault observed Audenarde. Berchem, Escanaffe, and Pottes were occupied. In the course of six hours, detachments might rejoin the army. In a word, the river was closed to opponents from Tournai to Audenarde. Neither from Ath, Audenarde, nor Brussels could convoys travel toward Lille. The confederates must open another line of communication. As it was obvious that Ostend would be their new point of departure, the commandant of Nieuport was ordered to cut the dykes, and lay the district between that town and Plasschendael under water. At this moment, 6,000 Englishmen, under Lieutenant-General Erle, arrived at Ostend. Originally fitted out for a descent upon the French coast, this expedition had been for long idly sailing about—glancing at Brittany and Normandy, half inclined to land at St. Valery-sur-Somme, lately scared from Ambleteuse by the Boulonnais militia. Thanks to Marlborough's good sense, it was at length in the right place. Many of the transports were laden with ammunition. Thus hands were available for partially draining the inundation: powder and shot awaited carriage to Eugene.

When the French were forming behind the Scheldt, the

Comte de Bergeyck, controller of finance in Spanish Flanders, and a person of much consequence there, conceived the notion of surprising Brussels. A feat by no means difficult, he thought, so feeble was the garrison, so malcontent were the inhabitants. Accordingly, the day after the army reached Saulchois, a detachment under La Mothe approached the capital. But the governor, being forewarned, had collected therein the troops dispersed through Brabant. To attack Brussels now, a considerable force would be needful, and the presence of many soldiers in that quarter was incompatible with Burgundy's main purpose, that of barring the way to all convoys. So La Mothe went back to his old station between Bruges and Ghent. Berwick declares Vendôme was so anxious to assail Brussels that it required two days' expostulation to deter him from the enterprise. For those two days La Mothe's men stood at ease; Erle therefore had time to disembark at Ostend, seize the post of Leffinghem, and repair the canal banks.

Berwick, induced by Bergeyck to inspect the country between Bruges and Ghent, arrived at the latter city on the 24th of September, and was informed that a vast convoy would shortly leave Ostend for Lille. He wrote immediately to press La Mothe's march, and ordered two dragoon regiments from before Audenarde to join that officer. Then he went to Bruges. Within twenty-four hours the expected troops were up; and La Mothe, after consultation with the Marshal ("car je n'avois nulle autorité pour commander"), resolved to proceed on the morrow towards the Leffinghem canal, and, with a rush of grenadiers, capture Oudenburg. His corps consisted of 34 battalions and 63 squadrons. Later on in the night, the Count learned that Marlborough was moving to Roulers with a large force to protect the journey of the convoy. This news seeming credible—for on the safety of the train probably hinged the continuation of the siege—Berwick advised La Mothe to advance only half-way to Oudenburg; and await the report of his partisans before deciding how Vendôme's orders—to attack the foe, strong or weak—could best be carried out. La Mothe marched on the

27th; on the following morning, Berwick was summoned to Burgundy's head-quarters, notwithstanding Bergeyck had urged the Prince to place the Marshal in command of La Mothe's division. Poor Louis, intent on good works, often did the wrong thing. Had Fitzjames been substituted for the Count, how different might have been the issue of the campaign!

Oudenburg having been reinforced with 600 confederates, the grenadiers accomplished nothing against it. Meanwhile, the convoy, gliding so privately out of Ostend that the French at Plasschendael, only three miles off, knew nothing about it, passed Leffinghem, then Slype, continuing its course within the Moerdyck. La Mothe, hastening thitherward, found that the precious waggons had stolen a march upon him. With the hope of arresting them, he moved straight upon Wynendael.

Before long, he perceived the enemy's infantry advantageously posted in two lines; the horse being drawn up in the rear. The left wing stretched into a coppice; the right rested on the wood of Wynendael. Companies of grenadiers were hidden in the brushwood on each side with orders to make no sign, till they could strike the French in flank. It was 3 o'clock, p.m., and La Mothe prepared to fight. So narrow was the ground that he had to range his foot in four lines; the dragoons formed three lines in rear; the heavy horse, further behind, two lines. After cannonading for half an hour, he pushed forward the infantry, mostly raw, half drilled Spaniards. They moved with hesitation, instead of charging with the bayonet. Some discharged their muskets in the air. Still they advanced, until, on a sudden, the men in ambush galled their flanks, and file-firing tore their front. Then, "their left wing gave into their centre," and the whole body fell into confusion. Yet they rallied; and broke two German battalions. But General Webb, promptly strengthening his line with fresh regiments, which Cadogan had just brought up, the Spanish recruits were again repulsed. They made another attempt; but the fire, playing about their flanks, crushed both wings in upon the centre. The throng

took to flight. The officers cursed and swore and implored like bedlamites. The scared boys regarded them not. The dragoons rode forward to engage the enemy, whilst the beaten infantry were being re-formed. They did their duty stoutly, and many were laid low. During the fray, the train filed away to Roulers; and when darkness came, La Mothe withdrew towards Bruges. "The battle," wrote Major-General Webb, "lasted two hours and was very hot, in which we had 912 officers and soldiers killed and wounded." The French loss was, of course, far greater.[1]

Here we have a striking instance of old soldiers ably led and strongly posted defeating twice their number of young soldiers feebly commanded. "Neither the Duke of Burgundy, nor Vendôme," writes Berwick, "are responsible for the result. Despite the delay occasioned by the Brussels affair, the troops were up in time, and were sufficiently numerous, if Comte de La Mothe had known how to handle them; 'Jamais homme de guerre ne s'y prit si mal.' If instead of a direct attack upon the confederates, he had opposed them with part of his men, and with the rest turned one of the woods, they must have been worsted, and the convoy captured.[2] The faults he committed were enormous. First, in not having ascertained that the inundation was properly effected. Secondly; after commanding for six years in that district, being without trustworthy persons to warn him when the convoy left Ostend. Thirdly, in having assailed an inferior enemy in so absurd a fashion. However, the chief blame rests with the Court for placing him in so important a position." If Cabinet Ministers and Commanders-in-Chief would but read and inwardly digest what follows: "Aussi est ce le plus souvent ce qui cause les malheurs qui arrivent à la guerre; l'on n'a pas assez d'attention à ne se servir que de gens capables et expérimentés, et d'ordinaire la préférence est donnée à ceux qui ont le plus de crédit et de faveur."[3]

[1] Pelet, viii. 105; "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 25; Webb's Despatch, cited by Brodrick, 258.

[2] Feuquière is of the same opinion. See "Mémoires," ii. 383.

[3] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 26. Comte de La Mothe was a cousin of the

But whilst La Mothe's fatuity deserves censure, it would be difficult to overrate the courage and sagacity of the two generals who contended against him. "Webb and Cadogan," wrote Marlborough to Godolphin, "have on this occasion, as they always will do, behaved themselves extremely well. The success of this vigorous action is in a great measure owing to them. If they had not succeeded, and our convoy had been lost, the consequence must have been the raising of the siege next day."[1] So Chamillart's affection for an incompetent officer probably cost France her grandest northern fortress.

From blunt old Brigadier Kane, we learn what regimental society thought of the business: "Webb gained great honour by this gallant action, though a great deal was owing to Lamoth (*sic*) ill conduct: and Webb spoiled all by boasting too much of it."

On the very day of the reverse, Frenchmen performed a gallant feat elsewhere. Maréchal de Boufflers still valiantly resisting at Lille, began to feel the dearth of men, arms, and especially of powder. An ingenious plan was devised for supplying his needs. On the afternoon of the 28th, the Chevalier de Luxembourg left Douai with two regiments of foot, and 2,000 horse. Each trooper conveyed a musket and a sack holding fifty pounds of powder. About midnight the band, wearing Dutch badges, reached a barrier of the circumvallation. The foremost soldiers, speaking Dutch, pretended to be bringing ammunition to the besiegers. The barrier was thrown open. The greater part of the horse passed through. But an officer stupidly shouting "Serre, Serre!" (Close up) the captain of the guard took alarm, and closed the barrier. His men fired. Some of the powder-bags ignited. Sixty dragoons and many horses were burnt to death; "the way was strew'd with carcases, horses, heads,

Duchesse de Ventadour, and a friend of Chamillart. According to St. Simon, he was a brave and ambitious man, who had served all his life; "Mais en même temps l'homme le plus court, le plus opiniâtre, et le plus incapable qui fût peut-être parmi les lieutenants-généraux."—*Mém. de St. Simon*, v. 414.

[1] Coxe's "Marlborough," iv. 255.

arms, and legs." However, the troopers, already within the lines, galloped up to the Porte des Malades; and nearly 2,000 muskets and more than 100,000 pounds of powder were delivered safely to Boufflers. The infantry, unable to penetrate, went to the right about, and gained Douai without much loss. The Chevalier, loudly applauded for his daring, was at once promoted to be lieutenant-general.[1]

Vendôme, disgusted with blundering subordinates, resolved to take the convoy question into his own hands. He went to Bruges on the 2nd of October, and, summoning the troops from out-stations, fixed head-quarters at Oudenburg. He now opened the sluices, and the water rose to such a height that the edges of the dyke from Leffinghem to Ostend were submerged. This brought Marlborough to Thourout. "And now," Berwick writes, "it was with the utmost difficulty that Vendôme could be induced to retire from the hole into which he had thrust himself, 'Car en cas de malheur, il étoit impossible qu'un seul homme s'en sauvât.'" Not till the water washed the very tent-pegs would he remove to Bruges. Then the English general fell back to Roulers, after inquiring at Oudenburg how he might forward another convoy, at present urgently demanded by Eugene. As it was plain that the waggons would have to travel under fire of Puiguyon's detachment, shrewdly located in the New Polder near Zantvoode, it occurred to Marlborough that the element, let loose to baulk the transport service, might yet prove the means of assisting munitions to their destination. So, a magazine being formed at Leffinghem, he caused stores to be ferried over the flood to Cornelle-de-Croc, whence carts conveyed them to Roulers. When Vendôme heard of this device he called to his counsels the Chevalier de Langeron, who commanded the galleys at Dunkirk. A flotilla of long boats, manned by seamen and grenadiers, was soon afloat. The enemy's navigation was stopped; but previously a large

[1] Chrétien, Louis de Montmorency, fourth son of the famous François-Henri de Montmorency, Duc de Luxembourg (Berwick's master in the military art). The chevalier became Marshal of France in 1734, under the name of Maréchal de Montmorency.

quantity of powder, brandy, and salt had been smuggled to the besiegers.

It was obviously of vital moment to get possession of Leffinghem, which not only harboured the confederates, and gave them access to England and Holland, but also interrupted the French communications between Bruges and Nieuport. It was arranged that the village should be attacked by Langeron and Puiguyon. The trench was opened upon the dyke, and cannon planted there; but, so narrow was the tongue of *terra firma*, "it would have been extremely difficult to force the enemy out of the village, if he had been solidly intrenched." The operation languishing, and Lille in extremity, Vendôme ordered an amphibious assault to be delivered. In the dark and rainy night of the 25th of October, Puiguyon's dyke battery thundered furiously, whilst Langeron's grenadiers, wading up to their waists through the wash, cut down an out-guard of fifty men, and burst into Leffinghem by the rear. A discreditable surprise. Many of the garrison were drunk. Colonel Caulfield, the commandant, and more than 900 English and Dutch soldiers, were taken prisoners, together with 1,200 barrels of powder, a considerable sum of money, and various stores. All at the cost of eight grenadiers killed and twenty wounded.[1]

In the midst of elation at this success, tidings of the fall of Lille reached the French. Having received, as we know, a supply of ammunition, the confederates resumed the bombardment. The next day the two bastions, and two tenailles, particularly attacked, exhibited practicable breaches. In the afternoon, Boufflers beat the chamade, after a defence of seventy days. His effective being diminished by one-half and powder very scarce, the result of an assault, he thought, would be fatal. With 5,000 men he withdrew into the citadel. Friends and foes alike applauded his constancy and valour. He had put 15,000 men of the allies *hors de combat*, and won the respect of his renowned adversary and former friend—Eugene of Savoy.

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 28; Pelet, viii. 120; Quincy, v. 571; Coxe's "Marlborough," iv. 262.

We must now revert to a displeasing subject—the discord in the French camp. It appears that when the seizure of Leffinghem was being concerted, Lieutenant-General Albergotti recommended the Duke of Burgundy to cross the Scheldt and Lys, to unite with Vendôme at Deynze, and then move *en masse* against Marlborough at Roulers. For several reasons, Berwick disapproved the plan: "It presumed the passage of two rivers under the gaze of Audenarde, and afterwards a march of nine long leagues without Marlborough's knowledge; 'ce qui ne se pouvait croire.' If that general waited for us, his position, we may be sure, was good. If it were not good, by simply falling back behind the Lys, he would compel us to travel all round by Ghent, ere we could regain the Scheldt. Whilst we were trudging afar off, he might draw supplies from Brussels." But reluctant to incur the responsibility of quashing the idea, Berwick requested Monseigneur to write to Vendôme concerning it. The latter declared the proposition worthless, criticized it, forsooth, in nearly the same terms Berwick had used, and, lest Burgundy should fancy it, despatched a courier to Versailles, to procure the royal veto. Shortly afterwards, Albergotti, going to Bruges with a reinforcement, discussed the matter with Vendôme, who, won over by the specious Florentine, actually recommended the lately contemned plan to the Duke of Burgundy. He replied that, having heard nothing to controvert previous objections, his opinion remained unaltered. The next day, a messenger arrived from Versailles with an order to do precisely as Vendôme desired. Preparations were therefore begun, and the general-in-chief was informed that on the 27th Burgundy would be at Deynze. But Vendôme now requested that the movement might be postponed till the conclusion of the Leffinghem business. In the interval the doom of Lille demolished Albergotti's device. The Staff must apply to the Court for fresh instructions.

Ever since the army took post near Tournai, the generals had striven to ascertain the King's intentions in the event of Lille surrendering. His reply was invariably to the effect, that such a calamity ought not to be conjectured, that his officers

should prevent it, or at least render it worthless to the enemy.

The Duke of Burgundy, and Maréchal de Berwick, considering it impossible to defend both the Canal and the Scheldt, proposed that the former alone should be guarded. They wished to station behind it a force sufficient for the maintenance of Bruges and Ghent; and with the remainder of the troops to march into Artois. Thus France would be covered, and the foe hindered from living at her expense. The soundness of this view was confirmed by intelligence that the confederates were fortifying La Bassée, and had pushed a corps to Lens.[1]

Convinced that there was not a moment to be lost, Burgundy charged Contades, Major-General of the Army, to point out to Vendôme the inconvenience of the situation, and to urge the plan drawn up by Berwick. "Mais le duc de Vendôme ne voulut ni écouter notre ambassadeur, ni lire le mémoire qu'il portait." Contades returned, having nothing better to impart than that Vendôme intended to be at Saulchois on the 1st of November, when the whole subject might be discussed in the presence of Chamillart; for Louis, aware that opinions were divided, again despatched the minister to the army, to insist upon the Scheldt being guarded, and if other tactics were in course of execution, to stay the march of the troops. As soon as Chamillart and the Duc de Vendôme arrived in camp, a council of war sat. The old leaven leaveneth the lump. Vendôme was for grappling with Marlborough; or, if that might not be, he would reduce the foe to the choice of famine or of peace, by closing every avenue against his return to Brabant. Berwick held that, owing to the vast stretch of country to be protected, it was impossible

[1] The French refugees appear to have been very active as partisans at this time. Voltaire relates that, when Eugene obtained Lille, and the road to Paris was open, a Dutch party, led by refugee officers, had the audacity to rove from Courtrai to the gates of Versailles. Upon the Sèvres bridge, they seized the King's first equerry, in the belief that he was the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy's father. There was terror in Paris.—*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

to prevent the allies effecting a passage somewhere or other. So the plan already propounded by him should be adopted—"afin de garder quelque chose." If the army remained disseminated over 120 miles, he predicted evil. The arbitrator was Chamillart—"quoiqu'il n'eût jamais vu de guerre que dans son cabinet, et dans ses deux voyages de Flandre, si près à près et si courts."[1] He decided that the troops should retain their positions behind the Scheldt and the canal until the submission of the citadel of Lille. By that event future proceedings should be guided. "Cet homme de robe, de plume, et de finance" had a theory of defence which, he anticipated, would work wonders, viz., let dykes be constructed, so that the Scheldt overflow its banks from Ghent to Tournai. Chamlay, whom Louis had sent with the Minister of War to survey the country, agreed with Berwick in condemnation of the project.[2] In nowise disconcerted by military opposition, the presumptuous civilian set parties to work. Nothing came of their toil, beyond flooding meadows here and there.

One thing the Minister did, which if done in season might have availed much. On his return to Versailles, he recommended that, Berwick and Vendôme being irreconcileable, the former should take command of the army on the Rhine, instead of the Bavarian Elector, who was back again in Flanders. The Marshal states that he cheerfully acquiesced in this arrangement: "d'autant que la jalousie du duc de Vendôme ne pouvoit être que très préjudiciable au bien de service."[3]

And now Berwick relates a remarkable anecdote. "In the course of the discussion at Saulchois, I secretly received a letter from the Duke of Marlborough, in which he advised that, the juncture seeming propitious, a pacific proposition should be made to the deputies of the States-General, to

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," vii. 3.

[2] "Mémoire de Chamlay;" cited by Pelet, viii. 510. In respect of Chamlay, a remarkable staff officer, see "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," 126-336.

[3] St. Simon, on the contrary, affirms that the Marshal felt deeply this transfer, which was instigated by Vendôme. "Il pésoit trop à Vendôme par la force et la justice de ses raisonnements."—*Mémoires*, vii. 4.

Prince Eugene, and to himself (Marlborough). He engaged to support an overture with all his influence. Nothing could be better for us than a proceeding of this kind: it opened a door by which we might honourably back out of an exhausting war. I mentioned the circumstance to the Duke of Burgundy and M. de Chamillart. The latter informed the King that the dangerous plight of the confederate army was the cause of the application. I did not think so; from the tone of His Grace's letter, I felt sure that fear had nothing to do with the matter; on the contrary, that there was a sincere desire to put an end to hostilities so burdensome to Europe. No symptom of bad faith could I discover. My uncle addressed me, in order that I might benefit by the negotiation passing through my hands. By royal command, Chamillart dictated to me so extraordinary an answer that, to show the Duke it was none of mine, I wrote in French. Marlborough, nettled by this epistle, dropped the subject. Indeed, I suspect Chamillart's "excès de politique" was the real cause of the aversion to pacification which the confederate chief afterwards evinced." The aspirations of that great commander are often inscrutable. Hitherto he had opposed any peaceful tendency; what might be the motives which in the pride of victory led him to modify his opinion? The problem remains unsolved; yet we have no reason to suppose that he was insincere in this instance.[1] On the other hand, M. Henri Martin justly observes: "Roi, ministres, et généraux, il semblait que tout le monde fût pris de vertige!"

Whilst Berwick was travelling to Alsace, the Bavarian Elector, at Bergeyck's suggestion, organized a dash against Brussels. At the same time, Vendôme, though sick of the gout, proposed to Louis an attack upon the lines, said to be ill guarded, between Lille and Menin.

The Elector, having collected 12,000 men at Mons,

[1] In a letter to Godolphin (6th November) there is an expression indicative of a growing weariness of the war. He describes the means "which with the assistance of Almighty God will, in all probability, bring this troublesome war to a happy end; which is, I believe, more wished for by your humble servant than by any other body living."—*Coxe*, iv. 268.

threatened Brussels on the 22nd of November. The garrison, holding down the inhabitants, frustrated a *coup-de-main*. A formal siege was necessary. Artillery must be waited for. The delay thus occasioned enabling the Governor to communicate with head-quarters, Marlborough exerted himself to relieve so capital a strategic point. Breaking up from Roulers, he masked his march to Courtrai by pushing a detachment towards the canal connecting Bruges and Ghent. Simultaneously Prince Eugene, leaving twenty-four battalions to watch the citadel of Lille, moved to Roubaix.

These manœuvres foiled Vendôme's purpose against the lines; and the Duke of Burgundy, who had resolved to abandon the Scheldt—so difficult was it to subsist the army thereabout—was compelled by the exposed position of the Elector to cling to that river. Whilst he indolently pondered the exigencies of the moment, and gouty Vendôme lay abed with his dogs, Marlborough was preparing to force his way into Brabant. At 4 o'clock, p.m., on the 26th, the allies, marching in three columns, approached the Scheldt. Soon after midnight the first column was opposite Gavre; the second near Audenarde; the third at Kirkhoven, over against Birchem. Prince Eugene made a diversion by proceeding from Roubaix towards Pottes and Escanaffe. These movements, conducted with astonishing precision, were favoured by Providence. Shrouded by a dense fog, the confederates passed the river in safety. The French posts, dotted along its banks, were flung hither and thither, some towards Ghent, others towards Tournai.[1] Eugene now went back to siege work; Marlborough pressed on to Brussels; and the unfortunate Elector fled thence, leaving behind cannon and the sick. Burgundy and Vendôme presently retired under the walls of Douai, La Mothe, whom Chamillart still trusted, remaining in charge of Bruges and Ghent.

[1] In the following year Marlborough told the Marquis de Torcy that he could not understand how it had ever entered the heads of the French generals to guard the banks of the Scheldt for a space of thirty leagues, and to flatter themselves that they might prevent 80,000 men from crossing the river at some point of so extensive a line.—*Mémoires de Torcy*, i. 282.

According to Berwick, Vendôme was so convinced of the enemy's inability to force the passage either of the Scheldt or of the canal that, on the eve of Marlborough's achievement, he wrote to the King, "Que l'on fût en repos, et qu'il en répondoit." When Louis heard the bad news, he angrily ordered the army to take up winter quarters; and summoned Burgundy and Vendôme to Versailles. In vain the latter, knowing the vital importance of Ghent, entreated to be allowed to encamp in force behind the canal; in vain he pointed out how difficult it would be for the allies to replenish the magazines of Lille. They could do so only by transport across country from Brussels, and, owing to the proximity of Ghent, vast numbers of their men must be employed on escort. The winter occupied in this way, bad weather, and bad roads, would exhaust the soldiers, without, perhaps, all the proper stores being accumulated. These arguments were thrown away upon the Versailles coterie; and the troops went into cantonments, although the citadel of Lille had not yet yielded. "Il est étonnant," exclaims Berwick, "que le roi, pendant la campagne, eût donné dans toutes les propositions du duc de Vendôme, et qu'il s'obstinât alors à rejetter l'unique raisonnable qu'il eût faite."

As the campaign approached a conclusion, the shattered fortress was in direst distress. Boufflers had protracted the defence beyond all expectation. But food for men and guns lacked. The place was open on all sides; and in the beginning of December, the Marshal received a command from Louis not to endanger the garrison by resistance to the uttermost. He therefore beat the chamade on the 8th; and next evening the capitulation was signed. He obtained all the honours of war. Nothing could exceed the courtesy with which Eugene treated the vanquished general: "Il lui dit qu'il se trouvoit bien glorieux d'avoir pris Lille, mais que le maréchal avoit acquis encore plus de gloire à la defendre que lui à prendre."[1] Such a defeat is indeed more glorious than many a victory we could name. But for the allies, what a

[1] "Journal de Dangeau," xii. 282.

splendid success! The first conquest of the Grand Monarch wrested from France; the masterpiece of Vauban subdued!

Boufflers conducted the worn-out garrison to Douai, and then returned to the Court. He was affectionately welcomed by Louis. He asked for nothing; but honour and emolument showered upon him. He was created a peer of France: the privileges of first gentleman of the bedchamber were accorded to him. His son procured the reversion of the government of Flanders. "In a word," says Voltaire, "his merits gained him the esteem of the enemy, the hearts of his countrymen, the rewards of his King."

Method and vigilance characterized the noble old Picard. His courage was serene; in the peril and passion of battle he gave orders as calmly as if he were sitting in his chamber. His careful superintendence of the commissariat and the hospitals endeared him to the soldiers; and out of the fugitives from Audenarde—"les troupes de salade"—and the clumsy Flemings of the town, he speedily formed warriors fit to stand beside the veterans of "Auvergne," or "La Vieille Marine." Accessible at all hours, courteous to high and low, anxious to save his people from jeopardy and fatigue, he laboured continually for the public good. He was slightly wounded several times; but whenever possible he concealed the fact, and never altered his habits on account of a gash. One day, however, being knocked down by the splinter of a grenade, he was borne reluctant from the fight. The surgeon proposed to bleed him. He objected; for fear he might lose strength, and be unable to do his duty. He wanted to go back to the ramparts. But the soldiers, who had gathered round the house, swore they would quit their posts, if they saw him amongst them within twenty-four hours. So he was bled, and forced to repose a while. When he reappeared in arms, "on ne vit jamais tant de joie."[1] There were greater generals in the reign of Louis XIV. than Louis-François de Boufflers; but no braver officer or finer gentleman.

The disappointments of the campaign were not yet over.

[1] For an admirable sketch of the Duc de Boufflers, see "Mémoires de St. Simon," vi. 408.

The French being distributed in winter quarters, the allies remembered that, as long as Bruges and Ghent were inimical, Lille, Menin, and Courtrai could not be provisioned. They resolved, therefore, to besiege Ghent, which by its situation was the key of all the rivers and canals. In the middle of inclement December, Marlborough began to gather round it; and Eugene speedily appearing between the Lys and the canal, the city was completely invested. In the night of the 23rd—24th, ground was broken before the gate of St. Pierre. The Court, at last awake to the folly of dislocating the army, hoped to repair the mischief by sending Boufflers to Flanders. Arrived at Douai, he meditated a diversion against Lille, and strove to reassemble the ragged, unshod soldiers. It was too late. On the 29th the besiegers were but sixteen toises from the covered-way of Ghent, and had ninety guns in battery. Before a shot had been fired, with thirty-three battalions behind the ramparts, La Mothe beat the chamade. Appropriate sequel of Wynendael. The indulgence extended to the minions of "Society," forms a shameful page of history. To excuse his weakness, the Count pleaded the imperfection of the fortifications[1] and the paucity of musket-flints; also that, had he been compelled to surrender as a prisoner of war, the garrison would have been lost to the King's service in the ensuing campaign. Berwick remarks: "If La Mothe had not sacrificed everything to this false political reason, the enemy must have raised the siege; for on the night of the capitulation, frost set in with such intensity that no human strength might dig the ground, or exist under canvas. We had already heaped blunders upon blunders, "Malgré tout cela, si l'on n'avoit pas fait la dernière, on auroit eu beau jeu, l'année d'après."[2]

The timidity at Ghent produced the evacuation of Bruges, Plaschendael, Leffinghem, and the Polder of Zantvoode. La

[1] "Les fortifications peuvent être plus on moins parfaites; mais cette perfection toujours désirables est peu de choses cependant, si on la compare dans ses effets à ceux que produisent le courage et la résolution de celui qui préside à la defense."—MARÉCHAL MARMONT.

[2] "Mém de Berwick," ii. 37; Pelet, viii. 157.

Mothe's infantry retired to Nieuport, his cavalry to Furnes. Thus two great cities, whose preservation had been Vendôme's especial care for many months, were lost within a week. Such the catastrophe of a campaign which at the outset promised well for France. But the faults committed at Audenarde; the antagonism of Berwick and Vendôme; the imbecility of La Mothe; the shallowness of Chamillart, the ill-advised presence of the Duke of Burgundy, rendered misfortune inevitable. A fine army, 100,000 strong, faltered; Vendôme's fame grew pale; Berwick's reputation suffered from the personal squabbles in which he was involved. Of Monseigneur, "good, dull, innocent," the soldiery aptly sang:

"Jeune Louis de sainte renommée,
Soyez dévôt à votre accoutumée;
Mais
Priez Dieu pour votre armée,
Ne la commandez jamais."

To the Duke of Marlborough, on the other hand, this was a year of glory. Every error of the foe was taken advantage of. Whether we consider his tactics at Audenarde, or the investment of Lille in the face of superior forces,[1] the wonderful address with which supplies were drawn from Brussels; the foresight and resources shown in opening and maintaining communication with Ostend; the masterly passage of the Scheldt to the relief of Brussels; the final acquisition of Bruges and Ghent—we are equally lost in admiration. It is the mark of a great general to profit by the adversary's mistakes; and the French defeats may teach that it is not enough to provide troops with able chiefs; it is essential that those chiefs be all of the same mind. Well said Madame de Maintenon: "La diversité des sentiments a tout gâté, et la pluralité des généraux n'est pas bonne." When the generals are at variance, the soldiers' bravery avails little; the science of the Staff proves a vain thing.

A glance at hostilities elsewhere. In Spain, the cabinet of Madrid having lapsed into its old carelessness, the army was

[1] "Le projet de ce siége a dû paroître chimérique à tout homme sensé." MARQUIS DE FEUQUIÈRE.

poorly provided with rations and transport; however, the Duke of Orleans continued active and resolute. He maintained his superiority in the field, and after a month's siege took Tortosa; but he was in no condition to meddle with Barcelona, the only operation likely to be decisive; and the campaign was over, when Asfeld accomplished the subjection of Valencia by the capture of Denia and Alicante.

The enemy found amends in the Mediterranean islands for his checks in the Peninsula. Admiral Leake effected a landing in Sardinia. The Spanish Viceroy having exasperated the natives by monopolizing the corn trade, the whole country declared for Charles III. General Stanhope then assailed Port Mahon; feebly defended against British grenadiers, the capital of Minorca surrendered at the end of September. The English established themselves there, as they had recently established themselves at Gibraltar. Soon after Stanhope's return to Catalonia, he was concerned in a peculiar negotiation. The Duke of Orleans secretly inquired of the English general whether European interests might not be served by the French renouncing Philip of Anjou, and the allies Charles of Habsburg. Those princes laid aside, might not the Spanish throne be filled satisfactorily by the Duke of Orleans himself? Stanhope replied that England could not break with the Emperor and forsake Charles; but, with the approval of the cabinet at home, he insinuated that if Orleans would contrive another rebellion in the Cevennes, the confederates might be disposed to create for him an independent kingdom, composed of Languedoc and Navarre. Lord Stanhope thinks it "by no means clear even yet, after so many secret documents of the period have come to light, how far the first of these overtures was made with the sanction of Louis." As for the second of them, if Orleans listened to it at all, he did so probably with the view of leading back the negotiation to the first. Be this as it may, the Princesse des Ursins got an inkling of the intrigue. After the Duke's return to France, she caused his emissaries to be arrested. Their papers being very suspicious, vehement complaints flew from Buen Retiro to Versailles. The outcry was loud in France. For the first time in his life

the Duke of Burgundy stormed, "Et ne vouloit rien moins qu'une instruction juridique et criminelle." Louis tried to appease his children, and to excuse his nephew; but he acknowledged that it was impossible to send him back to Spain.[1]

On the side of the Alps, the campaign opened late, for Victor Amadeus, now at the head of the Austro-Piedmontese, refused to stir till the Emperor assigned to him Montferrat, as stipulated by the treaty of 1703. His wishes gratified by Marlborough's intercession, he invaded Savoy in the middle of July. Brought to a halt in front of Chambéry, he fell back on Mont Geneve, and menaced Briançon. But the road into Dauphiny being blocked, he ascended into the high valleys of Piedmont, followed by Villars, who, under his very eyes, chased his rear-guard from Cesanne, near the source of the Dora. Hemmed in between the French troops and the castle of Exilles, his position was critical. The cowardice of the commandant was the salvation of the Savoyard. La Boulaye surrendered Exilles as soon as it was attacked, instead of resisting to the last, as he had been ordered to do. The Duke, master of the Dora Valley, advanced into that of Clusone, took Perosa, and besieged Fenestrelle. Villars could not force the passes leading to the place; so the garrison capitulated, and Piedmont was closed against the French. But Villars continued busy. He spent September and October in inspecting the towns, castles, forts, even mere redoubts, for the purpose of inspiring officers and soldiers with confidence and firmness. He caused guns and stores to be brought to Briançon, in order that Exilles and Fenestrelle might be recovered, if the Imperialists departed thence, before the snow precluded further movements. Unluckily, it fell so abundantly in the beginning of November, that he was forced to disperse his men in winter quarters; nevertheless, this indefatigable commander lingered at the foot of the mountains till the rigour of the season forbade surprises. Not before the end of December did he salute the King.[2]

[1] Stanhope, "History of Queen Anne," 365; H. Martin, "Histoire de France," xiv. 517.

[2] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 25.

To return to Berwick. On his arrival in Alsace, he found nothing to do. The Elector of Hanover, disposing of 30,000 men, sulked within his lines, and inflamed with jealousy against Marlborough and Eugene, "whom he regarded as foreigners," occupied himself with reviling them. On the 23rd of December the Marshal appeared at Versailles, and, says St. Simon, spoke unreservedly, both in public and in private, about M. de Vendôme and occurrences in Flanders. Three days afterwards he had a long interview with Louis in the apartment of Madame de Maintenon: "où il parla en toute liberté malgré sa timide politique." In the course of "four months," he tells us, "I commanded the armies of the King in Spain, on the Rhine, on the Moselle, and in Belgium." His services of late had been diverse indeed, and in the main useful. Still his admirers cannot help regretting the pernicious feud with the Duc de Vendôme, an older soldier, and, despite vices and vagaries, a brilliant general.

XII.

MOUNTAIN WARFARE.

1709.

FRANCE was in desperate strait: stripped of her conquests; her frontiers made bare; the capital in danger; the finances ruined; the prestige of the generals departed; the heir to the throne accused of incapacity, and indifference to his country's woe.[1] The bitter cup was not yet full. On the 5th of January intense cold came suddenly upon the land. Following a season of unusual mildness, the effect was terrible. The olive trees, so essential to the well-being of the South, were blasted; many vineyards perished; the young fruit trees were destroyed; the autumn wheat was frozen. Corn in store rose to an exorbitant price. For several months brown bread only was baked in Paris; and at Versailles many great families, following the example of Madame de Maintenon, were content with oat-cake. The mass of the people famished; and many persons, who in ordinary times relieved the needy, were now driven to beg an alms.

Amid the tribulation, certain *nouveaux riches* (to whom, says Voltaire, the minister had sold the nation for a little ready money) "s'engraissaient du malheur public, et insultaient à ce malheur par leur luxe." A few courtiers, it seems,

[1] For instance—after Marlborough's passage of the Scheldt, "on étoit tout au près de Tournai; Mgr. le duc de Bourgogne y alla jouer à la paume. Cette partie subite scandalisa étrangement l'armée, et renouvela tous les mauvais discours."—*St. Simon*, vii. 6.

joined with these miscreants in making profit out of the distress. But, in general, the noblesse acted munificently, as became *la vieille roche*. How the Treasury managed to meet the ever-increasing expenses was—as Desmarets, the Minister of Finance, confessed—a miracle. His new coinage was a failure; but the unexpected arrival of thirty millions in silver from Peru, produced a happy effect on credit; and the famine was mitigated by corn coming from Barbary, the Archipelago, and Danzig. Nevertheless, far into the spring, starving women crowded round the royal carriages, crying, "Bread! Bread!" Flour carts were pillaged in the streets of Paris; tumults disturbed the provinces. Out of the evil arose one piece of good luck: recruits were plentiful; "beaucoup de terres restérent en friche, mais on eut une armée."

Louis confronted the emergency with admirable fortitude. He saw the hand of God in the affliction, and offered terms of peace which ought to have satisfied merciless foes. He consented—what a pang it must have cost him!—to withdraw his soldiers from Spain; to cede ten frontier fortresses to the Dutch; to give up all that France had acquired since the Treaty of Westphalia; to acknowledge Queen Anne; to banish the Pretender from his dominions; to raze the fortifications and destroy the port of Dunkirk.

But the conqueror's heart was hardened. The rapacity of the Dutch, the ambition of the Emperor, the foolish pertinacity of the Whig Ministers, overruled the moderate counsels of Marlborough.[1] Torcy's offers were pronounced inadmissible. "The allies," wrote Swift, "advanced proposals in their stead, but of such a nature that no prince could digest who did not lie at the immediate mercy of his enemies. It was demanded, among other things, that the French King should employ his own troops, in conjunction with those of the allies, to drive his grandson out of Spain. The proposers

[1] On the 19th of May, Marlborough wrote to Godolphin: "M. de Torcy has offered so much that I have no doubt it will end in a good peace." Also, in a letter of the same date, to his Duchess: "Everything goes so well here that there is no doubt of its ending in a good peace."—COXE'S *Marlborough*, iv. 393.

knew very well the enemy would never consent to this."[1] Surely so; no sooner did Louis hear of an obligation "as impolitic as it was barbarous," than he declared in full council: "puisqu'il faut faire la guerre; j'aime mieux la faire à mes ennemis qu'à mes enfants." Forthwith, he addressed to the governors of provinces a circular letter, in which, after pathetically describing the humiliations which the allies designed for France, he alleged: "My affection for my people is as strong as the love that I feel for my own children. I partake of all the miseries that war inflicts upon such faithful subjects. I have called Europe to witness how sincerely desirous I am to afford them the blessings of peace; and yet, I am confident that they themselves would spurn peace composed of conditions no less contrary to justice than derogatory to France."[2]

The manifesto produced an immense sensation. The flagging energies of a mighty race were revived. The marquis and the peasant, equally jealous of the country's glory, offered their lives rather than yield to ignominious terms. The King ordered his gold plate to be melted; the nobles sent silver plate to the mint; the clergy proffered the sacred chalices towards the cost of continuing the war: "en huit jours il n'y eut personne qui osât montrer de la vaisselle chez soi, depuis les princes du sang, jusqu'aux bourgeois."[3] So much for the futile controversy of diplomatists. Again, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting!"

In March the King made several changes in the command of his forces. To the Dauphin he consigned the army of Flanders; but Maréchal de Villars—"comme celui en qui l'Etat mettait son espérance"—would really lead it. The Duke of Burgundy, nursed by Maréchal d'Harcourt, was appointed to the corps on the Rhine. Maréchal de Besons would act in Spain. The troops on the Piedmontese frontier—84 battalions and 30 squadrons—were confided to the Duke of

[1] "Conduct of the Allies." Mr. Lecky justly observes: "There are few instances in modern history of a more scandalous abuse of the rights of conquest than this transaction."—*England in the Eighteenth Century*, i. 47.

[2] "Mémoires de Torcy," i. 351.

[3] "Journal de Dangeau," xii. 433.

Berwick. But when the time came for the generals to repair to camp, the emptiness of the Treasury happily forbade the going forth of the Princes.

Berwick started for his post, after a long conversation with Louis, and arrived at Grenoble on the 26th of April. His first care being to inspect the magazines, he discovered that the soldiers' daily bread was not assured up to the end of May.[1] He immediately reported to the Court that such stint precluded the assembling of the army. Provisions must be stored at once. Otherwise, he would be obliged to garrison each place with the number of men it was capable of feeding, and to send the remainder of the troops to France.

No other reply did he obtain than that the contractors would be exhorted to do their duty. The Marshal, perceiving that the Ministers, notwithstanding its importance, slurred over the matter, took upon himself the task of providing for the defence of a frontier so weak that through it the enemy might penetrate into France in the course of a single campaign. Writing to all the Intendants, far and near, he claimed their prompt assistance. Nor did he rely upon the pen alone. He journeyed into Languedoc, and, by Bâville's exertions, obtained some corn. He despatched intelligent officers into Franche-Comté, Burgundy, and Champagne on a similar errand. He levied contributions in Savoy, Dauphiny, and Provence. He was well served: for instance, d'Angervilliers, Intendant of Dauphiny, sold his plate, and borrowed money from private persons, that he might buy wheat in the Gapençais. In this way, grist to the mill was procured until the harvest. But owing to the long distances the grain had to travel, much time was required to garner it in the proper places, so "we lived from hand to mouth, constantly in danger of wanting bread if an accident befell the commissariat carts."

Scarcity of money was another embarrassment. The Go-

[1] Villars experienced the same difficulty in Flanders. He pleasantly relates how he acted when bread lacked: "Dans ces occasions, je passe dans les rangs, je caresse le soldat, je lui parle de manière à lui faire prendre patience, et j'ai eu la consolation d'en entendre plusieurs dire. 'M. le Maréchal a raison, il faut souffrir quelquefois.'"—*Mémoires*, ii. 259.

vernment sent none; all it could spare being remitted to Flanders. Berwick was therefore driven to appropriate the cash in the hands of the tax-gatherers. Desmarets, in true official style, pronounced, "que cela étoit contre toutes sortes de règles; but on my retorting, it was still more irregular to permit the famishment of soldiers who were resisting the invasion of France, the minister dropped the subject."[1] Indeed, so severe grew the pinch, that the Marshal hesitated not to stop a carriage laden with 100,000 crowns on its way from Marseilles to Paris. The Intendant of Lyons contrived to borrow a like sum. "By acting in this manner, I put myself somewhat at ease." Most commendable self-reliance! Brave officers are plentiful enough, but commanders so ready to assume responsibility are few and priceless.

Having settled the food question, Berwick examined the Italian borders. Starting from Upper Dauphiny, he travelled into Provence; thence he went to Savoy; and after visiting the Tarentaise returned to Briançon by way of St. Jean de Maurienne. From the knowledge thus acquired he devised a system whereby a frontier stretching from the Antibes to the Lake of Geneva, more than sixty leagues across the Alps, might be effectually guarded. At first, the defence seemed very difficult; inasmuch as an enemy, holding the plain of Piedmont, might on a sudden move with all his power upon any particular point, whilst the French, uncertain about his intent, must be broken up into several detachments, with the view of keeping watch on all sides. It was probable, therefore, that their line would be pierced somewhere. Nevertheless, the Marshal disposed his people in such a fashion, that he could shield any menaced spot, if not with his whole army, at least with a force sufficient to check the progress of the adversary. He imagined a line, the centre of which protruded; the extremities being slightly drawn back. Thus, his was the cord, the enemy forming the arc. Briançon was the central pivot. There the mass of the troops would be stationed, ready to file away to the left, in correspondence with hostile

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 43.

motions. On the right the line touched the valley of Barcelonette, and, passing thence by the Col de Cayolle to the source of the Var, skirted the banks of that river till it flowed into the Mediterranean at St. Laurent. To secure his communications on this side, he formed an entrenched camp at Tournoux, which would serve for a magazine and depôt of soldiers, in case the Imperialists operated from Coni or the Col di Tenda. "The entrance by Barcelonette was easy. Thence the enemy might advance, without encountering a mountain, to the Durance, in the midst of our territory; I was glad, therefore, to shut the gate with the strong post of Tournoux." On the left, the line passed by the Col de Galibier to Valoire and St. Jean de Maurienne. Then it proceeded along the Arc up to its confluence with the Isere, which river it followed to Montmelian and Barraux, where the Marshal intended to establish another entrenched camp. He left the Tarentaise and the rest of Savoy uncovered; because, to enclose those districts, the cordon must have been so attenuated that the foe, by adroit counter-marching, could hardly fail to pierce it. "But my line being bent back, I might contrive to be beforehand with him. To secure the rapid passage to and fro of the troops, I relied much on Valoire; a capital post, which, commanding the Galibier pass, hindered the Imperialists from descending the Maurienne lower than St. Michel; and consequently, by detaining them in the Tarentaise, gave me time to form up against their ingress into Savoy. I knew that, as long as I restricted their communication with Piedmont to the Little St. Bernard, they could not winter in Savoy; because their subsistence must be drawn from afar; and that, when the snow closed the passes, we might fall upon them with all the infantry the King could spare from the other frontiers." [1] The despatch embodying these views was forwarded by Louis to Maréchal de Catinat, who assented to Berwick's reasoning, and cordially approved the fortification of the heights above Briançon. The Trois Têtes, overhanging that feeble but important place, was the site selected for the entrenched camp. Randouillet,

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 45.

another eminence which commands the Trois Têtes, was also occupied. Under the superintendence of Lieutenant-General Arthur Dillon,[1] so diligently was the spade plied on the latter steeps that, in the course of a week, twelve battalions might maintain them against an army. The camp was bastioned, had covered-way and outworks. Fifty pieces of cannon were mounted. Huts were built; and a fountain was opened: for, though the Durance flowed below, it might be inconvenient to descend for water.

These dispositions made, Berwick fixed head-quarters near Briançon, on whose safety hinged his whole plan. The battalions, spread from St. Martin de Queiras to Monestier, were able to communicate swiftly by the Galibier with Médavi's corps at Maurienne, and by the Var with Tournoux. The Marshal also detached some infantry and all the cavalry under De Thouy to the Tarentaise, with orders to wear a fighting aspect, but to withdraw to Conflans, should the adversary advance with a superior power.

In respect of Toulon, "l'unique objet que les ennemis pourraient avoir à vue de ces côtes-là," he assured Louis that in consequence of the distance of the Piedmontese army, together with the obstacles presented by the broken roads of Nice and entrenchments on the Var, he would engage to put thirty battalions into Toulon before Victor Amadeus could view it.

"I have plunged," observes Berwick, "into detail, because this war differed altogether from any war I had been hitherto concerned in; without these particulars my proceedings would be incomprehensible. At first sight, the defence seemed extremely irksome. By adhering to the principle I laid down

[1] This able officer was the third son of Theobald, 7th Viscount Dillon. "Arthur went into France, where before he was twenty years of age he commanded an Irish regiment. In 1705 he was made Maréchal-de-camp, was Governor of Toulon; and, distinguishing himself in the field, was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-general."—LODGE: *Peerage of Ireland*, iv. 196.

Berwick commends him to the King in these words: On ne peut rien ajouter à son activité et à sa vigilance, et votre Majesté n'a guère d'officier plus capable.

it turned out very easy: 'Quand on est maître des hauteurs, l'on arrête son ennemi.'" And he wrote to the King: "Toute cette guerre consiste à tacher de ne point ignorer les mouvements des ennemis, à faire ses navettes à propos, et à prendre des situations à couper toujours au court, pendant que l'ennemi est obligé de faire un circuit." So sound did his theory prove in practice that, in the next campaign, he voluntarily relinquished twenty battalions out of the eighty-four at his disposal, for service elsewhere. In the present May the fanatics rose in Languedoc; and the Duc de Rocquelaure requesting assistance, Berwick, immediately sent him four battalions, which speedily restored order.

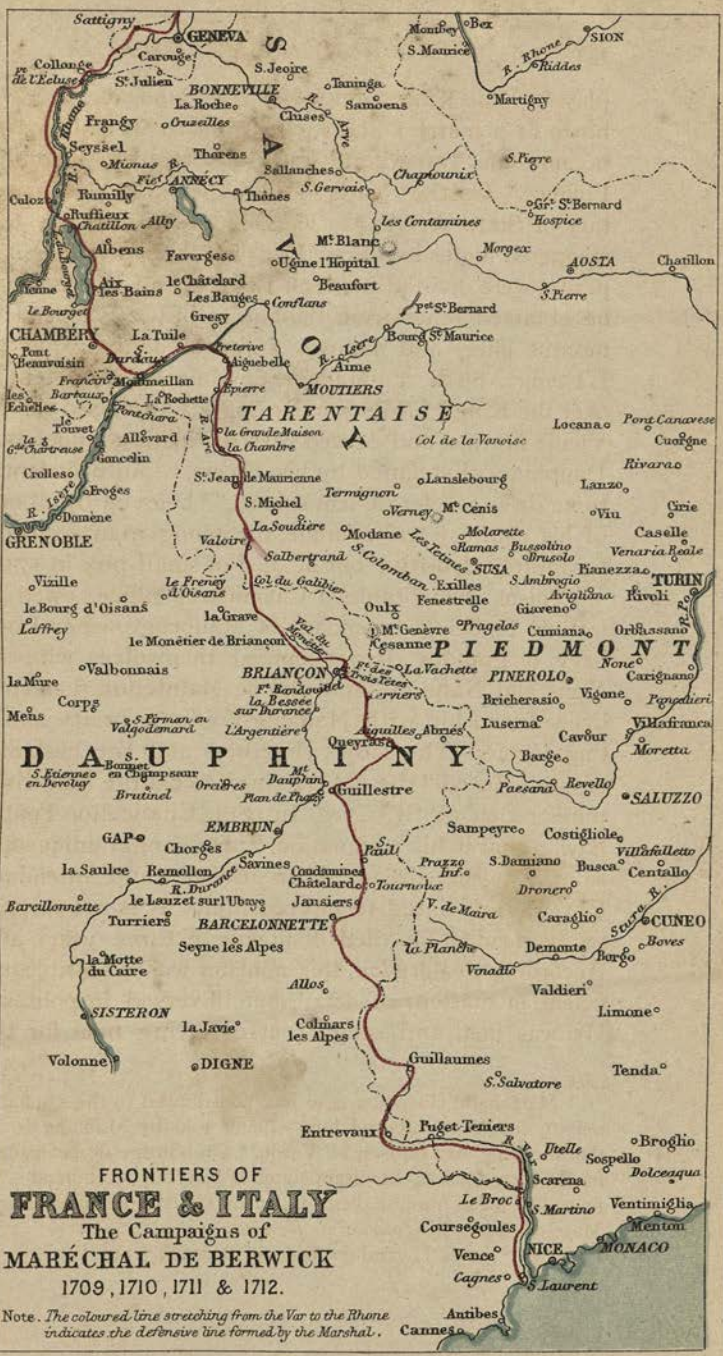
On the 10th of June, Maréchal de Villeroy, who hated Chamillart, announced that minister's fall to Berwick. The hostility of society was the cause of the disgrace. His once familiar friend, Madame de Maintenon, fomented the clamour against him; being enraged, says St. Simon, because he had concealed from her a scheme for the recovery of Lille. "Le roi fut attaqué de toutes parts, et il fut si vivement, si fortement, si coup sur coup, et à toutes heures, et chez lui, et chez Madame de Maintenon, qu'il ne savait plus que devenir." The blow was dealt very suddenly, and the victim endured it with dignity. "Le roi est le maître," he said, as he handed over his papers to the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers. Then he set out for his country seat, "as if nothing had happened." He was a good man unquestionably; full of excellent intentions, honest and laborious; "aimant l'état et le roi comme sa maîtresse," sincerely attached to his friends, polite to all comers. But he was incapacity itself. "It is amazing," says Berwick, "that the King, who was extremely intelligent, should have chosen him to be Minister of War, and retained him so long in office, to the misfortune of the nation. He had an immense opinion of his own talents, and used to say, when anyone began to speak, 'Je le sais;' although, of course, he had no notion of the subject about to be broached. He considered himself a born general, and once told Maréchal de Tessé that, at the head of 6,000 horse, he (Chamillart) could exhibit some rare manœuvres. He was a first-rate billiard-

player. The King, who loved the game, made his acquaintance at a match; and invited him to Versailles. He soon became an Intendant, and subsequently Comptroller of Finance. On the death of Barbesieux, he was made Secretary of State for War. Thus, in evil times, one weak man staggered under two huge loads which, in the height of prosperity, were divided between Louvois and Colbert! In 1708, he obtained relief from the burden of the Exchequer; a few months later, and he was a simple country gentleman at L'Etang. Such was Madame de Maintenon's potent influence over the King."[1] His son, De Cagny, purchased the regiment, Vieille Marine, and served with distinction under Berwick in Dauphiny. Esteemed by his officers, "Qui n'avoient pas coutume de se soucier de leur colonel,"[2] beloved by all on account of his courtesy and courage, the young man seemed created for future celebrity; but he died of small-pox in 1716.

Voisin, who obtained Chamillart's office, owed his great fortune to being Intendant of Maubeuge, when Louis and a bevy of grandes dames amused themselves with besieging Mons and Namur. Madame de Maintenon then struck up a lively friendship with Madame Voisin, a pretty and insinuating dévote. The lady's cleverness and the husband's good repute induced "the old Sultana" to charge him with the administration of St. Cyr. In 1714, Chancellor Pontchartrain having sent in his resignation, "pour songer uniquement à son salut," Voisin, already War Minister and Intendant of St. Cyr, was appointed to succeed him. It is not surprising that so overloaded he died of apoplexy three years afterwards. According to Berwick, this minister was a sensible man, proficient in matters of detail, but ill versed in political affairs. He was just, and sought out deserving men for the public

[1] Maréchal d'Harcourt, who had contributed to the discharge of Chamillart, sought to succeed him. Being told by Madame de Maintenon that the King had chosen M. Voisin, "Un homme de beaucoup d'esprit," for the vacant place, the disappointed D'Harcourt exclaimed—"Dès qu'on ne vouloit qu'un homme d'esprit, que ne choisissoit-on M. Fagon?" (His Majesty's doctor).—*Journal de Dangeau*, xii. 441.

[2] See "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," 354.


Sattigny
GENEVA
Carouge
Collonge
de l'Ecluse
St. Julien
BONNEVILLE
La Roche
Cluses
Samoens
Taninga
S. Jeoire
Frangy
Ouzeilles
Seyssel
Thorens
Mionas
Fict. ANNECY
Rumilly
Thônes
Culoz
Ruffieux
Chatillon
Alby
Albens
Favergese
Aix
les Bains
le Châtelard
Les Bauges
Gresy
Conflans
Le Bourget
CHAMBÉRY
La Tuile
Pont
Beauvoisin
Barraux
Miguebelle
Aime
Francin
Montmeillan
Epierre
MOUTIERS
les
Echelles
Barraux
La Rochette
Pontcharra
Touvet
Allevard
la
Grande
Chartreuse
Goncelin
la Grande Maison
la Chambre
TARENTAISE
Crolles
Eroges
St. Jean de Maurienne
Termignon
Lanslebourg
S. Michel
Varney
Mt. Cenis
Lanzo
Viu
Grie
R. Isere
Domène
GRENOBLE
La Soudière
Modane
Les Tattes
Molarette
Caselle
Valoire
Salbertrand
S. Colomban
Ramas
Bussolino
Brusolo
Venaria Reale
SUSA
Rianezza
TURIN
Vizille
Le Freney
d'Oisans
Col du Galibier
Exilles
S. Ambrogio
Rivoli
le Bourg d'Oisans
la Grave
Oulx
Fenestrelle
Avigliana
Giaveno
Laffrey
Mt. Genèvre
Pragelas
Cumiana
Orbassano
le Monêtier de Briançon
Col du Monêtier
Cesanne
PIEDMONT
Valbonnais
la Mure
BRIANÇON
Ft. Barraux
Ft. Randouillet
la Bessée
sur Durance
Ft. Jaz
Trois Tetes
La Vachette
PINEROLO
None
Carignano
Corps
Mens
S. Firmin en
Valgodemard
L'Argentière
Aiguilles
Abriès
Bricherasio
Vigone
Pancalieri
Luserna
Cavour
Vigliafranca
Queyras
DAUPHINY
Barge
Moretta
S. Etienne
en Devoluy
Bonnet
en Champsaur
Orcières
Brutinel
Mt.
Dauphin
Guillestre
Plan de Phazy
Parsano
Revello
SALUZZO
EMBRUN
Sampeyre
Costigliole
GAP
Chorges
S. Paul
Villafalletto
la Saulce
Remollon
Savines
Condamines
Châtelard
Prazzo
Inf.
S. Damiano
Busca
Centallo
R. Durance
Tournoux
Dronero
Barcillonnette
le Lauzet sur l'Ubaye
Jansiers
V. de Maira
Turriers
BARCELONNETTE
Caraglio
CUNEO
Stura R.
la Motte
du Caire
Seyne les Alpes
la Flandre
Demonte
Boves
Borgo
Vinadio
Allos
Valdieri
SISTERON
la Javie
Colmars
les Alpes
Limone
Volonne
DIGNE
Guillaumes
Tenda
S. Salvatore
Entrevaux
Puget Teniers
Roya R.
Utelle
Broglio
Sospello
Scarena
Dolceaqua
Le Broc
S. Martino
Ventimiglia
Coursegoules
Menton
Vence
NICE
MONACO
Cagnes
S. Laurent
Antibes
Cannes
Martigny
Bex
Monthey
S. Maurice
SION
Riddes
R. Rhone
S. Pierre
Champounix
Gt. St. Bernard
Hospice
les Contamines
Mt. Blanc
Morgex
AOSTA
Chatillon
Usine l'Hopital
Beaufort
S. Pierre
Pt. St. Bernard
Bourg St. Maurice
Isere R.
Aime
Col de la Vanoise
Locana
Pont Canavese
Cuorgne
Rivara
Lanzo
Viu
Grie
Caselle
Venaria Reale
Rianezza
TURIN
Rivoli
Avigliana
Giaveno
Orbassano
Po R.
Cumiana
Pragelas
Cesanne
PIEDMONT
None
Carignano
PINEROLO
La Vachette
Ft. Jaz
Trois Tetes
Bricherasio
Vigone
Pancalieri
Luserna
Cavour
Vigliafranca
Moretta
Barge
Revello
Parsano
SALUZZO
Villafalletto
Busca
Centallo
S. Damiano
Costigliole
Sampeyre
Caraglio
CUNEO
Stura R.
Boves
Borgo
Demonte
Vinadio
Valdieri
Limone
Tenda
Broglio
Sospello
Dolceaqua
Scarena
Le Broc
S. Martino
Ventimiglia
Menton
MONACO
NICE
Vence
Cagnes
S. Laurent
Antibes
Cannes
Puget Teniers
Roya R.
Utelle
Entrevaux
Guillaumes
S. Salvatore
Colmars
les Alpes
la Javie
SISTERON
DIGNE
Volonne
Allos
la Motte
du Caire
Seyne les Alpes
la Flandre
Demonte
Borgo
Vinadio
Valdieri
Limone
Tenda
Barcillonnette
le Lauzet sur l'Ubaye
Jansiers
Turriers
BARCELONNETTE
V. de Maira
Caraglio
CUNEO
Stura R.
Boves
Borgo
Demonte
Vinadio
Valdieri
Limone
Tenda
Broglio
Sospello
Dolceaqua
Scarena
Le Broc
S. Martino
Ventimiglia
Menton
MONACO
NICE
Vence
Cagnes
S. Laurent
Antibes
Cannes

service. His sole pleasure lay in hard work. Those who knew him best, accounted him especially fitted him to be Comptroller of Finance—the very business he was never employed in. On the other hand, his manners were ungracious. "Il fermoit la bouche aux gens par quelque chose de sec, de décisif, et d'impérieux."[1]

To resume: in the beginning of July, a large body of hostile infantry assembled near Susa, and their pioneers set to work on the roads of Mont Cenis. Marshal Daun (or Thaun) whom Marlborough pronounced a general of "merit and experience," commanded these troops in the absence of the Duke of Savoy, who refused to stir from Turin, because the Emperor still withheld the Vigevano. On the 11th, Daun passed Mont Cenis, and encamped with 10,000 foot between Lans-le-bourg and Termignon. Thereupon Berwick drew together at Briançon the troops extended to the right; reinforced the detachment at Valoire; and despatched De Broglie with a few grenadier companies to La Sourdiere, a station on the Arc calculated to bar the passes south of that river. The gallant Marquis did his duty there admirably: "quoiqu'il n'y ait d'habitation que des rochers, il tient ses partis continuellement sur l'ennemi, lequel ne fait pas un seul pas, ni un détachement, qu'il ne m'en avertisse."[2] Presently, Daun advanced to St. André. Another corps approached the Little St. Bernard through the valleys of Aosta. The Piedmontese general, Rehbender, camped with twelve battalions and a few squadrons at Salbertrand. Daun beginning to lay a bridge over the ravine, Notre Dame du Charmet, it seemed as if he designed to join Rehbender. But Berwick would make no further movement till he quite comprehended the adversary's project; for he felt sure of anticipating the Imperialists at whatever point they might please to converge upon. "Tous nos chemins sont accommodés de manière que nos navettes se font avec facilité."

The Austrian perceiving the Frenchmen steadfast, judged that he could neither progress in the Maurienne, nor divert

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 49; St. Simon, vii. 257.
[2] Berwick au Roi, 18 Juillet, 1709.

the Marshal's attention from Briançon; he therefore resolved to enter Savoy through the Tarentaise. In the night of the 21st, he broke up from St. André and moved toward Moutier, to gather up another band which was already descending the Little St. Bernard.

Berwick no longer hesitated. He assembled troops on the Isere, intending to cross it by a bridge of boats at Freterive, and lend a hand to De Thouy, who, we know, had written orders to withdraw behind the Arly, whenever a superior enemy appeared, and if driven thence, to retire to Freterive, throwing three battalions and five squadrons into the mountains of Tamiez, to vex the rear of the Imperialists, should they pass the Arly, and follow the course of the Isere.

It should be observed that while Berwick was taking measures for maintaining the heights from Montmelian to Conflans, he kept an eye on Briançon. He weakened not the post of Valoire, which secured his return to the valley of Monestier; nor would he concentrate the bulk of his troops at Freterive, before the confederates were actually on the right bank of the Arly.

As instructed, De Thouy evacuated the Upper Tarentaise, and afterwards Moutier; but, instead of taking post behind the Arly, he encamped between Conflans and Roche-Cevins. Attacked there by Daun, he was deservedly beaten; for he had drawn up his infantry in a plain, his cavalry in a morass. Without much loss, however, he gained Freterive, just as the heads of his chief's columns came in sight. Now Berwick discovered that, his lieutenant having omitted to occupy the Col de Tamiez, the enemy at Conflans might get possession of the steeps overlooking Freterive. He therefore fell back to the village of Francin; his right rested on Montmelian, his left on the mountains; the centre was firm upon a plateau dominating the whole plain. To hinder Daun dropping upon Chambéry from Les Bauges, Colonel de Béranger seized the mountain pass, and Brigadier de Prades occupied Faussigny.

At the end of July it was announced that the Imperialists

had swooped upon Tamiez, and were collecting all their horse, numbering seventy squadrons, at L'Hôpital. The Marshal now observes: "It may be useful in the future if I explain the distribution of my people. I was anxious to cover Barraux, and also to preserve a safe communication with Upper Dauphiny; for I feared that the enemy might interpose between me and Briançon; in which case, I had little chance of succouring that post. It was requisite, therefore, to defend twenty-four leagues of mountains clumped between Briançon and Montmelian. For this purpose Dillon guarded the Trois-Têtes and the Monestier valley with twenty-two battalions. To watch the Col de Galibier (a cardinal point of our communications) three battalions were stationed at Valoire; a like number at St. Jean de Maurienne; four battalions quartered at St. Etienne-de-Cuines; fifteen at Aiguebelle; five battalions and three squadrons near Croix d'Aiguebelle, at the confluence of the Arc and the Isere. My head-quarters at Francin comprised only eighteen battalions and seventeen squadrons. From Valoire to Montmelian all these separate corps were covered either by the Arc or the Isere. The commandants received strict orders to keep pickets continually upon the heights. They were also instructed to march by their right or their left, in accordance with hostile motions, without awaiting specific directions from me. Thus a force might be closed up wherever the Imperialists offered to pierce our line. Nothing could be simpler than our tactics; and yet, unless Daun lulled us to sleep, he could not anticipate us anywhere; we descried every step of his, 'et il avoit toujours un cercle à faire dans le temps que nous coupions au court.' That our passing to and fro might be swift, I had previously opened out paths on every side."[1]

Montmelian being proof against an attack in front, the Imperialists could expel Borwick therefrom only by working through the Bauges mountains into the plain of Chambéry. Accordingly, their detachments pushed to Faverges and the Lake of Annecy. But the staunch bearing of the French

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 54.

brought them to a halt in that direction. Ashamed of standing still, and anxious to support Mercy, who had invaded Upper Alsace, all their cavalry moved towards the Rhone. From Mercy's undertaking they expected much; if it succeeded they would winter in Savoy; and having established communication with the Imperial forces in Franche-Comté and Alsace, be ready to enter France in the coming spring.

Six thousand confederates, then, after capturing the old Castle of Annecy, marched to the Rhone. But Berwick was on the alert. He added infantry to Prades' dragoons, who had fallen back to Seyssel. He called up the neighbouring militia; placed eight companies of grenadiers at Chanaz within hail of De Prades; another grenadier detachment held Bourget. Lieutenant-General De Cilly, an excellent officer whom the Marshal loved, occupied Chambéry with a few battalions and sixteen squadrons: "De cette manière, je me présentai de partout." The Rhone and the Isere were covered. The Austrian was baffled. He dared not reduce his power at Conflans, lest the French be tempted to dash at a station so strategically important that, without its shelter, the confederates might retreat into Piedmont only by the roundabout way of Switzerland.

Up to this time all was quiet on the side of Dauphiny and Provence. The English fleet had sailed for Barcelona. Rehbender's men seemed asleep at Exilles. But, on the 27th of August, that officer dreaming of an "action d'éclat" advanced to Oulx, and the next day proceeded to levy contributions at La Vachette, about two miles from Briançon. Apprised that Rehbender was descending Mont Genevre, Dillon hastened to La Vachette with two battalions and seven grenadier companies. He disposed the men thus: the little detachment holding a loop-holed house outside the village was reinforced; two companies of grenadiers mounted guard on the bridge over the Durance, which river intersects La Vachette; the rest of the grenadiers lurked right and left of the bridge. The two battalions were ensconced behind the village. Ere long the enemy beset the entrenched house.

Three assaults did its defenders beat back. Then Dillon with all his people, save those watching the bridge, burst fiercely forth. The foe drew back astonished. The French bounded on; and smiting hard the while, hunted the Piedmontese into gorges of Mont Genevre. Rehbender left behind twenty-five officers and 600 men killed and wounded. "He showed not his nose during the remainder of the campaign."

Soon came intelligence that Mercy had been completely defeated by the Comte du Bourg at Rumersheim. In the Austrian general's baggage were found letters, explaining how the confederate troops from the Rhine and the Rhone should unite in Franche-Comté; how the citadel of Besançon ought to be attacked.

Mercy's misfortune caused Daun's withdrawal to Piedmont. At the end of September, his troops retired partly by the Little St. Bernard, partly by Mont Cenis. At the same time, Berwick closed up on Briançon, where his men stood at ease, till the setting in of bad weather permitted them to take up winter quarters without risk to the frontier. He wrote to Louis: "I consider the campaign over. We have brought to nought, thank God, the grand designs of the allies. Such is the happy position in which we stand that, as long as the war lasts, your Majesty may rest assured the enemy will affect nothing against this frontier. Savoy alone has suffered from the hostilities. She has been eaten up by both armies. The Germans have perpetrated frightful disorders there, but I can report the fair behaviour of your own army."[1]

In the preceding year, we saw the Duke of Berwick singularly ill placed, and without an exploit worthy of his name. In the present campaign, he was himself again. With unpaid, half-starved, and sometimes insubordinate soldiers, he maintained the Alpine frontier of France against superior forces led by an approved general. He showed himself master of defensive operations, a kind of warfare that entirely depends on the sagacity of the officer who conducts it.[2] Marmont tells us: "L'instruction est dans l'étude des campagnes les plus

[1] "Pelet," ix. 202.

[2] "Mém. de Feuquière," ii. 2.

mémorables. . L'enseignement dogmatique s'appuie sur des faits." Precisely so; and it is possible that a young officer may derive more profit from a study of Berwick's skilful dispositions in Savoy and Dauphiny than from some of the "special ideas" promulgated in modern camps.

XIII.

MALPLAQUET.

1709.

IN the act of removing his head-quarters from Briançon to Grenoble, the Duke of Berwick received a letter from Voisin directing him to join Boufflers in Flanders. He therefore travelled post haste to Versailles, where he had an interview of three hours' duration with the King. Just a glimpse of the duchess and children at St. Germain, and he started for Belgium.

To explain this rapid change of scene, we must refer to the proceedings of Maréchal de Villars. Notwithstanding an almost empty military chest, about 80,000 French assembled in the plain of Lens, early in June. Recognizing the impossibility of retaking Lille, even of hindering the sieges of Ypres and Mons, Villars resolved to leave the latter places to their own resources; but to prevent the enemy penetrating into Artois, or, by the capture of Aire, menacing Picardy and the Boulonnais, he proposed to draw a line from near Douai to the Upper Lys hard by St. Venant. On the other hand, Marlborough and Eugene met at Lille; and before the end of the month 120,000 confederates, the largest army seen for a century in Flanders, mustered between Courtrai and Menin. Now, Villars poured his infantry into the entrenched camp already prepared, the right of which rested on the morass of Hulluch, the left on that of Cuincy, near Cambrin. The cavalry under

the Chevalier de Luxembourg were stationed about Douai, where forage abounded, and whence they might join the infantry in the space of five hours.

The hungry rank and file finding themselves well posted, acquired confidence; the arrival of money calmed the fears of those who had prognosticated absolute destitution; one feeling animated the host, a longing to draw blood.

But the deep ditches, the flanking bogs, the heavily-armed redoubts, the artfully-set abatis, blunting Marlborough's appetite for attack, he decided to lay siege to the fortress of Tournai. To deceive Villars, he manœuvred with consummate skill. Demonstrations were made against the French lines. Eugene threatened the works near La Bassée. Marlborough, passing the Marcq, hovered between Douai and Orchies. Villars, perplexed by the stir, continued to strengthen his lines. On a sudden, in the night of the 27th, the allies struck their several camps, and, converging upon Tournai, swiftly invested it. With such judgment was the operation carried out that Villars, attending closely to the dangerous ground between Bethune and St. Venant, had not time to reinforce the garrison of the beleaguered city. Though its defences were in fair condition, the citadel one of Vauban's best, and ammunition plentiful, there was scant supply of victuals; and, writes Marlborough to his duchess, "they (French) have not half the troops in the town they should have to defend themselves well, which makes us hope it will not cost us dear."

Impetuous as Villars was, the exceeding difficulty of feeding the men,[1] and the imperative necessity of covering the frontier, pinned him to the lines. Still, he sent out detachments which harassed the enemy on the Lys. General d'Artagnan took by *coup de main* the capital post of Warneton —whence the allies might have disquieted Ypres, Aire, St. Venant, or Bethune—and, before it could be succoured, razed

[1] Respecting the suffering from want of mere food, the Marshal writes: "Tous les officiers de la garnison de St. Venant m'ont demandé en grâce de leur donner du pain, et cela avec modestie, disant; nous vous demandons du pain, parce qu'il en faut pour vivre; du reste nous nous passerons d'habits et de chemises."—*Mém. de Villars*, ii. 260.

the entrenchments, ripped up the palisades, and carried off the corn which it contained.

Though a distinguished officer, Surville was not of a stature to defend Tournai. Besides, his soldiers were only 6,000, and the inhabitants disaffected through famine. The resistance was languid. After twenty-one days of open trenches, the commandant surrendered the town, and retired into the citadel with nearly 4,000 effectives. Vigorously attacked on the night of the 29-30th of July, it capitulated, owing to want of food. "Thus," remarks Feuquière, "the finest citadel in Europe which, being counter-mined throughout the glacis, ought to have held out for at least four months, if the defenders had had wherewithal to eat, was lost to the King at the end of thirty days, because bread lacked. Grievous blunder of the Minister of War; yet a share of the blame attaches to Surville for neglecting to ascertain the quantity of flour stored privately, in addition to that which was the property of the State."[1]

This siege is chiefly remarkable for subterranean warfare. The confederate sappers often broke in upon the French miners. In the darkness and disorder, there was no distinguishing friend from foe. Comrade slew comrade. Stout veterans quailed; for none of human kind care to enter the mine primed for explosion. Sometimes the soldiers were drowned by flooding; sometimes smoke suffocated them. Occasionally a battalion was blown into the air; heads and arms, trunks and legs, flung hither and thither in ghastly farrago. Trained sappers being scarce in the allied camp, the rank and file were made to toil underground. Many of these, mighty in the open field, took so reluctantly to their novel duties, that Marlborough and Eugene had to visit the trenches, not only to cheer with glowing words the men de-

[1] Villars was very angry with Surville. In his last letter, before the capitulation, he wrote to the Governor: "Avez-vous oublié l'ordre que je vous avois donné de faire sortir le peuple, si cela vous étoit nécessaire pour assurer du pain? Que n'avez-vous transporté dans la citadelle tous les fourrages qui vous restoient et gardé les chevaux qui vous auroient servi à vivre, au lieu de les renvoyer en rendant la ville."—*Mém. de Villars*, ii. 286.

tailed for the sap, but to enliven their courage with golden promises.

Whilst Villars, weakened by the fall of Tournai, was expecting to be attacked, "there came," he tells us, "a succour very useful in the circumstances of the case, even Maréchal de Boufflers, a brave man and excellent counsellor, a good patriot warmly attached to the King, a firm friend, too, who had always defended me against carping courtiers; as he was my senior officer, I offered him the command of the army. The fine old soldier would not hear of it. He refused to share the command with me; he would serve as a simple volunteer." And Villars wrote to the King: "J'avoue, Sire, que j'ai été ravi de voir un homme de son âge, avec toutes les dignités et les bontés de votre Majesté, qui honorent bien plus que les dignités, venir volontaire."

Tournai's citadel in their grasp, the confederate generals determined on the siege of Mons. The Prince of Hesse was therefore detached to seize the lines of La Trouille, and invest the capital of Hainault. Simultaneously, Marlborough decamped from Orchies, and, to conceal his real purpose, made a feint against the French lines to the westward. But he speedily crossed the Scheldt. Villars, now confident that either Mons or Charleroi must be the allies' aim, also passed the Scheldt at Valenciennes, and on the evening of the 5th of September, lay at Quievrain. This motion boding interference with the operations against Mons, Marlborough designed to close all the avenues leading to that place. His army, passing La Trouille (the lines of which the Chevalier de Luxembourg had abandoned), pitched tents at Quaregnon and Bettignies.

The impossibility of procuring supplies at Valenciennes and Condé caused Villars to lose a few days, during which the left wing of the army, under D'Artagnan, fell into line. The 8th was spent in affording these men repose after their long march, and in distributing "a little bread." Towards night, the baggage was sent to the rear. Then, the army, about 70,000 strong, marched off by its right, and at 9 o'clock next morning halted opposite the gap (*trouée*) of Malplaquet.

Speedily the right of the first line rested on the wood

of Lanière, the left on the wood of Taisnière. The centre formed across the great *trouée* (nearly half a league wide) between the two woods. Hedges, ditches, and occasional entrenchments covered the right; the greater part of the left, posted in the wood of Sars, was defended with abatis. In front of the centre were entrenchments pierced with openings for cavalry to pass to the attack. The hamlet of Malplaquet, in rear of the right, was garnished with artillery and infantry. Eighty pieces of cannon were conveniently planted by St. Hilaire upon elevated ground. The horse drew up in the plain behind the woods of Sars and Jansart.[1] Several battalions, belonging to the second line of infantry, stood in the centre of the second line of cavalry. "C'étoit," writes Dumont, "tout ensemble une espèce de gueule infernale, une gouffre de feu, de soufre, et de salpêtre, d'où il ne semblait pas qu'on pût approcher sans perir."[2] It was arranged that Boufflers should command the right, the left being under Villars. The concord of the chiefs bred confidence in the soldiery. "Je ne passe pas devant les soldats," writes the jovial Marshal, "qu'ils ne me parlent avec une fierté bien agréable pour celui qui a l'honneur de les commander." In the night of the 10th—11th, the troops bivouacked in the field; the colours of the hostile armies being a pistol-shot only from each other. In the early morning a thick fog concealed the motions of the Allies, but it cleared away about seven o'clock, and the eager French discovered 90,000 foes sustained by 120 guns. An hour later a salvo from fifty confederate cannon gave the signal for onset. The French left wing was attacked by Schulemburg's and Lottum's divisions. They were gallantly repulsed by five brigades under Albergotti; but General Withers, with fifteen English battalions, having turned the position by traversing a bog which had been considered impracticable, Guébriant's infantry, after a stiff contest, were forced out of the wood of Sars upon their second line of defence.

[1] Sars and Jansart were, in fact, portions of the great wood of Taisnière.
[2] "Histoire Militaire du Prince Eugène," i. 85.

The assault upon the French right, which took effect a little later, was of a bloodier sort. The Prince of Nassau-Frieseland, more fiery than judicious, hoped to win the Stadtholderate of Holland by a feat of arms; therefore he ventured, without reference to his superior officer, Count Tilly, to hurl the Dutch corps upon Boufflers' soldiers, whom a triple line of entrenchments covered. Thirty-six seasoned battalions carried the two outer lines with a rush; but at the third entrenchment they were stopped, shattered by a storm of grape, and then driven at the bayonet's point beyond the place of their departure. Five of their generals weltered on the ground. But the Prince, "with the colours of the regiment de Mey in his hand," rallied the scourged troops, and led them once more to the charge. The result was calamitous. Most of the famous Blue Guards were struck down. Nassau was routed, losing standards and a few guns in the flight. By overstepping orders, the hair-brained prince had brought a severe check upon his friends; Marlborough having intended to amuse this side with artillery fire, whilst he launched a prodigious mass against the weaker position of Sars.

In the midst of the carnage Villars perceived the recoil of his left wing. Drawing the Irish Brigade, and the regiment Champagne from the centre, he hastened to Guébriant's support. But in attacking the enemy who, already clustered in the thickets to the left of the *trouée*, were about to smite his left-centre, the Marshal was wounded in the knee; and, after vainly striving to sit his horse, was borne fainting from the field.

Marlborough, master of the wood of Blangies,[1] made fresh and vehement attempts against the French right and centre; the latter of which had been enfeebled for the sake of fortifying the left; and by some strange neglect the void thus created in the first line, had not been filled up by men of the second line. At the outset the Englishman's efforts were blessed; but a few French regiments, "doubling up," refreshed the fight, and gave their shaken comrades time to breathe. Yet the loss of Villars was irreparable. No general busied himself to

[1] A portion of the Lanière wood.

replenish the thinly-manned centre. Masses upon masses assailed it. The entrenchments were forced at last; under the cover of artillery and musketry fire, the Prince d'Auvergne's squadrons penetrated. Then up rode Boufflers with the Maison du Roi, in whose flashing ranks James III. of England drew his sword. Though suffering terribly from round shot and the bullets of Lord Orkney's grenadiers, who now lined the entrenchments, the French guardsmen repulsed D'Auvergne's troopers. Swiftly the old soldiers re-formed in rear of the Confederate battalions thickening in the centre. Eugene came up with fresh British and German horse. The right flank of the galled French was struck hard. Boufflers was pushed back. The communication between the French wings being now broken, and the left dislodged, the retreat was sounded. In excellent order, with the loss of a few dismounted guns, the French retired in two bodies about 3 o'clock, p.m. The left wing marched by Quievrain towards Valenciennes, the right by Bavay to Le Quesnoy.

Such, in brief, was Malplaquet, the bloodiest and most obstinately contested engagement of the war. On the side of the allies it is admitted that 20,000 men fell, more than 8,000 of whom were Dutch.[1] So Holland lost about one-half of her contingent. The French casualties could not have been short of 12,000 killed and wounded.

The valour displayed on both sides has never been surpassed. Among the allies, the Dutch were as usual conspicuous for their courage and solidity. In the French host, every man, from the Chevalier de St. Georges to the meanest fellow in the ranks, fought with superb hardihood. "The Irish brigade," says De Quincy, "overthrew everything that came in its way;" and the French soldier—"qui n'aime rien tant que sa gaieté, et se console de la perte d'une bataille à chanter le général"—composed a song which soon became in vogue throughout the land: "Marlbroug s'en va-t'en guerre."[2]

[1] Dumont writes:—"The second and third battalions of the Dutch guards, which consisted of 1,200 men, were reduced to less than 500, and out of ten captains they had eight killed on the spot. The company of cadets was so maltreated that only three escaped without wounds."

[2] It is generally believed that this song was a result of Malplaquet,

The extraordinary fortitude displayed by Frenchmen at Malplaquet, after a long series of defeats, tends to disprove the prevalent notion that they are soon discouraged, and will not fight steadily unless their first efforts are successful. In fact, the war in the Peninsula and the war of the Spanish Succession testify that the French are always extremely formidable, provided they have confidence in their chiefs. Very intelligent by nature, they are apt to be censorious. When they discover a Villeroy, when in a grave conjuncture mere courtiers lead them to the slaughter, they may now and then too readily despair. The "esprit frondeur" endangers discipline, and when discipline—"l'ame de tout le genre militaire"—is relaxed, stubborn bravery cannot exist.

Several contemporary writers impugn the French tactics. Villars himself asserts that if the officer commanding the infantry of the right had issued from the entrenchments, as some of his comrades advised, and struck the flank of the column assailing the centre—"la bataille était gagnée. C'a été un grand malheur, comme je le mandois au roi, que Messieurs de Chemerault et de Pallavicini aient été tués dans le temps que Albergotti et moi avons été mis hors de combat, car nous aurions executé sur le centre des ennemis ce que notre droite n'osa tenter."[1] The Chevalier Folard, an eye-witness, confirms this view. He relates that when the centre was first attacked, the French soldiers—"s'ennuyant derrière le retranchment d'une defensive si fort opposée à leur humeur"—burst from covert, and beat back the assailants; but the general in command not supporting those gallant men, and the reinforced enemy rallying, the entrenchments were ultimately

but M. Nisard informs us—"Un des plus remarquables exemples de chansons (des soldats) est celle de Marlborough. Faite en premier lieu par des soldats huguenots, à l'occasion de la mort du duc de Guise, qu'assassina Poltron en 1563, elle se conserva dans nos armées, et selon toute apparence elle y était chantée avec des variantes toutes les fois qu'il venait à mourir quelque général d'importance.—On avait peut-être perdu l'habitude de la chanter lorsqu'en 1781, soixante ans après la mort de Marlborough, Madame Poitrine nourrice du Dauphin, la chanta, en allaitant son nourrisson."—*Chansons Populaires*, i. 276.

[1] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 296.

carried. He is also of opinion that "Maréchal de Boufflers, deceived by ill-informed persons, ordered the retreat too soon, inasmuch as there were twenty battalions that had not charged, and eighteen regiments of dragoons, completely forgotten from the beginning to the end of the battle. These troops, properly handled, might yet have turned the scale in our favour, for the victory depended upon regaining what had just been lost in the *trouée*."

Feuquiere, "un auteur celébre, dont les réflexions judicieuses sont infiniment instructives pour le militaire," blames Villars because, on the 9th, he advanced not through the *trouée* upon the enemy. Had he been well informed concerning the situation of the confederates, he might then have encountered them with advantage, for not till the next day were they joined by the corps left near Tournai. The Marshal is also reproached for having extended his left too far, for having insufficiently reconnoitred the ground, and for relying over-much on the copses and abatis. Maurice, Comte de Saxe, who served under Marlborough at Malplaquet, remarks: "If instead of placing the French troops in bad entrenchments, Villars had laid abatis across the *trouée*, and constructed therein three, or even more, redoubts, I believe matters would have turned out very differently—'C'est le propre de la nation française d'attaquer.' The most splendid results may be obtained from the impetuosity of the troops; but to place them behind entrenchments, 'c'est les faire battre, ou au moins leur ôter les moyens de vaincre.'"[1]

The allies, on the other hand, censured their generals for having wasted time in deliberating whether they should fight or no, thus enabling Villars to fortify his position and obtain reinforcements. The Dutch, exasperated against Marlborough for not sustaining Nassau's untimely onslaught, attributed their terrible loss to his neglect. Brigadier Kane reflects probably the feeling prevalent in camp when he says: "Both our generals were very much blamed for throwing away so many brave men's lives, when there was no occasion for it; it

[1] "Mes Rêveries." This curious book was composed by the celebrated Count, when recovering from an attack of fever.

was the only rash thing the Duke of Marlborough was ever guilty of—and this very battle gave the duke's enemies a handle to exclaim against him in saying that he was a man who delighted in war, and valued not the lives of men."

The criticisms of military events written by judicious and experienced officers are instructive. But amateur disquisitions, however ingenious, are, from want of knowledge, rarely profitable. Well said Voltaire: "Ceux qui de leur cabinet jugent ce qui se passe sur un champ de bataille, ne sont-ils pas trop habiles?"[1]

Maréchal de Berwick, summoned from Grenoble in consequence of the Commander-in-Chief's wound, joined the army at Le Quesnoy on the 18th of October. The next day, to ascertain whether or no there might be a chance of relieving Mons, he and Boufflers reconnoitred the enemy's position. But, with the right firm on the Haine, the left on the Sambre, the centre covered with woods and rivulets, its aspect was absolutely repulsive to prudent observers. Another and ever-recurring difficulty presented itself to the French, that of subsistence. It was two days' march to the confederates' ground; and the commissariat officers, far from being able to issue rations of bread forty-eight hours in advance, could not even distribute at night what was due to the troops next morning.

Debarred from ambitious projects, the Marshals simply aimed at restraining Marlborough. To this end, Berwick proceeded to Maubeuge with 50 battalions and 100 squadrons; Boufflers, with the remainder of the army, being posted between Valenciennes and Le Quesnoy. To cover the frontier from the Scheldt to the Sambre an entrenched line was begun, to the disapproval of Villars, who characteristically observes: "mon avis fut de remarcher aux ennemis à la pointe du jour." Maubeuge lying outside this work and much exposed, Berwick established a fortified camp on the right bank of the Sambre dominating the town. "In a few days, I put it into so good a condition, that I could hardly be attacked there."

[1] Coxe, "Memoirs of Marlborough," v. ch. 82; Lediard, "Life of Marlborough," ii. 486; Quincy, "Histoire Militaire," vi. 192; Pelet, "Campagne de Flandre," ix.; Dumont, "L'Histoire du Prince Eugène," i. 85.

All this while, the allies hotly besieged Mons. Notwithstanding a strenuous resistance, they were prepared on the 18th of October to assault the ravelin of the Havré gate. There being no chance of succour, General de Grimaldi beat the chamade, and obtained all the honours of war. The place itself was of a sort to stand a three months' siege; but it was nearly bare of food and ammunition, besides being so poorly garrisoned that Villars terms it: "l'hôpital de mon armée." Thus, the campaign ended. The troops went into winter quarters; Berwick returned to Court life and family felicity.

Having seen how the Alpine frontier of France was defended; how her honour was redeemed in the glorious defeat of Malplaquet; how Du Bourg's victory over Mercy frustrated invasion through Franche-Comté, it only remains to consider Spain. The conditions of peace which the allies attempted to force upon Louis XIV. excited the patriotism of the Spaniards. In their resolution to resist foreign dictation, they were encouraged by the revived spirit of the young King, who vowed that neither his grandfather nor the Austrians should deprive him of the crown before he had stained Castilian soil with his blood. He gratified, too, all ranks of his subjects by discharging the French counsellors, and entrusting the administration to native hands. Never before were the people so united in support of the Bourbon prince. Soldiers enlisted eagerly; grandees contributed plate and money; the clergy tendered the treasures of the Church, and inveighed with scathing effect against the Archduke, as the candidate of heretics and the tool of rebels. But though the enthusiasm profited the army, the military operations were of little consequence. In Catalonia the confederates, reinforced by British and Austrian troops, were still inferior to the Spaniards. But Aguilar, who headed the soldiers of Castile, and Besons, who led the French contingent, quarrelled with one another, instead of engaging the enemy. So Staremberg, passing the Segre, invested Balaguer in their presence; and, before the two chiefs could make up their minds to attack him, the fortress surrendered with a garrison of three battalions.

Indignant Philip hurried to the camp. Unfortunately, he was not of a temper to impose obedience on

> "Two turbulent spirits unfit for discipline,
> Much less command in war."

He could only grieve over the nakedness of the land, the insufficiency of the commissariat, the formidable posture of the foe. He had sense enough to perceive how useless he was; and handing over the command to Prince de Tzerclaes, went back to Madrid with a heavy heart.

The Duc de Noailles, however, was of a different complexion from Maréchal de Besons. That brilliant young officer, crossing the northern border of Catalonia, captured Figueras, and surprised an Austrian column under the walls of Gerona. He dispersed the men, made the brigadier prisoner, and returned spoil-laden to Roussillon. On the Portuguese frontier, De Bay led the Spaniards; the English and Portuguese being severally commanded by the Earl of Galway and the Marqués de Frontiera. On the 7th of May, the Caya only separated the antagonists. Contrary to Galway's advice, Frontiera insisted upon fighting. The Anglo-Portuguese, therefore, passed the river and from five pieces opened fire upon the Castilians. No sooner, however, did De Bay advance with the Spanish squadrons, than the right wing of the Portuguese cavalry scampered "without firing one shot." Then, the Spaniards, seizing the guns, turned them against Frontiera's infantry, which, after repulsing three charges of horse, withdrew towards Campo Mayor. Galway covered the retreat with Barrymore's and Stanwick's Englishmen, and his own Spanish regiment. These troops behaved well; but the Portuguese dragoons of the left—vile as their brethren of the right wing—lending no assistance, the brave battalions were surrounded and compelled to lay down their arms. Despite this misfortune, the remainder of the British foot, under the gallant Marquis de Montandre, stood their ground so stanchly that they secured the escape of the Portuguese brigade, and ultimately reached Elvas in fair order, but with the loss of 150 men killed. Galway, who had a horse shot under him, nar-

rowly avoided capture; but Major-General Sanky, Brigadiers Lord Barrymore and Pierce, Lord Henry Paulet, Galway's aide-de-camp, the Conde de San Juan, and many other officers of rank were taken. Unhappy Ruvigny! recreant friends are thy worst foes. As the Portuguese ran away at Almansa, so did they again forsake thee at La Gudina.

In the north of Europe a memorable event occurred. Charles XII., after wintering in Russia, invaded the Ukraine, and in July encountered a far superior army of Muscovites at Pultowa. The Swedes were utterly defeated. More than 16,000 superb soldiers yielded themselves prisoners of war. The heroic King had to ride for his very life, and seek refuge in Turkey. Augustus, whom he had driven out of Poland, returned jubilant to Warsaw; and Stanislas, whom he patronized, fled discrowned into Pomerania.

XIV.

FLANDERS AND DAUPHINY.

1710.

"NOUS étions en l'âge d'or des bâtards." Having no sympathy with authors who speak smooth things only of their heroes, I place before the reader St. Simon's account of Berwick's promotion to a French dukedom and peerage:[1] "Berwick 'qui vouloit tout accumuler sur sa tête et le partager à ses enfants' wanted a year ago to be made duke and peer. In the present May, considering himself indispensable, he again urged his suit; and this time he was successful. His first duchess left an only son,[2] but by his second wife he had several children. 'Il étoit sur l'Angleterre comme les juifs qui attendent toujours le Messie.' He flattered himself that a counter-revolution, recalling the Stuarts, would reinstate him in his English honours. He therefore proposed—'et on eut la honteuse foiblesse de la lui accorder'—the formal exclusion of the eldest son from the French peerage, the patent of which should include all the issue male of the second marriage. His design was to demise the title of Berwick and its domains to his first-born, to make his second son duke and peer of France, whilst the third became a grandee of Spain. 'Trois fils héréditairement élevés aux trois premières dignités

[1] "Duc et pair" was a nobleman who, by special grant, possessed the double title. A peer, *i.e.*, the owner of an estate which had been elevated into a "pairie," had the right of sitting in the Parliament of Paris.—LITTRÉ.

[2] See "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," 385, 407.

des trois premières royaumes de l'Europe, il faut convenir que ce n'étoit pas mal cheminer à quarante ans avec tout ce qu'il avoit d'ailleurs—mais l'Angleterre lui manqua.' Hence, the child of beautiful Honoria de Burgh having nothing to expect in France, was fain to fall back on a Spanish grandeza; and no little scandal was the result of the King's acquiescence in an arrangement which, limiting the rightful heir to the slender hope of English dignities, intruded a cadet into a splendid French inheritance; 'mais le temps des monstres étoit arrivé.'

"Having purchased Warties, 'mediocre terre,' near Clermont in the Beauvoisis, the Marshal created it a duchy under the barbarous and shameful title of Fitzjames.[1] Even the complaisant King was shocked with this name, and in my hearing asked Berwick what it meant. He answered, without embarrassment, 'Les fils de Jacques.' On ne saurait s'empêcher de rire du ridicule de ce nom s'il se portait en français, ni de s'étonner du scandale de l'imposer en Anglais en France. The Parliament either dared not, or deigned not to remonstrate, and the transaction was registered without any question respecting the appellation of the duchy, or the conditions of the settlement."[2]

Anne, Duchess of Berwick, had the credit of the whole contrivance, and overmuch submission to her maternal instincts is said to have been a flaw in the Marshal's character. And yet, convinced (as St. Simon acknowledges) that the English honours would be restored, might not the Duke have honestly considered his eldest son the natural heir to them? Be this as it may, away with hypocrisy; there is no denying that the best of us are but poor creatures in the hands of a woman like "la belle Nanette;"

> "Soon could I make my brow to tyrannize,
> And force the world do homage to mine eyes."

No material changes were made in the French armies this year. As warfare always began late in the Alps, the King, at

[1] The Château de Fitzjames no longer belongs to the duke's descendants. Only last year (1881) the Duc de Fitzjames sold it to Monsieur Stern, a banker of Paris.

[2] "Mém. de St. Simon," viii. 347.

the instance of the wounded Villars, sent Berwick to Flanders, to confer about the relief of Douai, now invested by the allies. Maréchal de Montesquiou (hitherto known as Comte d'Artagnan), who commanded on the frontier during the winter, might have prevented the siege, Berwick thinks, by intrenching under Douai.[1] Montesquiou, however, was inert. On the 20th of April, before he knew that the allies had assembled at Tournai, Marlborough and Eugene were marching on the canal between Douai and Lille. The next day, the lines were pierced at Pont-à-Vendin and Pont-à-Sault; 9,000 French infantry were surprised; many officers (the servants being away "new forage to provide") lost their horses, and Montesquiou retreated precipitately to Cambrai.

Now, early in the month of March, Voisin had proposed that Berwick should take charge of the army of Flanders, until Villars's health was equal to the task; and the former general assented, provided he might go to the front immediately, for he wished to choose his post and to collect the troops at the first motion of the enemy. "I felt sure," he says, "that with these precautions it was feasible to guarantee Douai, as well as the other fortresses from thence to the Sambre; but, I also maintained that the allies, once established at Douai, it would be next to impossible to secure any of those cities—"attendu que ces grosses armées barrent tout un pays." However, the Marshal heard nothing more about the matter, which dropped, he conjectures, partly because Villars objected to a proxy, partly because the Court fancied Marlborough could not stir before June.

The peril of Douai, which, from its fine situation on the Scarpe, might serve as a place of arms for the invasion of France, hurried the still hobbling Villars out of Paris. On the 19th of May he arrived at Cambrai, where he was joined by the Chevalier de St. Georges, the Bavarian general, D'Arco, and Maréchal de Berwick. The army consisted of 155 battalions and 262 squadrons; but sickness and desertion during

[1] Villars thought otherwise: "Les camps retranchés sous les places amollissent tellement les armées, qu'on n'ose plus se montrer. Je ne les approuve point."—*Mémoires*, ii. 302.

the winter had reduced the former to about 350 rank and file apiece, the latter to 105 troopers each.[1] Villars remarked the discouragement and extreme leanness of the men, the result of bad food, "which indeed had destroyed a great many of them." He strove, therefore, to restore "la gaieté qui est l'ame de la nation." He tells us: "I spoke as a man without fear, and on the night before we advanced toward Douai (whose siege I had little hope of raising) I gave a ball."

On the 24th, the army began to manœuvre, although it was ill supplied with rations, and in such need of draught that the staff officers were obliged to harness their extra horses to the guns. Villars, passing the Scheldt below Bouchain, feigned to encamp on the road from Douai to Valenciennes. This movement set the confederates to work on their lines; but, while they were thus obstructing the way to the defiant city, the French Marshal, suddenly marching by his left to Arras, threw eight bridges over the Scarpe, and on the 29th crossed that river unopposed. Prince Eugene, who had betted Marlborough 1,000 guineas that the French would not pass the Scarpe, lost the wager.

The allies were awake; quickly taking ground to their right, they connected with an entrenchment the redans already constructed, and planted batteries along the front, which extended for six miles—from Vitry to Montigny marshes. Consequently, when the French advanced in order of battle into the plain of Lens, their chiefs unanimously agreed that, without extreme risk to the royal forces, it would be impossible to dislodge 120,000 men, superior in artillery and thoroughly ensconced.[2]

Nevertheless, Villars and Berwick, desirous "à mettre la grippe" (as the soldiers expressed it), seized the sluices of Biache, which, by a trench, turned the waters of the Scarpe into the Censée. They hoped that, the Vitry dam yielding to the sudden pressure of the flood, the enemy's bridges, lower

[1] It is impossible to ascertain the exact numbers of the hostile armies. The French being incomplete, probably mustered about 90,000; the allies (172 battalions and 280 squadrons), over 100,000 effectives.

[2] The numbers given by Rousset.—*Histoire du Prince Eugene.*

down the river, might be carried away. In that case, the French, by a night march, would contrive to assail the confederate quarters on the other side of the Scarpe: thus, perhaps, might Douai be relieved. But the dam stood the shock. The water set free only increased the inundations which, spreading from Vitry to Ambrain, hindered approach by the eastern bank of the Scarpe, to the lines of circumvallation.[1]

For four days the armies stood at gaze, and interviews of a courteous kind often took place between the opponents. One morning, when Villars was inspecting the lately-captured post of Biache, the Prince of Hesse stepped forward and paid him a pretty compliment upon "the little success." Quoth the German: "Je ne puis regarder comme un malheur la perte que nous venons de faire, puisqu'elle me procure l'avantage de voir un général dont j'estime si fort le mérite." This manly politeness contrasts pleasantly with the coarse invectives which too many officers level at their adversaries.

Here the splendid fanfaron De Villars notices a subject much misapprehended by those who are without actual knowledge of war. "On dit toujours que tout le monde est brave; et vous ne sauriez imaginer, quand ce vient au fait, et en prendre, le peu que l'on trouve de certains courages qui veulent bien marcher à la tête de tout. Autre chose est d'envoyer les troupes à l'ennemi, ou de les mener soi-même bien fièrement et le premier." Quite so. "Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, that has the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the shape of his dagger," sometimes proves a backward swordsman in the bloody field. When knocks are hot, many a man feels as did Nym's boy: "Would I were in an ale-house in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety."

Again, how few of those newspaper readers, "who are perfect in the great commanders' names, and will tell you by rote where services were done, at such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy," ever cast a thought on the wasted harvests and smoking ruins which compose the scene of their heroes'

[1] "Journal de Dangeau," xiii. 181.*

exploits. With warriors of true distinction it is otherwise. In front of Villars, thus did Marlborough write to the duchess: "It is impossible without seeing it to be sensible of the misery of this country; at least one-half of the people of the villages, since the beginning of last winter, are dead, and the rest look as if they had come out of their graves. It is so mortifying, that no Christian can see it but must, with all his heart, wish for a speedy peace."[1]

Ammunition and subsistence failing, Albergotti must soon yield Douai. The allies, bent on the fortress, were not to be tempted into the plain; so the French chief judged it time to cover Arras and Cambrai. Repassing the Scarpe on the 17th of June, he took post between those places; and, a battle being unlikely at present, the King ordered Maréchal de Berwick to repair to Dauphiny. "Nous vécûmes," writes Villars, "très bien ensemble, comme je l'avois promis à Sa Majesté, quoique nous fussions quelquefois d'avis differens." Naturally; the genius of Villars being fiery attack, the faculty of Berwick, stubborn and methodical defence.

Leaving the Marshal on the road, we turn to the diplomatists. Louis XIV., after secretly feeling the Dutch pulse in the winter, sent Maréchal d'Huxelles and the Abbé de Polignac to Gertruidenborg in the spring to treat for peace. The cession of the Spanish monarchy presented a *vexata quæstio* of enormous difficulty. To induce Philip to renounce the crown, the French plenipotentiaries reverted to the old idea of a partition; and in the event of his grandson rejecting such a compromise, their master pledged himself to withhold assistance of every kind, and to prevent French subjects from entering the Spanish service. He also proposed, as a gauge of his sincerity, to put four strong places in the hands of the Dutch. But the demands of last year no longer satisfied the confederates. With unctuous talk about the blessings of peace, their opposition to peace grew daily more strenuous. The ampler the concessions of the Bourbon, the higher rose the pretensions of his foes; 3 to 1 was commonly betted at the Hague against a pacific result of the conference. In fact, the English, Dutch,

[1] Coxe, Marlborough, v. 198.

and Austrians were resolved that the Spanish King should be dethroned by his grandfather. This notion, which Prince Eugene had lately stigmatized as an artifice coined by France to delude the public, was gravely announced to be the sole basis on which a treaty could be discussed. Still Louis, weighed down with years and misfortunes, persevered. He authorized his envoys to declare that, should Philip refuse to accept the sovereignty of Sicily and Sardinia in lieu of the Spanish dominions, he would help the Imperialists with large monthly subsidies to force the Archduke Charles upon the Castilians. It was all to no purpose. The allies were inexorable. Singly, with his own sword and his own money, the Grand Monarch must beat Philip out of Spain. Of course negotiations were broken off; and Swift very pertinently inquired: "Did those who insisted on such wild demands ever intend a peace?"

But if peace was of vital necessity to France, war had become odious in England. Onerous taxation alienated the affections of the "landed men" from the Whig Ministry; the ill-humour being not a little increased by the difficulty of procuring French wine.[1] The Queen, whose antipathy to the Whigs dated from childhood, believed "her darling phantom," the Church, in danger. The covetousness of Marlborough and the insolence of his duchess disgusted her. The new favourite, Mrs. Masham (the needy cousin, "Abigail Earwig," whom the once omnipotent Sarah "had raised out of the dust"), slily aided Harley to undermine the Administration. Pinched by hard times, the populace lately athirst for blood were in full cry for peace. They longed for riot, and the folly of a very shrewd man gave them the opportunity they wanted. A High

[1] "Mr. Portman Seymour, who was a jovial companion and indulged his appetites, but otherwise a good man; General Churchill, a man of courage but a lover of wine; Mr. Pereira, a Jew and smell-feast, and other hard drinkers, declared that the want of French wines was not to be endured, and that they could hardly bear up under so great a calamity. These were joined by Dr. Aldridge, who, though nicknamed the 'Priest of Bacchus,' was otherwise an excellent man; Dr. Ratcliffe, a physician of great reputation, who ascribed the cause of all diseases to the want of French wines."—CUNNINGHAM: *History of Great Britain*, ii. 220.

Church clergyman, Dr. Sacheverell, preaching before the Lord Mayor at St. Paul's, expounded the doctrine of non-resistance with unseemly vehemence. The Ministers, instigated by Godolphin,[1] disregarded the remonstrances of Lord Somers, and resolved to impeach the truculent divine. The trial was the signal for an explosion of popular passion against Whiggism and the war. When the Queen went to Westminster Hall, her sedan-chair was surrounded by people of all classes vociferating: "God bless your Majesty and the Church. We hope you are for Dr. Sacheverell." The Lords found Sacheverell guilty, but the light sentence they inflicted savoured of acquittal. Squire and rough vied with each other in rejoicing. Bonfires blazed in every county, and when the martyr, on his road to Wales, entered Shrewsbury, a cavalcade of five hundred gentlemen escorted him through the festive streets of the good old town. The commotion emboldened Anne to shake off the yoke under which she had long groaned. Sunderland, Godolphin and "Mrs. Freeman" were dismissed from their employments. One of the most turbulent elections ever known in England took place in the autumn. The Whigs were completely beaten. The Tories led by Harley and St. John came into power. The latter politician with pungent wit, afterwards twitted Sir Robert Walpole: "You had a sermon to condemn and a parson to roast; for that, I think, was the decent language of the time: and, to carry on the allegory, you roasted him at so fierce a fire that you burnt yourselves."

To return to the Duke of Berwick. After a short stay at Chambéry, he reached Briançon about the end of June, and learnt that hostile forces were assembling near Orbassano, in the plain of Piedmont; that there was also a corps in the valley of the Stura; and that, besides magazines at Susa, ammunition and victuals were being transported to Coni and Demonte. Recognizing the necessity of being able to oppose

[1] Lord Godolphin supposed himself to be reflected on under the name of "Volpone," a vile character in Ben Jonson's play, *The Fox*. Though so ill-favoured as to be nicknamed "Bacon-face," his lordship affected *bonnes fortunes*.

the enemy on the Var, without losing touch of Upper Dauphiny and Savoy, he disposed his people as follows:— Lieutenant-General d'Artagnan with six battalions and two dragoon regiments observed the Var; 4,000 infantry occupied the Tournoux camp; about 5,000 infantry were told off for head-quarters at Guillestre. Detachments of foot protected Roû-en-Quieras, Briançon, and St. Jean de Maurienne. In the Tarentaise were stationed two battalions and twenty-seven squadrons. In this posture the Marshal was armed at all points. On the right, he could either send troops to the Var (it was but five days' march from Tournoux to Broc) or dispute the Barcelonette valley. On the left, he could sustain Quieras, Briançon, or the Maurienne, should the enemy move towards Mont Genevre, or pass Mont Cenis. His chief anxiety was for Monaco. There was no preventing the siege of it, for it lay outside his line; and the configuration of the ground, in addition to exigencies elsewhere, almost precluded a relief. The Imperialists might invest the place with twenty battalions, and observe the French with fifty more, for their army comprised seventy battalions fairly complete and as many squadrons. On the other hand, the French could but muster seventy battalions and thirty-one squadrons, all told. Their battalions did not average more than 400 rank and file apiece, and desertion was rife; the soldiers rarely seeing meat, subsisted on bread, garnished with the daily sou. Not a farthing of their allowances had the officers received for many months. In vain the Marshal entreated the Court in his people's behalf. The finances hardly sufficed to nourish the war in Flanders, whither every franc was sent.

In consequence, as it was pretended, of the Duke of Savoy's sickness, but really because that voracious prince was still quarrelling with the shabby Emperor, the allies were late in the field. On the 10th of July, however, their main force was stirring near Coni; so Berwick despatched a few battalions to Colmars, and transferred his head-quarters to the Col de Vars. He was not allowed to tarry there. Rehbender, to mask his true purpose, presently advanced to Salbertrand with 7,000 foot. Another column appeared in the valley of

Aosta. Consequently, to secure Briançon and the Maurienne, the Marshal must hasten back to Guillestre.

Ten days afterwards, 20,000 Imperialists under Daun, passing the Col de l'Argentiere, entered the valley of Barcelonnette. Again Berwick quitted Guillestre, and occupied the old Château de Vars, a coign of such vantage, that there twelve battalions might defy an army to insult Dauphiny. He also reinforced the neighbouring camp at Tournoux, and placed the Chevalier de Damas with a brigade of foot and two dragoon regiments upon the summit of the Col de Vars—"pour mieux observer les ennemis."

On the 23rd, cannon boomed. It was Daun battering the Fort de l'Arche, which surrendered with its garrison of eighty men after two days' bombardment. Then encamping upon the heights of Fouillouse, the Austrian pushed forward strong detachments, covered by grenadiers, which stormed the Chastelet redoubt, and won the steeps adjacent to the Col de Vars. So Damas must descend from his eyrie, and join the Marshal below. The situation seemed grave; the enemy was now master of the head of the Barcelonnette valley; his light troops and numerous "barbets"[1] swarmed round Château-Dauphin. And yet the deployment of troops in this quarter eased the Marshal's mind respecting Nice or Monaco. After tightening his connections with Briançon and Quieras, he sent some horse and foot to Mont Dauphin; at the same time, D'Artagnan moved from the banks of the Var to Colmars, so that the communication between that district and Tournoux might be preserved.

Whilst all this countermarching employed the French right, Rehbender appeared at Mont Genevre, "pour nous donner jalousie et tâcher de nous déplacer." He was left to the care of Arthur Dillon, commandant at Briançon; and so smartly did that excellent officer's partisans harass the Piedmontese column that it was glad to fall back upon Cesanne.

As if Berwick had not enough on his hands, the Duc de

[1] Literally, long-haired dogs; historically, the shaggy smugglers of the Alpine valleys.

Roquelaure, governor of Languedoc, sent him word that 1,200 English and Dutch, landing at Cette, had pushed to Agde, and unless promptly dealt with, would probably be joined by the disaffected converts. He asked for troops. The Marshal could not spare a man. He says: "Having discovered the real intentions of the confederates, I felt sure that by stopping Daun on this frontier I might thwart their descent. The truth of the matter, as it appeared from intercepted letters and the avowal of accomplices, was as follows: the enemy counted upon getting possession of the Barcelonnette; after which, the cavalry joining from Coni, he would have crossed the Durance, and occupied Gap, his connection with Piedmont being maintained by posts at Pontis, Col de l'Echalette, Les Orres, and Parpaillon. The protestants of Dauphiny were to have assembled at Die, where many refugee officers, together with a quantity of arms, lay hid. The enterprise on Cette was designed to be simultaneous with Daun's advance to the Durance. Further, the fanatics in Dauphiny and Languedoc cutting our communications with Provence, a confederate corps would have burst into the county of Nice and besieged Antibes."[1]

Though unable directly to assist Roquelaure, Berwick despatched two companies of artillery into the Diois, and a horse regiment to Gap. These soldiers stifled disturbance thereabouts; and the entrenched camp at Tournoux being well sustained, the artifices of the Austrian general were upset. Fortunately, too, the Duc de Noailles, commanding in Roussillon, being less busy and nearer at hand than the Marshal, marched with some picked companies into Languedoc. Thus the enemy was everywhere baffled. The Huguenot, Seissan,[2] who led the Anglo-Dutch, seeing no rising, and fearful of being crushed outright, hurried aboard Admiral Norris's ships with the loss of 200 men taken prisoners.

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 66.

[2] A native of Languedoc, who had been a colonel in the French army; now "a Major-General in the King of Poland's service, he was lent to us for the expedition."—*Marlborough to Secretary Boyle, Aug.* 18, 1710.

Daun, despairing of his project, determined to fall back. But apprehensive lest the French might take advantage of his retreat to overpower Rehbender, he detached eight battalions to support that officer. This band toiling over the mountains into the vale of Château-Dauphin made Berwick nervous about the camp of Rôu-en-Queiras, where at present quartered an inferior force. The preservation of this post was vital. It formed, so to speak, "the covered-way of Briançon." The enemy once there, the French communication between Embrun and Briançon was in jeopardy. Still, the extensive camp, situated upon a plateau overlooking the Château of Quieras might be easily guarded. "Si la tête ne tournoit pas à ceux qui y commandoient," Berwick reckoned on supporting it in time. Its right stood upon a steep rock; its front edged a ravine; its left leant on a mighty Alp. From Briançon it was only five hours' march; from Guillestre about the same distance. To frustrate an adventure against so capital a point, the Marshal directed five battalions to the Col de Furfande, and ordered Dillon to furnish as many more from Briançon, whenever Rehbender stirred in the Col d'Isoire.

In the middle of August, Daun breaking up from Foulouse marched for Saluzzo. Instantly Berwick pushed to St. Paul sur l'Ubaye with 5,000 men, and reinforced the corps at Barcelonnette with two brigades from Tournoux. Thus, he was on the road to the Var, should the enemy drop into the district of Nice, over the Col di Tenda. But the Austrian chief approached Pignerol; the troops menacing Quieras joined Rehbender at Oulx; therefore the Marshal hastened back to Briançon, and resumed his original positions. The movement scarcely accomplished, before news came that the hostile troops were concentrating above Cesanne. Then two French brigades glided behind La Vachette, and a large corps strode from Barcelonnette to the camp near Briançon. Daun, having assembled fifty-five battalions, apparently contemplated grand operations; yet his wary opponent felt no disquiet. He could parry, he thought, any blow, however strong and dexterous.

The two armies were now actually face to face. But so good

was the arrangement of guards and pickets on both sides; so circumspect Berwick, so cautious Daun; that no opportunity for an effective thrust presented itself to either side. The month of September passed away in mutual watch and ward, varied with frequent chassé-croisé of detachments. Early in October the weather became stormy, and forage lacked; the confederate squadrons, therefore, began to trickle to the rear, and on the 20th Daun's army was descried in full retreat to Piedmont. The half-starved French likewise repaired to winter quarters.

So alarming was at present the situation of Spain, that Berwick received positive orders from Louis to despatch thirty-four battalions and thirty-one squadrons to Roussillon. This duty done, he bade farewell to his officers at Grenoble, and on the 31st started for St. Germain. A few days afterwards, as Dangeau relates, "he was very well received" by the King at Marly. No wonder; had he not baulked, on the Italian confines, an army more numerous and better supplied than his own? In all the intricate marching and counter-marching over mountains and through gorges, he never lost an inch of ground. He foiled the Austrian by superior skill almost without bloodshed. The Marquis de Quincy, lieutenant-general of artillery, tells us that the officers who served under Berwick pronounced his measures for the defence of the frontier a model of such operations in the future. No captain, they declared, could be more alert, exact, and vigilant than he; none ever blended courage and prudence in juster proportion, nor maintained stricter discipline among his men.[1] Now for a greater authority. Villars, so troubled with his wounded knee that he must quit the camp for Bourbonne-les-Bains, wrote to Voisin: "If his Majesty would be at ease concerning his army while I am at the waters, he should supply my place with M. de Berwick. Among his many talents for war, that Marshal perfectly understands the art 'de bien fermer un pays.' He is no doubt a very brave man, and I would be well pleased to see him at the head of one wing,

[1] "Histoire Militaire," vi. 406.

when I commanded the other. Nevertheless, I am certain that he is better suited to the defensive than to the offensive."[1]

In our eagerness to applaud the general, let us not forget the rank and file. They suffered much. They rarely ate meat; a *petit verre* was a luxury of the past. They were in rags; their shoes were worn out. The poor in spirit malingered or stole away. But what good and faithful soldiers those who stuck to the colours—those who shivered upon rocky peaks without a murmur; who marched doggedly to and fro, till they fell out to die. Though starving, always on the *qui vive*, though sick and weary never deaf to "Sentry-go." No telegrams from a grateful King, no complimentary leading articles, no strange fascination of battle warmed their blood. Without reward, save their own self-respect, they did their duty, and enabled Berwick to out-manœuvre Daun. "Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains."

[1] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 329.

XV.

STANHOPE AND VENDOME.

1710.

THE vicissitudes of the Peninsular war must now be noticed. To provide for necessities elsewhere, and to show a pacific bias, the French troops had been withdrawn from Spain. With the exception of a few Walloon regiments summoned from Flanders, Philip must rely upon native resources. However, such vigorous exertion was made, that in the spring the Marqués de Bay held the Portuguese in check, and invested Bragança; whilst Guido de Staremberg,[1] who led the confederates in Catalonia, being threatened in the north by Noailles, and on the Aragonese side by a superior power wielded by Philip, was content to protect Balaguer. At the end of May General Stanhope brought in troops and money. Soon afterwards the Archduke Charles arrived in the camp at Agramont. For the first time, the rival Princes, nursed respectively by the German, Staremberg, and the Spaniard, Villadarias, faced one another in the field. For some weeks nothing of importance occurred. The confederates, well posted

[1] This distinguished commander, being destined for the Church, was educated by the Jesuits at Gratz. But imbibing military tastes, he shouldered a musket in his cousin Rudiger's regiment. Severe and sober himself, he tolerated no licence among his subordinates. His courage was proverbial. It was said of him that, if the heavens fell, he would not change colour. Excepting Prince Eugene, he was considered the best general in the Austrian service.

and expecting reinforcements, refused an engagement. But on a sudden they crossed the Segre, and entered Aragon. Instead of meeting them, Villadarias pushed into Catalonia. Thus—curious inversion—each army was moving in the other's ground. Both operations failed; "very few deserters" joined the Austrian; Philip, in want of provisions and alarmed by Staremberg's posture in his rear, fell back on Lerida. Meantime, the 6,000 Germans so anxiously looked for having joined the Pretender, the antagonists were numerically equal, and Stanhope dictated an advance. Marching in the night of the 27th of July with a strong advance-guard of horse, that officer took post on the right bank of the Noguera. The Spaniards, told off to defend the river, instead of attacking the Englishman, drew up on high ground near the village of Almenara. In the morning, the men on both sides fell into line. Charles and Staremberg were, as usual, averse from action, but "Stanhope," writes General Carpenter, "hectored the King into compliance." There was a brilliant combat of cavalry, in which Stanhope, charging with Harvey's horse, is said to have slain the Spanish general of dragoons with his own hand. The Castilians were defeated. Philip narrowly escaped capture. Much baggage was lost. Under cover of night the broken bands hurried to Lerida.

For a while, Philip and his men seemed paralyzed; but the enemy's motion southward indicating an intention to cut them off from the central provinces, they recovered the use of their legs, and proceeded by forced marches to Zaragoza, where old Villadarias, accused of negligence, handed over the command to the Marqués de Bay, who, despite the dejection of the soldiers and the foe's superiority, determined to risk another battle. The allies having passed the Ebro, the armies were in presence on the 19th of August. Next morning, Philip and Charles reviewed their hosts and then retired out of range, whilst brave soldiers rended each other for their royal sakes.[1] The conflict was bloody. At first, the Castilians had the advantage. They beat the Portuguese off the field. But a

[1] "Philip V. du moins avait le fièvre pour excuse, et sa courage n'était pas suspect."—H. MARTIN: *L'Histoire de France*, xiv. 532.

charge of English battalions dispersed the raw levies. Terrible confusion ensued. Though the Spanish veterans under O'Mahony and José de Amazaga fought admirably in the crisis, Staremberg gained a victory which Stanhope believed "would retrieve Almansa." Having lost twenty guns, 5,000 men killed and wounded, 4,000 made prisoners, De Bay retreated at the head of 8,000 troops towards Navarre. The unfortunate King hastened to Madrid, and amid the citizens' lamentation removed the paraphernalia of government to Valladolid. The Queen and infant prince went onward to Vitoria. The warlike Charles rode into famous Zaragoza.

To human ken no hope for Philip. In his despair he cried aloud for Maréchal de Berwick, and French battalions; but the duke could not be spared from Dauphiny; and in any case, it would be long ere Frenchmen could form line with the Spaniards. But the Duc de Noailles had a plan. "Send me," he wrote, "a strong body of men, and, by invading Catalonia, I will compel the Archduke to retrace his steps." Berwick, also, deemed it his duty to give Louis the benefit of his Spanish experience. Nothing, he maintained, would better serve the Imperialist purpose than an irruption from Roussillon into Catalonia; because Staremberg, seeing the French occupied with a siege there, would have leisure to drive Philip out of Castile, and to effect a junction with the Portuguese. Then he might turn, with overwhelming power, upon Noailles in Catalonia. On the contrary, "as the sole means of saving his Catholic Majesty," the Marshal urged the despatch of a French corps to Navarre, which would produce a real diversion; for should Staremberg decline to challenge Philip on the Ebro, the latter might regain Aragon as quickly as he had lost it, or at least remain master of the country north of that river, from Miranda to Lerida, where subsistence was abundant. Again, if Staremberg moved to the Ebro, he would draw away from the Portuguese; thus enabling Philip to hold out on the other side of the Tagus, perhaps even to return to Madrid. At all events, the King might gain time enough to form a fresh army, and in the spring—manœuvring in concert with the French in Navarre—expel

the allies from Aragon. The Bourbon being actively supported, the Spaniards would be encouraged to continue faithful. The scheme also tended to the benefit of France; for if the enemy, having subdued Spain, turned his thoughts to the Pyrenees, he would find himself a long way from them. It was clearly to Louis's advantage that the confederates should be withstood on the Ebro, rather than on the Bidassoa, or at the gates of Bayonne.

"Hence, I was anxious that Noailles should march with all his troops to Pamplona, and, as the autumn was approaching, I might have strengthened him with ten battalions and twenty squadrons. But my opinion fell flat. Our people stood still with folded arms, whilst preparation was being made for the siege of Gerona, which Noailles had induced the Court to authorize."

To resume: De Bay's regiments were flying to Soria; the confederate generals were disputing at Zaragoza. Staremberg and Belcastel wished to pursue the Spaniards, and, by the occupation of Navarre, intercept their communication with France.[1] But Stanhope, imagining that possession of the capital involved the submission of the nation, and relying upon Portuguese support, pressed for a march to Madrid. Solely to humour the English ministry, Staremberg at length consented to execute a project "qui fit grand peur, mais qui sauva le roi d'Espagne."

On the 28th of September the Archduke entered Madrid. No man regarded him; the streets were empty; the shops shut. All who could afford it had quitted the city. Only the sick and the rabble remained behind.[2] None stirred in favour of the victorious, all prayed and acted for the vanquished.

[1] It is interesting to note that Staremberg and Berwick thought alike on this subject. The latter writes:—"Sans la fidélité inouïe des Espagnols, et la faute grossière que l'Archiduc commit, en ne s'emparant pas de la Navarre, contre l'avis du Comte de Staremberg, le Roi Catholic eut été hors d'état de recevoir aucuns secours de France, et par conséquent eût été bientôt ecrasé."—*Mémoires*, ii. 74.

[2] The Marqués de Mancera, though more than a hundred years old, wanted to follow Philip, but, being unable to bear the motion of a litter, he was obliged to stay at home. Stanhope trying to persuade him to

The disappointed Prince turned aside from Buen Retiro, and exclaiming, "Madrid is a desert," took up his abode outside the gates at Villaverde.

Apparently crushed, Philip V. scouted every suggestion of a partition; and Louis, thanks to the wise men of Gertruidenborg, allowed the Duc de Vendôme to take command of the Castilian forces. As soon as that extraordinary soldier set foot in Spain "there happened," says Voltaire, "what had formerly happened to Bertrand Duguesclin: his name alone attracted a host of volunteers." A new spirit animated the people. All who possessed it, proffered money. Every village raised recruits. Vendôme turned the propitious circumstances to account; he reorganized the demoralized brigades, and in the space of six weeks created a respectable army. His prime object being to prevent the Portuguese uniting with the allies at Madrid, he removed from Valladolid to Salamanca, and thence marched across the Sierra de Guadarrama to the bridge of Almaraz, on the Tagus. Posted there with 24,000 men, he could operate on either side of the river, as the exigence of the hour required. His communications with Castile and Andalucia were secured. He interposed between the Portuguese auxiliaries and Staremberg's troops. He menaced Madrid; and might launch Bracamonte's and Vallejo's guerrillas upon the flanks and rear of the enemy.

Staremberg must retire. The sick were sent off to Daroca; and on the 11th of November, church bells pealing, man, woman, and child rejoicing with a great joy, "Charles III." sped away from Madrid on his road to Toledo, where he intended to sojourn during the winter. But it was not to be. On arriving at Ciempozuelos he heard that Noailles was about to invade Catalonia. The alarmed Archduchess besought her husband's protection; and the fate of his soldiers being a minor consideration, he bade them farewell and repaired to Barcelona.

acknowledge Carlos III., the grandee finely replied: "Je n'ai pas vécu plus d'un siécle pour vouloir me déshonorer en mourant. Il n'y a qu'un Dieu, qu'une Foi, et qu'un Roi: Philippe V. qui est le mien. Après cela, Monsieur, comme je suis fort foible, vous trouverez bon que je me remette au lit."—*Journal de Dangeau*, xiii. 277.

The confederate position in Castile was now obviously untenable. A council of war decided, Stanhope alone dissentient, "to abandon Toledo, and seek quarters nearer Aragon." Whilst the confederates debated, the Spaniards were marching day and night along the Tagus, and Philip was again in Madrid "au milieu des transports de joie d'un peuple fidèle jusqu'à l'heroisme."[1]

Toledo was evacuated at the end of November, but not before the Portuguese governor, Atalayà, had burnt its magnificent Alcazar. On the 3rd of the following month, the allies began to retreat from Chinchon. They moved in three columns, the rearmost composed of about 5,000 Englishmen, under General Stanhope. Encumbered with baggage and the spoil of Castile, their progress was slow, and none of the superior officers seem to have been aware how swift of foot and athirst for blood are Spanish soldiers, when urged on by a warrior like Vendôme.

Philip stayed two days in the enthusiastic capital, and then joined the army, which, pressing forward with extraordinary rapidity, soon passed the river Henares: the infantry over the Guadalajara bridge; the cavalry, headed by Vendôme, swimming the swollen torrent.

With such diligence on one side, such sluggishness on the other, it is not surprising that, on the 8th, the Castilian advance-guard took Stanhope unawares, at Brihuega,[2] a town girt with an old Moorish wall, destitute of flank defences, and commanded, within musket shot, by the neighbouring heights. So ignorant of Vendôme's intention were the English chiefs, that they mistook Valdecañas' chosen dragoons for Vallejo's irregulars. No outposts nor pickets were on duty.[3] When the hideous truth could no longer be

[1] "Mém. de Noailles," ii. 32.

[2] In a letter to Lord Dartmouth, Stanhope states that the Spaniards marched "forty-five long leagues in eight days," and that "till about three o'clock in the afternoon nobody with me, nor I believe did the Maréchal, imagine they had any foot within some days' march of us."—MAHON, *History of the War of Succession in Spain* (App.), cxvii.

[3] Major-General Pepper's Letter to the Duke of Marlborough: Coxe's "Memoirs," v. 384.

disguised, all that a good officer might do was done by General Stanhope to atone for previous shortcomings. But unfortunately he had to deal with no fumbling grandee. The Spaniards thickened continually in his front; and Valdecañas, seizing the bridge over the Tajuna, closed his retreat to Cifuentes, where the main body of the allies had halted. However, before the way was quite blocked, Stanhope sent Captain Cosby, one of his aides-de-camp, to acquaint Staremberg with the jeopardy.

Throughout the night the adversaries toiled. Vendôme's men erected batteries; Stanhope's fastened the gates, and cut loop-holes in the houses. Had a tithe of such activity been displayed a few days before, the column might have been saved. At dawn the Spanish guns opened fire, and two breaches were speedily rent in the slender ramparts. An assault was delivered. But so firmly did the entrapped Britons encounter it, that the Spanish stormers swerved. By springing a mine, a third and wider opening was made. Through it a band of grenadiers swept into the town. The other rifts swarmed with climbers. Still, the defenders stood shoulder to shoulder behind the barricades and traverses. Unheeding the flames of burning houses, soldiers wrestled frantically in the streets. Useless slaughter. Stanhope had no artillery. Too many the foes, and too ardent to quail before the heroes who, their last cartridge spent, had nothing left but the push of bayonets. The English must give in. "I thought myself," wrote Stanhope to Lord Dartmouth, "obliged in conscience to try to save so many brave men who had done good service to the Queen, and will, I hope, live to do so again. So, about seven of the clock, I beat the chamade." Six hundred soldiers were killed and wounded, the rest of the division became prisoners of war.[1] Very roughly handled in storming, the

[1] "There were taken at Brihuega, 3 lieutenant-generals, viz. Stanhope, Carpenter and Wills; 1 major-general, Pepper; Colonel Dormer; 15 lieutenant-colonels; 9 majors; 60 captains; 76 lieutenants; 64 ensigns; Harvey's Horse; Raby's dragoons; Pepper's dragoons; Stanhope's dragoons; one battalion Scots' Guards; the foot regiments of Harrison, Wade, Dormer, Gore, Bowles, Munden, Dalzel; and one Portuguese battalion."—TINDAL: *History of England*, iv. 184.

Spaniards suffered more severely in life and limb. Their loss amounted at least to 1,600, San Felipe states to nearly 2,000 men.

Very remarkable is the contrast between our efforts in the Peninsula during the War of the Succession, and our achievements on the same ground a century later. In the former case, the British troops, feebly conducted, and opposing the national will, were often defeated and led away captive. In the latter, the English army, upholding the independence of Spain, and superbly commanded, were generally victorious and gained immortal glory. The brain of the general is the mainspring of the soldier, and potent indeed is the moral effect of a righteous cause.

Stanhope's appeal for aid reached Cifuentes late in the night of the 8th, but Staremberg, however willing, could not march forthwith. He had to collect the men cantoned in the villages round about. He was obliged to wait three hours for an outlying regiment and the train. The country was difficult, and four good leagues must be traversed. Consequently, it was the evening of the 9th before his advance-guard discerned the enemy drawn out in battalia about three miles N.E. of Brihuega.[1] Vendôme anticipating revenge, had sent the English prisoners immediately to the rear, and formed his army so artfully on rising ground in the plain of Villa Viciosa, that the troops seemed more numerous than they really were. The extended order deceived the Austrian chief. Presuming the fall of Brihuega, he wished to avoid a conflict. So he opened fire from his field batteries, with the view of amusing the foe, till night permitted a retreat. But Vendôme, throughout these operations in an unusually active mood, was not to be practised upon. He invited Philip to fall in with the Horse

[1] Many other circumstances unknown to us may have combined to retard the Austrian general. At any rate, it would be unfair to accept Bishop Burnet's malicious insinuations. "Staremberg," says the "Stentor of Sarum," "might have come up to have saved him (Stanhope), but he moved so slowly that it was conjectured he envied the glory Stanhope had got, and was not sorry to see it eclipsed, and therefore made not that haste he might, and ought to have done."—*Reign of Queen Anne*, iv. 17.

Guards; and, moving the twenty-two pieces to the front, he entrusted the command of the right wing to the Marqués de Valdecañas; that of the left to Conde de Aguilar; the centre was to be directed by Las Torres. As for the French chief, he would be wherever his presence was needed.

On the other side, Staremberg, perceiving that he could not elude the foe, made skilful dispositions for battle. He placed twenty guns and two mortars in battery. He ranged his left behind a ravine; and strengthened his right by interlacing squadrons of horse with the foot. Here he personally commanded. The centre was directed by Don Antonio de Villaroel (a very able Spaniard, who had deserted Philip). It was composed of picked regiments, and supported by Belcastel's Dutch.

As usual, it is difficult to satisfy ourselves respecting the numbers about to engage. San Felipe certainly exaggerates when he states that the allies numbered 5,000 horse and 17,000 foot. He probably includes the 6,000 infantry lost at Brihuega. I cannot suppose that they mustered more than 15,000 effectives. Nor is it likely that Spain could have arrayed 20,000 effectives (Lord Mahon's estimate): the English captives requiring a strong escort, and Vendôme's troops having suffered grievously during their forced march from Talavera della Reyna. Still, the Spaniards preponderated; their cavalry being more numerous.

Valdecañas began the action about three o'clock in the afternoon. His men, quickened by the presence of Philip, whose calmness under fire they admired, bounded over the stony ground in their front, and smote the confederate left wing with such vehemence as to scatter the cavalry, and break through the foot of the first line. Nor did the second line stand. The whole medley of Neapolitans, Portuguese, Palatines, Dutch, and English was routed: the two luckless British regiments, on the outward flank, manfully strove "to stem the torrent," whilst their mongrel comrades ran from it, but they were "soon overborne" and almost destroyed.[1]

[1] See Memorial of Colonel Richard's and Colonel du Bourgay's

O'Mahony's dragoons swooped upon the battery which had galled the Spanish advance. Standards and a crowd of prisoners were taken. But the very brilliancy of the exploit proved pernicious; the division in its rush lost coherence; the officers' orders were unheeded. Many furious men delighted to stab and shoot the vanquished; others, wiser in their generation, ransacked the baggage. In vain, Valdecañas, longing to assail the exposed flank of the hostile centre, endeavoured to reform the ranks. The soldiers, possessed of devils, careless of all save blood and plunder, were a raging mob. So it happened that the right wing of the Spaniards, and the left of the confederates became hors de combat; this from unsteadiness and want of mettle; that from indiscipline and untempered zeal. Yet the moral effect of the blow was so considerable that, but for the veteran infantry of the centre, Staremberg's army must have succumbed. The biting fire of the old soldiers checked the effervescence of the now advancing Spanish centre, which was mainly composed of recruits; these poor boys, seeing their comrades fall fast, flinched; despite the efforts of Las Torres and De Thouy, most of them turned and ran. However, the Walloons and Guards fought fiercely, and yielded ground inch by inch. Vendôme, taking the lead of those valiant men, and rallying some of the panic-stricken, fell upon the flank of the redoubtable division. Belcastel and his Dutch were there. The shock was terrible; and Belcastel received a death-blow.[1] The Walloons and Castilians were hard to beat, but beaten they were by a fine manœuvre of Villaroel. Wheeling back a flank battalion, he presented two fronts to the Spaniards and with a convergent fire repulsed them. Meantime, Staremberg, commanding the right wing in person, had parried all Aguilar's strokes, nay, forced him to recede. So grave seemed the emergency that Vendôme

regiments; "the only two English battalions that were at the battle of Villa Viciosa."—TINDAL: *History of England*, iv. 184.

[1] Pierre Belcastel de Montvaillant, a Protestant gentleman of Languedoc, who, joining William III., served with honour in the Irish wars of 1690-91. He eventually became a major-general in the Dutch army. To the talents of himself and other French refugees its high repute during the War of the Spanish Succession is in great part due.

advised Philip to retire to Torrija, whilst he drew off the worsted troops. But the King would not hear of slinking away. As they talked, shouts rent the air; again Valdecañas dashed upon the scene. Having managed to gather most of the dragoons and foot, who had dispersed to pillage or to pursue, he and O'Mahony abruptly charged Staremberg's rear. That intrepid general, lately victorious, had to face peril indeed. But his cool brains befriended him. Massing his men in square, he kept the assailants at bay till night protected him from further affront. Thus, this singular engagement concluded with Staremberg master of the field, and Vendôme re-shaping his battered brigades to renew the fight next morning. The dead and wounded lay huddled round the couch in which Philip V. slept upon a mattress made with the flags wrested from the foe: "le plus beau lit," exclaimed Vendôme, "sur lequel roi ait jamais couché." The loss was great on both sides. The Spaniards own to 4,000 men killed and wounded. The allies could hardly have been much more fortunate.

The victory was nominally with Staremberg. Although beaten on his own left, his seasoned infantry had broken the Castilian centre and left. The battery lost at the outset had been recovered. Some Spanish pieces had been captured. But morally and materially the Spaniards prevailed; for the Austrian chief, after spiking the guns which had fallen into his hands, and also all his own artillery ("for want of mules to carry them off"), retreated at daybreak into Aragon. Vallejo's and Bracamonte's partisans following close, stragglers were cut down; the baggage and the spoil were seized. Thus, Guido de Staremberg reeled into Barcelona with but 7,000 men, jaded and chap-fallen remnant of the army which, four months before, had boasted of the conquest of Spain.

Villa Viciosa settled the crown on the Bourbon dynasty, and was extremely honourable to the Spanish officers. It showed how well they had profited by the lessons of the war. In the beginning the Dons were notorious for military ignorance. We now find them not merely staunch soldiers, but adroit commanders: Valdecañas, Aguilar, San Estevan de

Gormaz, José de Amazaga, Bracamonte, and Vallejo were men worthy of old Spain.[1] And what of Vendôme? Madame de Maintenon wrote to the Duc de Noailles: "Vous savez combien on juge à notre cour d'après les événements. Toutes les fautes de M. de Vendôme sont oubliées, et c'est un héros: il n'auroit aucune mérite, s'il étoit malheureux." This is true, not only of the French Court in the eighteenth century, but of Courts and peoples in all ages. Humanity, innately base for the most part, abhors the unfortunate, and worships success and power, no matter how obtained.

Philip V. quickly recovered Aragon, and the governor of Roussillon, being reinforced by 18,000 French from Berwick's army, invaded Catalonia, and invested Gerona in December. Thus, the line of the Pyrenees and the line of the Ebro were cleared of the enemy, and the Archduke's sway extended not beyond the strip of coast swept by the guns of Barcelona and Tarragona.

In respect of hostilities elsewhere, it will be remembered that we left Douai in extremity. It capitulated with all the honours of war on the 25th of June. Now, the allies would have besieged Arras, but Villars had so skilfully covered the capital of Artois, Cambrai, and Valenciennes, that they turned upon Bethune (14-15 July). The little town, poorly fortified but bravely defended, held out till the end of August. To penetrate further into the country, it would be necessary to destroy the French army at present ranged between the sources of the Scarpe and the Canche; thus protecting Arras and Hesdin, as well as being in a posture to anticipate the enemy at Boulogne. Marlborough and Eugène wished to attack, but Villars was so solidly posted that the Dutch, mindful of Malplaquet, refused. Instead, then, of pushing forward, the confederates laid siege simultaneously to Aire and St. Venant (6th September). The latter, a simple earth-work, showed a bold front for a fortnight; but Aire, a more important fortress, and admirably commanded by the Marquis de Guébriant, resisted with surprising energy during fifty-eight

[1] "San Felipe," ii. 421-435; Lamberty, vi. 170; Tindal, "History of England," iv. 183.

days of open trenches.[1] These places reduced, the allies occupied the whole course of the Lys; and, had the year been less advanced, Marlborough might perhaps have been induced by Godolphin to attack Boulogne or Calais. The Rhine was again a scene of inaction, Maréchal de Besons and General Gronsfeldt being content to observe one another.

French soldiers had done their duty everywhere; but, excepting the strategic success on the south-eastern frontier, the event was unfortunate. France still stood erect, yet her fall seemed only a question of time and of the foe's perseverance. Marlborough and Eugene had displayed profound military knowledge, and at an immense sacrifice of blood and money obtained decided advantages.[2] To Villars, seemingly quiescent, no little credit is due. By shielding Arras, he closed the road to Paris. He preserved an army essential to the life of France. His lieutenants, resisting obstinately at Douai, Bethune, St. Venant, and Aire, frustrated an enterprise against the seaports of Picardy.

Swords sheathed for the present, a bit of secret diplomacy claims our attention. In the middle of August, after Daun's retreat, Le Guerchois, who commanded in the Barcelonnette valley, told Berwick that one Arnaud (a monk deep in the Duke of Savoy's confidence) had hinted to the procurator of the district that an accommodation might easily be arranged between Louis XIV. and Victor Amadeus. Thereupon, the Marshal caused his Reverence to be informed that the French were ready to treat for peace. Soon afterwards, through the medium of Procurator Laurent, came a letter from Father Arnaud, announcing his Royal Highness's friendly disposition, provided the integrity of his States were guaranteed, and he were indemnified for the places which had been razed. The necessary instructions having arrived from Versailles, Berwick

[1] "This defence was the best we have seen this year."—*Marlborough to Godolphin*, Nov. 13, 1710.

Villars writes:—"Belle défense qui mérita le cordon bleu à M. de Guébriant, et des récompenses aux officiers qui avoient si bien servi sous ses ordres."—*Mém.*, ii. 336.

[2] "It was computed that by desertion and death the allies lost 45,000 men in the year 1710."—SOMERVILLE: *History of Great Britain*, 437.

suggested that a trustworthy Piedmontese should confer with him on the subject so vaguely mooted. In the event of the Duke of Savoy declining to depute any one, the Marshal begged to be informed in what manner his Royal Highness wished the preliminaries to be conducted. As for himself, he would esteem it the greatest happiness of his life to contribute to the reconciliation of his Majesty with so illustrious a Prince.

For three weeks not a word; but on the 4th of October, Laurent (still the monk's mouthpiece) intimated that the Duke of Savoy would not negotiate with France without the assurance of considerable advantages. However, H.R.H. offered to mediate a general peace, and proposed, till a treaty was concluded, to remain neuter—"ou bien de ne point faire paroître au public qu'il fût d'accord avec la France, mais de rester en apparence uni avec les Alliés, et seulement de les empêcher de rien entreprendre de nos côtés." In this beating about the bush, Berwick suspected the trick of a politician desirous to worm a proposal out of France, in order to curry favour with the allies by divulging it to them. However, the recent victory of Zaragoza may well have tended to keep H.R.H. in suspense, for just now Charles was considered master of the situation in Spain.[1]

The Marshal, indeed, had little hope of the business, but, to please the French Court, he immediately replied to Victor Amadeus. In his letter, he pointed out that, although it was advisable the negotiation should be secret, it was also expedient that it should be conducted in due form. He therefore ventured to enclose a "Mémoire," which the Duke was entreated to annotate: "Vous n'y verrez point de figures de rhétorique mais un discours simple, tel qu'il convient à un homme de mon métier."

In this memorandum, the Duke of Berwick cited the Imperial designs on Italy, and the endeavours of the Court of Vienna to elude its engagements with his Royal Highness, as affording proof that when peace with France made Piedmontese support unnecessary, the Emperor would decline not

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 74.

only to deliver up the Vigevano, or any equivalent for it, but might attempt to deprive Victor Amadeus of that which he had already obtained, and to reduce him to the vassalage of other Italian princes. "H.R.H., whose penetration nothing escaped, must perceive that, in such a case, he would be obliged to defend himself singly and alone, no other European Power being in a condition to aid him. England and Holland, their trade not being concerned, would hesitate to plunge into another war. But the House of Austria, in pursuance of the ambitious policy of Charles V., would certainly turn the occasion to account; and the Duke of Savoy, being the sole, or, at any rate, the main obstacle in its path, could not fail to be the first victim. One so capable as H.R.H. to judge how such a calamity might be averted will hardly deny that an alliance with France holds out the fairest prospect to Piedmont. The King's offers are as follows:—1, The restitution on one side, and on the other, of territories acquired since the beginning of the war; 2, the cession by the Spanish King of the duchy of Milan to Victor Amadeus and his successors; 3, the union of the French and Piedmontese forces, as much for the preservation of the portion of the Milanese now in the possession of H.R.H., as for the recovery of the districts unjustly withheld; 4, an agreement between the Most Christian King and the Duke of Savoy respecting the contingent of men to be furnished by the former; 5, the King shall pay subsidies in proportion to those hitherto received from the allies; 6, Louis XIV. will recognize H.R.H. as King of Lombardy."

No answer was returned till the 21st of October. Then Laurent told Berwick that the monk had been ordered to break off the correspondence, but that Lanfranc (H.R.H.'s private secretary) had prepared a long memoir, which would be communicated to the Marshal. Notwithstanding his surprise at this conduct, the latter consented to discuss the despatch with Laurent, and even admitted that, in consideration of the places razed, Louis might not refuse to cede Exilles and Fenestrelle; but, on no account whatever, would his Majesty permit Briançon and Barraux, the very keys of

his realm, to be garrisoned, as Victor Amadeus wished, by Swiss or any foreigners. As for Monaco, neither in honour nor in conscience could the King dispose of the property of an independent prince. However, should his Royal Highness require financial support, Louis would assist him privately. Laurent carried this rejoinder to Turin; and, the troops settling down in winter quarters, Berwick went home.

A month after his arrival at St. Germain, the Marshal took his seat as "Duc et pair" in the Parliament of Paris. "Many of us," says St. Simon, "attended the reception; thus, oddly enough, at our head were big bastards and little bastards (*bâtardeaux*), whilst at the tip of our tail appeared a bastard of England. The Duc de Tresmes, a friend of Berwick's, and, being Governor of Paris, conversant with fêtes, gave the usual banquet. Most of the dukes were present; and, among other persons of quality, a Councillor of State and Intendant of Finances, named Caumartin. This gentleman, well known at Court and in society, possessed a good deal of curious information, and was a fluent talker. In brief, a good sort of man enough, with a handsome face 'et un air de fatuité imposante par de grands airs.' As soon as we sat down to dinner, with a want of tact inconceivable to me, he began to relate how, as a judge, he had once presided over a strange bastardy trial. He dilated emphatically on all the vexations attending this kind of birth. Everybody cast down his eyes and nudged his neighbour. There was a dead silence, which Caumartin ascribed to the interest of the narrative and the grace of his delivery. In vain De Tresmes tried to turn the subject. The speaker blundered on for three-quarters of an hour: 'on s'étouffoit de manger ou de mâcher.' No one dared to drink for fear of an involuntary laugh. 'On en mourroit.' Berwick—whom, as the man of the day, Caumarten often addressed—perceiving that the councillor had forgotten the amours of James II., seemed not in the least offended; but so annoyed was poor De Tresmes, that the perspiration poured down his face. The absurdity of the whole scene amused me immensely. With my eyes, ears, and re-

flections, I thoroughly enjoyed the contrast between the morning ceremony and the evening banquet—between the bastards' triumph and this elaborate exposure of their infamy and their nothingness." [1]

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," viii. 350.

XVI.

A PEACE-MAKER.

1711.

THE Duke of Savoy's round-about overtures to Maréchal de Berwick were followed by similar diplomacy on a grander scale at Versailles. In the middle of January, the Abbé Gautier furtively conveying thither pacific innuendoes from the English ministers, Berwick was ordered to inform Victor Amadeus that whatever he might desire to urge must now be transmitted through the medium of Queen Anne, without whose privity France declined to treat with any Power.

A man of strange fortunes was Gautier. The poor and low-born sacristan of St. Germain-en-Laye, he aspired to a clerkship of the Castle chapel, worth about four hundred francs a year. But Father Duvivier, superior of the chapel, being displeased that the little preferment should be asked for without reference to him, spoke disparagingly of the petitioner to the King; and other priests, who wanted the place, joining in the cry against him, Gautier resolved to try his luck elsewhere. By an accident, he became chaplain to Maréchal de Tallard, then ambassador to the Court of William III.; and on war breaking out he obtained a similar appointment in the household of Count de Gallas, the Imperial Envoy. Already familiar with Matthew Prior, the poet-diplomat, he was presently introduced to Lady Jersey, who, being a Catholic, frequented the Austrian chapel. When the Tory peers discovered they could not upset Marlborough and Godolphin without coming

to terms with France, the Countess recommended Gautier to her husband as a discreet foreigner who, from his connection with Gallas, might be employed without exciting suspicion. Thus he became the messenger of peace to France. He acquitted himself admirably. All the preliminaries passed through his hands. Lord Oxford trusted him without reserve. So did M. de Torcy. And he profited by the general good opinion, for out of pensions and benefices he drew an income of 30,000 francs.[1]

In the night of the 20th of January this judicious priest accosted the Marquis de Torcy with the following welcome speech:—"Voulez-vous la paix? Je viens vous apporter les moyens de la traiter, et de conclure independamment des Hollandois, indignes des bontés du roi, et de l'honneur qu'il leur a fait tant de fois de s'addresser à eux pour pacifier l'Europe." To put such a question to the King's minister at that time, observes Torcy, was like asking a sick man if he would like to be cured. But as divers quacks are always prowling about "Government offices," Torcy indulged not in flattering hopes, and coldly inquired how his Reverence proposed to open a negotiation and to conduct it to a prosperous issue. "Give me a letter to Lord Jersey," replied the Abbé, "simply expressing your pleasure to hear of his good health, and commissioning me to thank him warmly for his polite recollection of yourself. This will be my warrant to hear the proposals, already cut and dry, and very soon you may expect to be furnished with them." As a letter of courtesy involved no liability, Torcy, the King approving, did as Gautier suggested; and to London, with the auspicious letter, sped the insinuating Father. So pettily began the pourparlers which led to the peace of Utrecht.[2]

Either on this occasion, or on his second coming to Versailles in March, Gautier, with Torcy's permission, visited Berwick at St. Germain. He then told the Marshal that Harley and St. John had instructed him to confer with his Grace concerning the measures best calculated to restore

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," xvii. 473. "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 79.

[2] "Mêm. de Torcy," ii. 18.

King James to the English throne. But before descanting on the subject, he must stipulate, in the first place, that no one at St. Germain, not even Mary Beatrice, should have an inkling of his errand. Secondly, that, as long as she lived, Queen Anne should reign undisturbed, her brother being guaranteed possession of the crown after her death. Thirdly, that the Anglican faith and the national liberties be preserved inviolate. "It will be easily believed," says Berwick, "that I consented to all this, 'et je lui fis confirmer par le roi Jacques, à qui je le menai pour cet effet.'[1] I now wished to discuss our future conduct, but the Abbé demurred, remarking that Harley had not had time to consider the business in detail; indeed, before the conclusion of peace, the present ministry could hardly be expected to determine so delicate a question. I did not admit the force of this reasoning; yet to evince our good faith, we sent orders to the English Jacobites to support the Court; and this action of ours contributed not a little to fortify the Queen's party in the House of Commons."

However, Gautier declared that a specific project would be matured during the summer; also—as the English ministers declined to confide in the Jacobite coterie—that an explanatory despatch would be sent directly to the Marshal wheresoever he might chance to be. To insure a prompt answer, it was agreed between the negotiators that King James, under pretence of a tour in France, should in the month of August turn up in Dauphiny, where Berwick would probably be serving. And it was so; the Prince came, but no documents; and up to the winter the Marshal heard no more of the affair, save a note from Gautier, announcing the probability of an early journey to France with a satisfactory message. Here then was Harley, a promoter of the German succession, hold-

[1] "I assure you, madame, and am ready to give all the security that can be desired, that it is my unalterable resolution to make the law of the land the rule of my government; to preserve every man's right, liberty, and property, equally with the rights of the crown; and to secure and maintain those of the Church of England in all their just rights and privileges, as by law established, and to grant such a toleration to dissenters as the Parliament shall think fit." See "A Letter to Queen Anne, from her Brother," May, 1711; Macpherson, "Original Papers," ii. 223.

ing out the word of promise to the Chevalier de St. Georges; whilst Marlborough, whose affections were rather Jacobite than otherwise, wrote obsequious letters to the Hanoverian Elector. In fact, so uncertain was it just then whether Stuart or Guelph would ultimately prevail, that politicians resolved to have two strings to their bow—even to make friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness.

Now began that series of family sorrows which embittered the remaining years of Louis XIV. On the 14th of April the Dauphin died of small-pox at Meudon, aged fifty years. He was a good and sensible but dull prince:[1] ce pauvre dauphin de Meudon mangea en son temps bien des perdrix, des poulardes et des soles, et s'ennuya bien partout." With excellent tact he engaged not in state affairs more than was agreeable to his father. He affected science, and associated with savants, who laughed at him behind his back. He had a languid amour with Mlle. de Choin; and, after the example of the Grand Monarch and Madame de Maintenon, he is said to have married her. At any rate, she loved him. So popular was he, that when the rumour of his illness reached Paris the fishwomen deputed two of their guild to inquire about his health. These ladies arrived at Meudon a few hours before his death, and declared they could not face the *halles* without having seen him. Told of this, Monseigneur ordered them to be admitted to his sick room; and, as he was then supposed to be almost out of danger, they informed him they were going to have Te Deum sung for him. "Il n'est pas encore temps, mes pauvres femmes," replied the dying man. When they quitted the palace, the honest *poissardes* gave money to the soldiers on guard that they might drink to the recovery of Monseigneur: "fils de roi, père de roi, et jamais roi."

Three days afterwards occurred another death, productive of vast political results and few tears. Joseph I. of Austria was gathered to his fathers on the 17th of April. His brother, the Archduke Charles, of Spanish fame, reigned in his stead. Morose and selfish, the deceased Kaiser, like many men of mean abilities, had much cunning, With prime effrontery he

[1] "Journal de Dangeau," xiii. 381; "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 80.

shifted the weight of the Peninsular war from his own shoulders on to those of his English allies. His departure from a wicked world was a step towards peace;—for however ready Britons might be to abridge the colossal power of France, their eyes at last opened to the folly of reconstructing an even huger evil, the tremendous dominion of Charles V. The possibility of Joseph's death never contemplated for a moment, party managers had imperilled "British interests," in blindly striving to advance them. England had spent more on the war than Germany and Holland put together; was she to ruin herself outright in a matter of minor importance to herself, in order that a commercial rival, the United Provinces, might obtain a slice out of French territory? Thus men argued, and to their exceeding relish the Whig junta and all its works were mercilessly lashed by Swift and Prior.

"Il n'est mal dont un bien ne puisse résulter." Even the murderous penknife of the Abbé de la Bourlie,[1] profited the Tory leaders; for Harley's wounds increasing his popularity, he was encouraged to carry out the new policy with a high hand.

> "The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
> Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame;
> And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife
> In brass and marble carves thy deathless name."

But however eager for reconciliation England and France might be, Holland and Austria would have much to say on the subject; therefore the accomplishment of peace must prove a task of peculiar difficulty. Hostilities were inevitable for the present.

France resolved to stand on the defensive upon all her borders and, with Vendôme's strong arm, to sustain Philip V. on Spanish soil. To subsist the immense forces called to arms, she had recourse to extraordinary shifts. The parishes were exonerated from actually supplying soldiers, by the

[1] Traitre à sa patrie, il ne fut pas plus fidèle à eux à qui il s'étoit donné." Being brother of the Comte de Guiscard, who defended Namur against William III., the warlike Abbé was always called in England, the Marquis de Guiscard.

payment of seventy-five francs for each man of their several quotas. The money thus procured went to the captains for the recruiting of their companies. But, in spite of inveiglement, substitutes not listing in sufficient numbers to complete the 141 battalions quartered in Artois the infantry standard was lowered; and the parishes, notwithstanding their previous commutation in cash, were compelled to furnish Villars with 22,900 men. In this way, the foot was rapidly brought up to its proper strength.

To provide funds, an income-tax of ten per cent. was levied. And the heavily-laden people submitted to it without a murmur, for they were indignant at the manner in which their plenipotentiaries had been treated at Gertruidenborg, and at the insolent propositions made to their King.[1]

About the end of May, Maréchal de Berwick took leave of Louis, and speedily arrived at Grenoble. After giving orders for the disposal of the troops, he examined the banks of the Var. He then visited Barcelonnette; and thence journeyed to Briançon.

It presently transpired that, to engage Victor Amadeus in a powerful diversion against the French, the new Emperor had agreed to surrender the Vigevano, and the Imperial fief of Montferrat; a concession mainly effected by Lord Peterborough, now ambassador at Vienna, who cleverly availed himself of Charles's craving for Spain. In the middle of June it was reported to Berwick that German regiments were thronging into Piedmont, and that, by the 25th, the foot would be assembled near Pignerol, the horse at Vigone. This concentration seemed to foreshadow a design either on the county of Nice, or the valley of Barcelonnette. Consequently the Marshal encamped at Guillestre with twenty-four battalions, and strengthened the camp at Tournoux. To secure the Var, he placed detachments near its source and at its mouth. Fifteen squadrons of dragoons were distributed in the mountains from Gap to Fréjus. Fifteen battalions lay at Briançon and Queiras. Seven squadrons, with infantry in support, occupied the Maurienne and Tarentaise. Thus posted,

[1] Quincy, "Histoire Militaire," vi. 487.

Berwick, if his right were menaced, could be on the Var in less than a week with thirty-six battalions and twenty-two squadrons; a sufficient force, considering that the steep banks of the river were entrenched in many places, and that the able D'Asfeld commanded the district. On the other hand, should the enemy threaten the Maurienne, or move in the Tarentaise, the Marshal might anticipate him by three days with an adequate body of troops.

Stimulated by Imperial boons, Victor Amadeus did not loiter. On the 4th of July he was at Susa, and his infantry began to ascend Mont Cenis. In a few days he lay at Termignon with forty battalions; 4,000 men being detached towards the Col de La Vanoise to sustain Daun, who was pouring down the Little St. Bernard into the Tarentaise with 7,000 infantry, and the mass of the horse and dragoons. To save Savoy there was no time to lose. Berwick marching swiftly to Valoire pushed several battalions to St. Jean de Maurienne, Aiguebelle, and Montmelian. At the same time D'Asfeld, withdrawing soldiers from Monaco and the Lower Var, hastened with them to Tournoux, and assumed charge of the Barcelonnette valley. Thus the manœuvre of 1709 was repeated.

But the enemy's motions were quicker than heretofore. By the 14th all his foot had passed the Arly and camped, like Daun two years before, with the right at Chevron, and the left on the Isère. Detachments of cavalry and grenadiers ranged as far as Annecy, which De Prades evacuated, retiring to Seyssel to defend the Rhone. Berwick now took up his old quarters at Montmelian; occupied the Bauges mountains with 3,000 infantry and 200 dragoons; and by a chain of posts through the Maurienne communicated with the Galibier.

The active army of the allies was composed of 40,000, the French had rather less than 35,000 effectives. These numbers do not include the confederate regiments left behind at Exilles and in Lombardy, nor the Frenchmen guarding Briançon, Queiras, and some other stations.[1]

[1] General Pelet, x. 466. Among the French infantry were four Irish battalions; viz., 1 Bourk; 1 Dillon; 2 Berwick.

Should the Bauges and the adjacent heights be captured, Berwick's position at Montmelian was obviously in peril. So 4,000 Austrians advanced from Conflans towards Gresy; and a Piedmontese corps of similar strength marched to Chatelard, hard by the Abbey of Aillon, where the little garrison of the Bauges was stationed. Awed by the enemy's superior power, it retired to head-quarters. Robbed of La Thuile's defensive steeps, Montmelian was untenable. "Extremely mortified," Berwick destroyed the bridge over the Isère, and fell back about five miles to Fort Barraux, where he might cover Grenoble, without losing his touch of the Maurienne and Briançon.

The Marshal had luckily studied Barraux two years before. He was therefore at home there: his right supported by the jagged edges of the Isère; his left by a mountain-ridge, on whose summit hutted an unassailable outpost. Here, he makes an observation, which even in an age of progress, officers might ponder with advantage: "Quoique le poste fût tout des plus excellents, je fis travailler en diligence à de bons retranchements, afin d'être en état de faire de gros détachements s'il en étoit besoin."[1] To keep the plain of Lyons intact, Lieutenant-General de Cilly encamped with some foot and eighteen squadrons at Echelles behind the Guiers. Another body of infantry and dragoons at Entremont took heed that partisans glided not towards Grenoble. To maintain his connection with the Maurienne, the Marshal threw a bridge over the Isère at Pont-Charra; a band of foot and dragoons was posted opposite Montmelian to prevent the broken bridge being repaired. Two battalions lay at Aiguebelle to mask the opening into the Maurienne, and to furnish outlying pickets which from the peaks above Conflans might look into the Austro-Piedmontese rear. Constant patrolling was kept up along the banks of the Arc. St. Jean and Valoire were well cared for; and, that he might proceed rapidly to those points from Pont-Charra, the Marshal employed gangs of soldiers in mending the roads. These arrangements made, he felt sure that Victor Amadeus could neither surprise nor forestall

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 84.

him : "à moins que tous les commandants des troupes qui faisoient ma chaîne, ne s'endormissent de concert."

At daybreak on the 28th of July, the adversary advanced in full force, and pitched tents over against Barraux; his right near the Abbey of Méane, his left at Francin. When General Dillon perceived what was doing, he planted cannon upon the heights of Chavanne opposite Montmelian ; and, the nature of the ground obliging the columns to defile within range, the Irishman's fire effected dismay, confusion, and some loss. But the Duke of Savoy's horse rode as masters into Chambéry.

In a few days, the entrenchments at Barraux being finished, Berwick was able to detach ten battalions from thence to the aid of Dillon at Aiguebelle; for, as water diminished in the rivers, fears for the Maurienne and Briançon increased. In August the Piedmontese camp seemed asleep. Certainly the weather was inclement. Still, the Marshal could not comprehend such a concentration of troops without cut and thrust. He suspected a feint. He was not long in doubt. The offensive could hardly be contemplated when Victor Amadeus had gone to the Abbey of Tamiez, a few leagues to the rear, to drink the Aix waters. In the confederate lines there had been warm controversy. Daun desired to assail Berwick at Barraux. But the Duke of Savoy would not hear of the venture, unless the Germans were told off for the storming. The German officers objected, saying that the assault ought to be delivered by detachments of every regiment of the army. A notion distasteful to the cunning Royal Highness who "wanted to preserve his people unharmed for the defence of their own country." Then did the council of captains discuss an enterprise against Briançon. Nothing came of it; for the allies were half-hearted, and Maréchal de Berwick was very vigilant.[1]

About this time the Chevalier de St. Georges visited head-quarters at Barraux, in expectation of intelligence from England ; but Harley and St. John remaining dumb, he went

[1] Quincy, vi. 562.

to Grenoble in September and fortified his digestion with the waters of Vals.

Besides the generalissimo's recourse "aux eaux," deserters reported forage so scarce at Chambéry, that the Piedmontese cavalry would not be able to tarry thereabouts more than a week. It was also known that, independent of the stores collected at Susa, Exilles, and Fenestrelle, the enemy was forming magazines at Saluzzo, Savigliano, and elsewhere in Piedmont. These circumstances indicating an early retreat, Berwick conceived a plan, which he developed in a letter to Voisin. Many a good soldier, readier with the sword than the pen, will understand the Marshal's concluding remark: "I cannot go further into detail 'par la raison qu'une longue écriture de ma main me donne des vapeurs"—

"The spleen with sullen vapours clouds the brain."

What the plan was, we shall soon know.

On the morning of the 8th of September, the enemy broke up from Francin, and marched back toward Piedmont, by way of St. Pierre d'Albigny and Conflans. Now Berwick calculated, after carefully considering his position and theirs, that he might reach Exilles several days before them. Once there, he could lay siege to the place, without fear of its being relieved. He secretly made all the necessary preparations. As soon as he descried the Piedmontese in motion, he sent several battalions to Aiguebelle and St. Jean, under pretence of a fear for the line of the Maurienne. His real intention was as follows: D'Asfeld and Dillon, quitting Briançon on the 13th with fourteen battalions and a dragoon regiment, would view the hostile entrenchments at St. Colomban three days afterwards; De Broglie, simultaneously marching from St. Martin d'Arc with twelve battalions, would seize the precipitous Testines and La Touille; and on the day indicated (16th) be also within sight of St. Colomban, notifying his approach to his comrades by rockets and the smoke of bivouac fires. Then D'Asfeld passing the Dora above Chaumont, would take St. Colomban in reverse, whilst Broglie dashed from the heights against the intrenchments.

It could hardly be supposed, Berwick reasoned, that the Piedmontese general, De la Roque, would stay in a bad position where he ran the risk of being captured with all his men. Doubtless he would retire to Susa. "Then we might besiege Exilles; but Broglie's zeal, or rather his anxiety to have the whole business to himself, confounded the enterprise, at the very time it had, so to speak, succeeded." [1] Instead of adhering to orders, and occupying La Touille on the 16th, the fiery Marquis stepped out at such a pace, that he was there on the previous day. He instantly reconnoitred the Piedmontese entrenchments; and next morning, without awaiting tidings of D'Asfeld and Dillon, assailed the redoubt of "Quatre Dents." Some grenadiers forced their way in; but the enemy, not being disquieted on the Ramat side, fell with all his weight upon the French, and repulsed them with considerable slaughter. Straightway, Broglie retired to La Touille, and afterwards to Modane. Had he halted at the former village till the following morning, all might yet have been well; for on the 15th, D'Asfeld was in the valley of Pragelas, and next morning passed the Col d'Orgueil, notifying his approach by signal. La Roque, alarmed by D'Asfeld's movements, and ignorant of Broglie's withdrawal to a distance, evacuated his entrenchments on the night of the 16th, threw his cannon into a torrent, and putting 300 of his men into Exilles, hastened to Jaillon; where he might retain his communication with Susa, and await help from Savoy. On the other hand, Asfeld, hearing a rumour of the repulse, and aware that Victor Amadeus was on the march, did not think fit to cross the Dora Riparia with only fifteen battalions. He halted on the Chaumont heights till the afternoon of the 17th. But receiving no intelligence from Broglie, and perceiving that La Roque (now well informed respecting his late assailant) was re-entering the camp of St. Colomban, he fell back to Oulx. As soon as possible, Berwick ordered Broglie to march thither; and on the 25th of September the Marshal himself arrived on the spot with the rest of the army—fifty battalions and seventeen squadrons.

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 88.

"Never," writes Berwick, "was a plan better concerted. It might well have been glorious to the King's arms, since at the time the Duke of Savoy counted on crushing us with superior forces, and even encroaching upon France, we should have reduced a place which was a very bulwark of his States. Nay, we might, perhaps, have taken Fenestrelle." In extenuation of the Marquis's imprudence, it may be contended that he was placed in very difficult circumstances. He knew that 5,000 Piedmontese, moving from Conflans, might be expected about the 16th on Mont Cenis, where six fresh battalions would join them. *Ergo*, a danger of being cut off. Besides, the grenadiers and pickets bivouacking on La Touille suffered excessively from cold. To keep them aloft for any length of time would be to expose them to destruction. Such were the motives which impelled De Broglie into action subversive of his chief's combinations.[1] Strict obedience to orders is a military virtue superior to headlong daring. Was not Hill a more valuable lieutenant than Craufurd?

Meanwhile, thirty battalions, under Rehbinder, took up a position covering Susa, Exilles, and Fenestrelle. The remainder of the confederate army, defiling by the Little St. Bernard, accomplished the passage of the mountains on the 26th of September. No longer able to subsist his people in the valleys of Pragelas and Oulx, Berwick began to fall back on the 12th of October. Two days afterwards he pitched his tents at the Bridge of Cervières, near Briançon. D'Asfeld, destined for Provence, marched to Tournoux about the same time. After surmounting the Col d'Argentière,[2] he found the terrific pass of "Les Barricades" so fenced by regulars and peasants as to seem inaccessible. But the French light infantry nimbly crowning the crags on both sides, the amazed Piedmontese abandoned the fastness, and ran for the entrenched village of La Plancie. Again the Frenchmen climbed the snow-clad steeps contiguous. A brisk fire opened, and in

[1] "General Pelet," x. 504.

[2] This Col has an historic interest. In 1515, Francis I., with an army of 20,000 men, succeeded in passing it to meet the Swiss and other foes at Marignano.

an hour or so the village was cleared of its defenders, who were pursued nearly to Demonte. D'Asfeld made sure of contributions in the valley of the Stura, by laying hands on substantial hostages. Le Guerchois harried the vale of Maira in a similar fashion. These forays over, the former officer proceeded to the Var, the latter cantoned in the Barcelonnette. The campaign now terminated, for the snow falling abundantly the passes were speedily closed. Only ten Piedmontese battalions and 1,000 Imperial infantry remaining on the Italian frontier, opposite Briançon, Berwick despatched eight battalions to Catalonia, distributed the rest of his army in appropriate stations, and, resigning the command to General de Medavi, departed for Grenoble. At the end of October he did obeisance unto the King at Versailles, and was received "à merveille."

In this place, the Marshal mentions an extraordinary incident which happened at Lyons in September. It was customary to ring a bell, to warn the people on the rural side of the Rhone when the city gates were about to be shut. One fine evening more than 30,000 men, women, and children were breathing the fresh air on the left bank of the river. To their surprise the sergeant in charge of the bridge-gate sounded the bell an hour earlier than usual. Everybody made haste to return home, but the rascally sergeant kept the barrier closed in order to extort drink-money. The crowd thickening every moment, those nearest the barrier were so crushed against it that more than a thousand persons were suffocated or dreadfully injured. A carriage and horses wedged in the mass were found brayed as in a mortar: "Ce fut une chose affreuse que de voir les monceaux de corps entassés les uns sur les autres, et cela dans un instant." Philanthropy of the present sort being unknown in those rough-and-ready days, punishment came quickly. The culprit was arrested, tried, and to all men's content, broken alive upon the wheel.

XVII.

MARLBOROUGH'S LAST STRATAGEM.

1711.

THE scene changes to Flanders, and for the last time Marlborough "assumes the port of Mars." Although the Whigs were prostrate, the Tory ministry did not yet dare to remove him from his command. Very glad to escape from the malice of his enemies at home,[1] he went to the Hague in March. Apprised that Villars might be early expected at Arras, he proceeded to Tournai. At the end of April his army was massed at Orchies. Next day it passed the Scarpe, and encamped between Douai and Bouchain. Meanwhile, Villars had selected a very advantageous position behind the Censée (or Sanzet), with the view of encountering the allies in the plain of Arras. But Louis forbade the venture, ordering the Marshal to confine himself to the defence of the new lines constructed during the winter. These lines, which Villars is said to have styled the "non plus ultra of the Duke of Marlborough," stretched from the sea to the Meuse. They were formed by the Canche, the Scarpe, the Censée, the Scheldt and the Sambre; the intervals between the rivers being filled up with entrenchments fortified by redoubts. It will be observed that the Boulonnais and a great part of Artois lay outside this belt, quite en l'air.

The two armies were now separated only by the Censée;

[1] "Especially the villainous way of printing, which stabs me to the heart."—*Marlborough to the Duchess*, April 16, 1711.

but the posture of the allies indicating that till Prince Eugene's arrival they would rest satisfied with covering Douai, the adjacent outposts troubled not each other, and the adversaries lounged at ease along the edges of the little river. "One day," says Villars, "when the King of England was riding with me, the English flocked towards us from their different stations and gazed at the Prince, who, tall and well-shaped, looked admirably on horseback. He often received letters from Marlborough professing attachment to him." The Marshal also relates that his army observed the strictest discipline; that in the course of three months he was not obliged to inflict a single serious punishment. He ascribes this good fortune to his habit of conversing with the soldiers about their own concerns as well as on public affairs. "If after that they forgot themselves, I acted with inflexible severity, especially in the beginning of a campaign."[1]

Nothing of importance occurred till the 9th of May, when the French commandant of Condé surprised a convoy of forty heavily-laden boats, as it was ascending the Scheldt, under escort of two confederate battalions. Twenty-two boats were burnt or sunk. The others contrived to return to Mortagne whilst the fight was going on. The Swiss brigadier in command and many officers were taken prisoners. The greater part of the escort were killed or wounded.

Since the Emperor's death, the Elector of Bavaria had urged the French Court to reinforce the army of the Rhine; on the ground that he might then return to his States, and peradventure hinder the Imperial election of Charles. So Louis was induced to despatch a division from Flanders to the German frontier. When Eugene, who had lately joined Marlborough, heard of these French troops being on the march, he too insisted on hastening to Germany with a strong corps, to protect the Electoral Diet of Frankfort.

Weakened by heavy drafts, the hostile armies continued to be of nearly equal strength, namely, about 85,000 men on either side. The confederates were superior in cavalry, and they possessed at least 100 guns, 8 howitzers, and 40 pontoons.

[1] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 342.

The French artillery consisted of 90 field pieces, 12 howitzers, and 30 pontoons.

On the 14th of June, Marlborough, wishing to fight, passed the Scarpe in six columns, and pitched tents in the plain of Lens. This movement caused the French to take ground to their left behind the Scarpe, Arras (head-quarters) being nearly the centre of their line. The fervid Villars recommended battle. He declared that the spirit of the soldiery and the peculiarity of the position promised well for victory. He thought that his army, if beaten, might easily rally under the walls of Arras. "La plaine est belle, et jamais les armées de Votre Majesté, telle que je les connais, ne peuvent espérer de plus avantages que de marcher l'arme blanche en plaine à l'ennemi."[1]

But Louis, trusting to the complications which the death of Joseph I. must engender, bade his Marshal stand still:—"Comme il y a toujours quelque incertitude dans l'évènement de batailles." The rivals then continued to observe each other; their blood being kept in circulation by taking and retaking the redoubt and little castle of Arleux, a post so situated on the French right that, by means of a dyke which controlled the waters of the Scarpe, Villars stopped the mills of Douai. On the 7th of July, the allies, having lately acquired this vantage-ground, were occupied in strengthening its defences; and to sustain the working-parties a large body of horse and foot lay hard by on the glacis of Douai. Having reconnoitred this detachment, Villars resolved to surprise it. Accordingly, thirty-eight squadrons led by Generals De Gassion and De Coigny, marching swiftly, silently, and with rare precaution, reached Bouchain at nightfall on the 11th. Throwing a pontoon-bridge over the Scheldt, they crossed that river, and at two o'clock next morning were nigh their prey. In a moment, not a sentry challenging, the French dragoons burst into the sleeping camp. The men on guard were sabred. The confederate troopers had not time to mount. The foot, "some in their shirts, some half-dressed," ran madly about, as dangerous to friends as to foes. Many officers and soldiers

1 "Villars au Roi," Juin 15, 1711.

were smitten in their beds; and had the dragoons and hussars, writes Brigadier Kane, "not fallen to plunder as they did (a bewitching thing to all soldiers, whereby many a battle has been lost and brave designs frustrated), they might have cut the whole detachment to pieces." As soon as Marlborough heard of the disaster, he ordered the pickets of the whole army to advance. But the evil was done. The French were far away with more than a thousand of the ill-guarded troop horses; moreover, they had slain nearly as many soldiers, with a loss to themselves of but 150 men killed and wounded. Among the latter was the famous Hungarian Colonel of Hussars, De Katski.

How the calamity came about, is explained by Kane. "Lieutenant-General Rantzau thinking the detachment safe under the cannon of Douai, took up his quarters in town, as did also the commanding officers; and those that lay in camp took example of their commanders, and thinking themselves secure, were not troubled about keeping such out-guards as were necessary."[1] In a similar case (that of General Britche), Napoleon lectured chiefs and colonels of light troops in this excellent fashion: "un colonel de hussards qui au lieu de passer la nuit au bivouac, et en correspondance continuelle avec ses grand' gardes, se couche, mérite la mort."[2]

Marlborough, we are told, "was not a little ruffled on this occasion." He would be revenged, and that speedily. To feign an intention of besieging St. Omer, or of assailing the French lines on that side, he advanced towards Aire on the 20th of July. In consequence, Villars reinforced the garrison of St. Omer; and, that the lines westward might be amply sustained, he concentrated his forces between the Scarpe and the Canche. In the midst of these evolutions, he found time to assail Arleux, and, ere Cadogan's grenadiers could succour that old bone of contention, prevailed against it and destroyed its works.

[1] Some accounts blame Baron Hompesch, but he was governor of Douai; and Kane, then serving under Marlborough, is likely to be well informed respecting the commander of the unfortunate troops.

[2] Napoléon I. à Berthier, Jan. 2, 1812.

The confederate army now lay massed at Villers-Brulin. On the 4th of August the English duke, at the head of an imposing escort, viewed the French entrenchments. As soon as he returned to camp, the dragoons were set to cut fascines; and other preparations denoted a lunge at the hostile redoubts. But when tattoo beat that night, an order went forth to strike tents; and within an hour the whole army was marching away to the left. "This surprised us all, nor could any of the generals imagine the design of it." Favoured by fine weather, the troops trudged all night. At dawn Marlborough received an express from Cadogan (who had slipped away unseen to Douai a few hours before the army moved) to the effect that, having passed the Censée near Arleux at 1 a.m., he and Baron Hompesch at present commanded 20,000 men within the French lines.[1] Thereupon Marlborough, sending orders to "every particular regiment to press the march, rode onward with all the cavalry of the left wing."

About midnight, scouts had warned Villars of this hostile motion; but, suspecting a feint, and uncertain about the direction of the march, the Marshal kept his men "packs on" behind the entrenchments. In the course of three hours, however, he obtained exact information. Then the French stepped out; and Villars, hoping to dispute the passage of the Censée, spurred towards Cambrai with the Maison du Roi. But the English general, profiting by the start so cleverly gained, had a little while before passed the river over pontoons laid by Cadogan,—"that man of steel, ever ready for action,"—and was now collecting his people within a sort of peninsula formed by the Censée and the Scheldt.

Upon both sides the forced march told heavily: "every regiment," says Kane, "making the best of their way, without waiting for those that fainted or dropped behind. The enemy did the same; so that it was a perfect race between the two armies in trying who should come first up with Cadogan. More than one-half of our foot dropped behind; nor did they

[1] These troops, being detachments from the garrisons of Lille, Douai, and St. Armand, were assembled for the purpose with surprising secrecy and precision.

all come up till two days after; several fainted and died by the way. But as our right wing of horse brought up the rear, so the Duke sent them orders to see all the foot before them. This was a march full thirteen leagues."[1]

Only three miles separated the armies. Marlborough's right was at Oisy, his left at Etrun on the Scheldt. The French right rested on the same river, under the guns of Cambrai; the left was at the village of Sains on the brook Marquion. Behold the Field Deputies, exhilarated by the Englishman's achievement, burning to encounter the French! But Marlborough threw cold water on their audacity, alleging the excessive fatigue of men and horses—pointing out that, penned as they were between two rivers, a reverse might prove fatal to the confederates. Always in the wrong, those impertinent civilians invariably forbade an engagement when it was wise to fight, and shouted "To arms," when the soldiers ought to stand at ease.

Nevertheless, the Duke proposed an alternative. To the misgiving of the busybody Deputies, nay, of several generals, he advised the siege of Bouchain; and in spite of objections that the place was surrounded by marshes, well fortified and strongly garrisoned, the enterprise was decided on. At six o'clock in the evening of the 6th, the allies began to cross the Scheldt at Etrun, and next morning encamped without opposition between Cambrai and Bouchain. Four days afterwards, thirty battalions under General Fagel partially invested the latter town. What a golden opportunity of defeating his opponent did Villars miss when he refrained from striking him during that passage of the Scheldt! St. Simon, who hated the Marshal, states that he was ill served by spies, whom he paid very badly; and that, on finding the enemy had given him the slip, he took to reviling his lieutenants. Albergotti tried in vain to excuse himself and his brethren. Montesquiou's blunter protest meeting with "un prompt dementi net et sec, sans détour ni enveloppe," the old Mousquetaire, livid with

[1] "Memoirs," 95. Marlborough wrote to St. John that the men "marched twenty-four hours with great cheerfulness and without halting."

passion, clapped his hand upon his sword, and rushed swearing out of the room.[1]

But if the officers murmured, Louis generously upheld the Marshal; and the courtiers were significantly reminded: "Il y a ici des clabaudeurs (brawlers) dont je ne fais nul cas." It may be, indeed, that the King dreaded a victory, under the impression that it might mar rather than promote the cause of peace.

Whilst Marlborough was taking up ground northward of Bouchain, Villars approached it from the south. His army now lined the angle created by the confluence of the Scheldt and Censée. He threw 800 grenadiers and two dismounted dragoon regiments into the place, whose commandant was the brave Ravignan. To preserve a communication with it, and to hinder its complete investment, Albergotti passed the Censée with 30 battalions which were to entrench themselves within two miles of Bouchain, along the edge of the marsh from Bac-de-Vasnes to Wavrechin. On the other side of the river was constructed a causeway, "à force de fascines," right through the bog into the town. Thus far the French were prescient and adroit; but the difficulties staring Marlborough in the face (during his operation against the northern, would not Villars be master of the southern front?) called forth all his resources. After a fruitless attempt to dislodge Albergotti by force, the anxious question of circumvallation was taken in hand by a very resolute English engineer, Colonel Armstrong. We cannot follow the manœuvres step by step. It must suffice to say that, as Marlborough's expedients multiplied, French skill and vigilance declined. On the very day that Villars expressed himself well pleased with the "disposition" of the chaussée so artfully constructed, the two lieutenant-generals charged with its protection allowed it to be surprised by a body of confederate grenadiers wading through the inundation. "J'en fus outré de douleur," writes the Marshal, "cette communication m'auroit donné moyen de soutenir Bouchain."

It was obvious that the place could be relieved only by a battle; and, though Louis at last assented to the risk, the

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," ix. 439.

time for fighting with advantage had passed away. The allies were now very strongly posted: bogs, rivers, and redoubts fenced them entirely. Several bridges connected the army-corps on both sides of the Scheldt. So the beleaguered city was left to its fate. In some desultory affairs the French displayed spirit and address.[1] But the catastrophe was not to be averted by skirmishes, and on the 12th of September Villars grieved over the surrender of Bouchain.

Marlborough would have followed up his success by besieging Le Quesnoy; but the Dutch, mindful of the negotiations for peace, the lateness of the season, the sickly condition of the troops, refused their consent. The confederates were satisfied with putting Bouchain into a posture of defence. Certainly it was an important acquisition, not on account of its strength as a fortress, but because its site secured a passage over the Scheldt, and might enable the allies to transfer the theatre of war to a portion of the frontier less susceptible of resistance: even to the ground between the Scheldt and the Sambre, or towards the source of the latter river. Glad to be at rest, the weary antagonists took up winter-quarters in October.[2]

Lord Bolingbroke sarcastically describes "the conquest" of Bouchain as costing "the nation very near seven millions sterling, for the charge of the war for this year amounted to no less." The party politician is an unfair reasoner. Bolingbroke shuts his eyes to the peculiar difficulties of Marlborough's position. He suppresses the fact that the English commander was continually confronted by an able general at the head of a powerful army. Not a word has he to say about

[1] The raid of the partisan leader, Dumoutier, is remarkable. Starting from Namur with 500 irregular horse, he crossed the marshes of Breda and Bois-le-duc, laid the country under contribution, carried away hostages, and returned home with much booty, but without the loss of a single trooper. It is singular that France, so prolific in enterprising light-cavalry officers during the war of the Spanish Succession and the wars of Napoleon I., should have produced no distinguished chiefs of the kind in the disastrous struggle of 1870-71.

[2] Pelet, "Campagne de Flandre," x.; Quincy, "Histoire Militaire," vi.; Lediard, "Life of Marlborough," iii.; Rousseau, "Histoire Militaire du Prince Eugene," ii.

the marvellous counter-march that baffled Villars, and placed the allies, without bloodshed, inside the French lines. He ignores the boldness and skill with which the enemy's communication with the "Pigeon-house" (as Tory scribes termed Bouchain) was severed. Under the circumstances, a reverse would have brought no disgrace to Marlborough; but conquering as he did, he gained immortal honour. Those who consider his exploit in all its bearings will perhaps acknowledge that John Churchill's military genius was never more strikingly exhibited than in the last campaign he ever conducted. And then, how charming his urbanity! Hearing one day that an estate of Archbishop Fénelon's was exposed to the marauders of his army, not only did he set a guard over the good prelate's barns, but afterwards caused a troop of dragoons to escort the corn to the precincts of Cambrai. He was, indeed, a master of the art of war, and a very prince of courtesy. His obliging address, his honied words to high and low went far to veil the covetousness and duplicity which blurred a splendidly endowed nature.[1]

All who admire the talents of Maréchal de Villars will admit that, in the operations just concluded, he fell short of his reputation. No doubt his action was clogged by the injunctions of Louis: and he deserved praise for preventing the sieges of Arras and Cambrai, whose submission would have opened a door into the interior of the kingdom. Yet, with a fine soldiery at his back, he was put to shame. The ballad-singers had him in derision:—

"Près du moulin à quatre vents,
Depuis trois nuits, sur votre ligne,
Dans vos airs vains et menaçants
Vous attendiez victoire insigne,
Mi Lord vous cherche à l'autre bout,
Vous ne scauriez être partout."[2]

[1] "He (Marlborough) told the Queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face."—*Swift to Stella*, Dec. 23, 1710.

[2] According to report, whenever the Marshal heard of victories gained by the allies, he used to say: "Je ne sçaurois être partout."

The courtiers also pronounced him inept. But in a little while he profited by a grand occasion, and with one accord the people hailed him, "Saviour of France!"

Elsewhere hostilities were trivial. On the Rhine the usual torpor. In Spain, Gerona yielded to Noailles at the end of January. Much to his credit, that accomplished duke selected Brigadier Planque, an old and distinguished, but, being "without interest," a neglected, officer, to carry the capitulation to Louis XIV., who at once made "la vieille moustache" a maréchal de camp. Nor did the good sense and good feeling of De Noailles stop here: he caused two sergeants—"excellents sujets qui s'étaient extrêmement distingués au siege"—to be employed on the staff of the captured town.

After the victory of Villa Viciosa, the Spaniards fell asleep. And yet Vendôme imagined Barcelona might be besieged in March. But Noailles showed how insufficient to such a purpose were existing means. "When armies lack bread and forage, all manner of munition and a transport service, when a regular system does not prevail—"les mouvements précipités ne peuvent être qu'également téméraires et infructueux." Quite of the same opinion, Louis exhorted Vendôme to be modest, to abandon the idea of grand sieges, and to confine himself to subduing the mountainous parts of Catalonia.[1]

Spanish languor was counterbalanced by British negligence. The Tory ministry appointed the Duke of Argyll[2] to command the English contingent, *vice* General Stanhope; but the Mac Callum Mhor, on arriving at Barcelona, found the men in such wretchedness that he was obliged to raise money on his plate and personal credit to keep them alive. To take the field was impossible. The disorder so fretted the aspiring Scot that he fell sick and went home in September. The

[1] "Mém. de Noailles," iii. 71.

[2] Previous to his departure, his Grace sold his regiment of foot to Colonel Selwyn for £7,000, and fought a duel in Hyde Park with Colonel Coote of the Guards, whom he wounded and disarmed. "The quarrel was occasioned by the Colonel speaking some words which seemed to reflect on his Grace" (Luttrell, "Relation of State Affairs," vi. 699). Fancy the pious horror of the press if a modern duke dealt thus with a gabbling guardsman.

Austrians did nothing to support their own general, Staremberg; and to complete the dismal picture, the Pretender Charles, leaving his pretty wife to the care of the faithful Catalans, departed in quest of the Imperial diadem.

Both sides were in ill plight. However, Vendôme, scorning native advice, would lay siege to Cardona. He soon won the town, but the citadel, perched upon a steep crag, defied him. Staremberg, unable to meet the Castilians in the plain, yet contrived to insinuate some grenadiers and provisions into the keep. This help, together with constant vexation from the Miquelets, compelled Vendôme's lieutenant to decamp at the end of December, and winter-quarters were the order of the day.

Wherever Marlborough was not, disaster supervened. At a critical moment he had been deprived of 5,000 English soldiers, in order that "honest Jack Hill" might conduct an expedition to Canada. Winds, waves, and human imbecility getting the upper hand, the venture terminated with the wreck of eight transports, and the drowning of several hundred men in the St. Lawrence. The Tories "laid the blame of the miscarriage upon misfortune. The Whigs said there had been such a contest in the business between misfortune and mismanagement, that nobody could judge whether Mrs. Masham, the projectress of it, was a gainer or loser by it."[1] In this way do politicians argue.

Ignorant of military administration, Harley (now Earl of Oxford and Mortimer), and the brilliant St. John, were versed in the subtleties of secret diplomacy. Count de Gallas, the Imperial ambassador, being found out in a dishonourable intrigue for the continuance of hostilities, the Queen sent him word, "that she looked upon him no longer as a public minister." So much for Austria. The new Government refused to concert any plan for the prosecution of the war till

[1] Cunningham, "History of Great Britain," ii. 385. Mrs. Masham was sister of Brigadier Hill. When the Duchess of Marlborough requested her husband to appoint Hill to be one of his aides-de-camp, his Grace complied, of course, but pronounced the young officer "good for nothing."

the States would join with England in agreeing to open the conferences of peace. This firmness was effectual. The Republic consented, with an ill grace, that there should be a Congress at Utrecht on the 12th of January, 1712.

* * *

"Et tout cela, grâce à un verre d'eau."[1]

[1] Scribe's Comedy, "Le Verre d'eau," is founded upon the following passage in Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis XIV.": "Quelques paires de gants d'une façon singulière que la Duchesse de Marlborough refusa à la reine; une jatte d'eau qu'elle laissa tomber en sa présence, par une méprise affectée, sur la robe de Madame Masham, changérent la face de l'Europe."

XVIII.

A LAMENTATION FOR THE PRINCES.

1712.

MISFORTUNES never come singly. Calamity seems to breed calamity. The old Dauphin was scarcely a year in the grave when his daughter-in-law, the Dauphiness, fell sick. The violent treatment in vogue was resorted to,[1] and on the 12th of February Marie-Adelaide of Savoy expired. Six days afterwards the Dauphin, better known as the Duke of Burgundy, who had constantly attended upon his wife in her illness, succumbed to the same strange fate. Three weeks elapsed, and the new Dauphin, only five, and his brother, not two years old, sickened. The former died on the 8th of March, and the Duke of Anjou was apparently dying. But the Duchesse de Ventadour and the nurses taking possession of the child, would not allow him to be bled or to be drenched with medicine. It chanced that the Comtesse de Verue—once upon a time poisoned at Turin, and saved by an antidote applied by her lover, the Duke of Savoy—was living in Paris. Madame de Ventadour obtained from her the precious remedy, and gave it to the little duke. Whether from its efficacy, or from the absence of the doctors, we know not, the infant recovered and lived to be Louis XV. Thus in less than a year perished three Dauphins. In the space of twenty-four days the father, the mother, and their first-born

[1] "L'opium qu'on lui a fait prendre, le tabac à fumer, et celui qu'elle a pris en machicatoire; on l'a saignée deux fois du bras."—*Journal de Dangeau*, xiv. 81.

son were laid low. In an agony of grief, Louis XIV. embraced the Duke of Berry, saying : " Je n'ai donc plus que vous." [1]

The cry of "poison" arose. The Court physicians were divided in opinion. Fagon and Boudin shook their heads ominously. Maréchal, on the contrary, referred the sad results to natural causes. But the public mind was fearfully excited. The dissolute character of the Duke of Orleans, his boasted impiety, his chemical studies, his fancy to raise the devil ; the Spanish intrigue out of which he came so ill ; the hideous rumour concerning him and his daughter, the Duchess of Berry, singled him out for suspicion. His enemies, Madame de Maintenon and the Duc du Maine, fanned the flame; and the multitude threatened to tear "ce fanfaron de crimes" to pieces at the funeral. "M. le duc d'Orléans fut non seulement abandonné de tout le monde, mais il se faisoit place nette devant lui chez le roi et dans le salon" [2] The unhappy Prince demanded the Bastille and judges, but the King had the good sense to spare his family the irreparable scandal of a trial. It is now admitted that the Duke was wronged ; the disease which killed his relations being measles of a peculiarly venomous type (*rougeole pourprée*) then epidemic round Paris.

The departure of the Dauphin and his gifted wife left a void that could not be filled up. Like her sister the Queen of Spain, Marie-Adelaide was one of the most delightful of women. Without beauty, she was exceedingly attractive. Her beaming eyes, exquisite complexion, and sweet smile—"une marche de déesse sur les nuées"—fascinated all men. She was the soul of balls and fêtes, "et y ravissoit par les grâces, la justesse, et la perfection de sa danse." With nicest tact, she exerted herself to please the most insignificant people. In public she was very deferential to the King, and respectful to Madame de Maintenon, whom she always called "ma tante;" but in private she was their spoilt child. Some-

[1] Charles, Duke of Berry, was the 3rd son of the Grand Dauphin and of Marie-Christine of Bavaria. He married the eldest daughter of Philip of Orleans and of Françoise Marie, daughter of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan.

[2] "Mém. de St. Simon," x. 160.

times she sat upon the arm of Louis's chair; sometimes she jumped upon Madame's knees. Then, suddenly throwing her arms round their necks, she would kiss the venerable pair; ay, chuck them under their august chins. How she teased them too in her pretty way; how she ransacked their desks, and peeped into their letters! Encouraged by their caresses, she often risked pleasantries of a dubious nature. One day she said in the royal presence: "Do you know, Aunt, why the queens of England succeed better than the kings? Because men govern under the sceptre of women, and women under that of kings." "Oddly enough," observes St. Simon, "the Grand Monarch and the Old Sultana laughed heartily, and declared she was quite right. When she married the Duke of Burgundy, she became a true Frenchwoman, preserving withal a tender love for the modest Savoyard home.[1] 'Jamais princesse si regrettée, et jamais si digne de l'être.'"

O, the misery of the few days which her husband survived her! St. Simon writes: "la douleur de sa perte pénétra ses plus intimes moelles. La piété y surnagea par les plus prodigieux efforts. La sacrifice fut entier, mais il fut sanglant. Dans cette terrible affliction rien de bas, rien de petit, rien d'indécent." A noble character indeed this pupil of Fénelon! His familiar friend the Duke of Berwick affirms that his death was a heavy blow to France, for under his rule she had hoped for an alleviation, if not the end, of her woes. To him we owe the noble maxim that Kings are made for the People, not the People for the Kings; and so deeply was this truth graven in his mind that war and luxury became odious to him. Berwick adds:—"Never did Prince unite more of religion and more of wit. It seemed as if Nature sought to compensate him in this way for his deformed person. Constitutionally he was very irascible, but so

[1] Duclos is of a contrary opinion. "Cet enfant si séduisant et si cher au Roi n'en trahissait pas moins l'Etat, en instruisant son père, alors duc de Savoie, et notre ennemi, de tous les projets militaires qu'elle trouvoit le moyen de lire. Le roi en eut la preuve par les lettres qu'il trouva dans la cassette de cette princesse après sa mort. La petite coquine, dit il, à Madame de Maintenon, nous trompoit."—*Mémoires Secrets*, i. 81.

completely had he conquered the failing that not a trace of it remained. He also strongly inclined to pleasure; but his piety guarded him from vicious indulgence, and often withheld him from lawful joys. Devotedly attached to his wife, he never allowed her to trespass on his hours of prayer and study. Such was his charity that he denied himself a thousand comforts that he might give liberally to the poor. So far did he push forgiveness of injuries and love of his neighbour that he would risk his reputation rather than denounce his calumniators, or even show displeasure against them. I have seen him receive these people as politely, in as friendly a manner indeed, as if they had never injured him, or failed in the respect due to him. I had the honour of his confidence, but he complained not to me of their ill-doings, so constantly was he on the watch against any act inconsistent with Christian virtue. In a word, his crosses and mortifications were the sacrifices he offered up to God. He had excellent sense and remarkable penetration. He sought knowledge, and the conversation of meritorious persons, that he might learn how to govern—how to be a blessing to his subjects when he mounted the throne. But Divine Providence, either to reward the Christian Hero, or to deprive us of a Prince we were unworthy of, transferred him from this mortal life to a glorious eternity in the flower of his age, for he was only thirty years old when he fell asleep." And St. Simon exclaims with a burst of feeling very unusual—"Quel ardent désir des derniers sacrements! quel profond recueillement! quelle invincible patience! quelle douceur, quelle constante bonté pour tout ce qui l'approchoit! quelle charité pure qui le pressait d'aller à Dieu! La France tomba enfin sous ce dernier châtiment!"[1]

Another lovely victim was soon borne to the tomb. James III. was seized with small-pox at St. Germain. His devoted mother shut herself up with him, after taking all possible precautions against the infection penetrating to her daughter, Louise Marie. Yet "La Consolatrice" (as James II. called this child of his affliction) caught the distemper. At

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 93. The characters of the Dauphin and Dauphiness are admirably depicted by St. Simon.—*Mémoires*, x. ch. iv.

first danger was not apprehended; and on the 18th of April the Duke of Berwick told Louis that when he left St. Germain that morning the doctors assured him the fever was subsiding. On his return home in the evening the Marshal learned that the Princess was dead.[1]

Berwick informs us that the advanced age of Louis XIV., and the infancy of the Dauphin, caused many people to press upon the King the necessity of a will and the appointment of a Regency. His Majesty, therefore, requested M. de Harlay, who had been President of the Parliament of Paris, and was a man of wisdom and probity, to draw up a deed in harmony with the laws of the realm. Harlay, being in very infirm health, employed his son, a councillor of state, as his amanuensis. The young man, who was clever and imaginative, but without ballast, presumed to lay it down for a fundamental principle that the King of Spain should be the Dauphin's guardian and Regent of the kingdom. But his Catholic Majesty being unable to leave his own States, Cardinal del Giudice might govern France in his name. The draft of this extraordinary production was presented to Louis as the work of Harlay *père;* but so absurd were its provisions that after a cursory perusal it was thrown aside. Nevertheless, Harlay *fils*, thinking to curry favour with Philip V., told the whole story to Del Giudice when that prelate came to France in 1714 as Spanish Ambassador. The indiscretion being reported to Louis, its author narrowly missed the Bastille. The Duke of Orleans, also informed of the Councillor's faux pas, showed his resentment by not offering him a place under the Regency.

In the meantime, the negotiations for peace went on, ostensibly at Utrecht, but practically at London, Versailles, and the Escorial. The death of the three Dauphins compli-

[1] "She was by all that knew her admired as a most extraordinary person in all respects; insomuch that a very great character was spread of her by those who talked but indifferently of the Pretender himself; thus he lost a great strength, which she procured to him from all who saw or conversed with her."—BURNET, *History of the Reign of Queen Anne*, vi. 112.

cated the situation. To meet the difficulty, the English ministers proposed that Philip V., if he refused to renounce France for himself and his posterity, should exchange the Spanish throne against the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, and the duchies of Savoy and Mantua, which States, with the exception of Sicily, should revert to France in case Philip became the chief of the house of Bourbon. The crown of Spain would then pass to the Duke of Savoy. The proposal being very advantageous to France, Louis wished his grandson to accept it. But Philip, enamoured of his new country, decided to relinquish his right of succession. The messenger who carried this resolution to London met on the road an English courier who was conveying to Louis Queen Anne's assent to a truce of two months, provided the King would temporarily deposit Dunkirk with the English. Louis requested an armistice of four instead of two months; agreed to pledge Dunkirk; and offered to add to the cession of Newfoundland that of Nova Scotia and the French half of the island of St. Christopher. He would also forego Landau. At this price he hoped England would force peace upon the allies.[1] Whilst the parley was proceeding, the Abbé Gautier paid frequent visits to France, and hard did Berwick strive to make him speak plainly. To all appeals the ecclesiastic vaguely replied, it was necessary to have patience till peace was concluded; that the faintest rumour of Queen Anne's good intentions to her brother would furnish the Whigs with such potent weapons against the Court, that not only might the pacification be undone, but the downfall of the Tories, perhaps revolution in the State, be brought about. Moreover, the army must be made sure of, and that could not be before a treaty was signed. It might be possible afterwards so to remodel the *cadres* that trustworthy officers only should be retained in the service.

Spring came without terms being settled, and the armies again prepared to take the field. Villars was the first to fall in; but before noticing his achievements in Flanders, we will

[1] H. Martin: "Histoire de France," xiv. 561.

accompany the Maréchal de Berwick to the Alps. Ere he went his way he announced to Louis that a marriage was about to take place at St. Germain. The gallant Count Daniel O'Mahony, whose feats in Spain should make every Irishman twirl his 'shillelagh,[1] would marry Charlotte, the widow of Viscount Clare, who fell at Ramillies. This lady was the eldest daughter of the Honourable Henry Bulkeley, and therefore sister of the Duchess of Berwick. No doubt the happy couple were satisfied, but the wedding must have been gloomy; for Mary Beatrice grieved in solitude; and wherever James III. showed his face, red from recent small-pox, not even loyalty could prevent the flight of startled grandes dames.

Berwick left St. Germain early in June to take command for the last time of the forces in Dauphiny. First of all he visited Savoy, and despatched some troops to Annecy for the purpose of alarming the Bernese into a tenderer treatment of the Swiss Catholic cantons. He afterwards went to Briançon. His men occupied nearly the same positions as at the commencement of the previous campaign. The negotiations being now far advanced, the Duke of Savoy evinced little inclination for the offensive; indeed, through distrust of the Germans, he had placed the greater part of his soldiers in garrison towns. The Marshal, judging it expedient to subsist his army at the expense of the country likely to be ceded to Victor Amadeus, passed Mont Genevre on the 11th of July, and next day forty-one battalions and nine squadrons of dragoons encamped under his orders in the valley of Pragelas. On the other hand, the enemy ranged eighteen battalions behind the entrenchments of St. Colomban. Five others quartered near Fenestrelle. The rest of the Imperialists were écheloned from Exilles to Susa.

And now the Court, regardless of Savoy, but very apprehensive about Spain, wanted Berwick to detach ten battalions to the aid of Comte de Fiennes, who had been obliged to abandon the province of Ampurdan. However, the Marshal pointed out that the Austro-Piedmontese might array sixty-five bat-

[1] O'Mahony's first wife was Cecilia Weld, of Lulworth, a daughter of one of the oldest Catholic families in England.

talions, whereas he (Berwick) had but sixty-four under his orders; and of these, four were essential to the safety of Monaco and Nice. Again, the frontier under his charge being of vast extension, he would be perplexed, if his force were diminished, how to withstand the Imperialists, who, ensconced at St. Colomban, had the power of striking him right or left at their option. Nor could he suppose that an addition of ten battalions would enable Fiennes to encounter Staremberg, should the latter lay siege to Rosas or Gerona.[1]

The French remained in the valleys until the 6th of September, when they returned to the Bridge of Cerviers. They might have subsisted at Oulx for a longer period, but Berwick had planned an irruption into the plain of Piedmont by another way. "I had a two-fold motive for so doing; first, in case the enemy broke up from Exilles to follow me, I might, by a forced counter-march of two days, double into a position to invest that place. Secondly, if he stood still, I could levy contributions, and show 'M. le duc de Savoie que ses montagnes ne sont pas impénétrables.'" On the day the soldiers marched into Briançon, fourteen squadrons arrived there from Savoy, to the wonder of the mountaineers, who had never before beheld such a power on horseback.

On the 8th Berwick, at the head of twenty-five battalions and twenty squadrons, passed by the Cols d'Izouard and des Ayes into the valley of Quieras. Then, the cavalry and seven battalions under D'Arènes and De Cilly moved onward, a band of grenadiers and dragoons clearing the way for the horse. This advance-guard was soon at Sampeyre, where D'Arènes halted with the infantry, but Cilly advanced with the cavalry and grenadier detachment. Stationing the latter at Venasco, he entered Piedmont with the troopers. Two regiments of Imperial cuirassiers defying him, Cilly charged them and took many prisoners. Sixty Frenchmen fell in the combat; the foeman's loss was greater. The bulk of the Austro-Piedmontese cavalry being reported on the move, the fugitives were not pursued beyond Villa Novita. Cilly searched the villages

[1] Pelet, xi. 154.

round about with strong parties. By laying hold of hostages he secured contributions. Magistrates and other worshipful personages paid ransom to the amount of 50,000 crowns. By this time Berwick had reached Chanas, near Château Dauphin, whilst D'Asfeld, marching by the Col de l'Argentière, forced the terrible Barricades,[1] "un poste excellent qui couvre l'entrée de la Stura;" and, in spite of Baron de St. Remy, reduced Demonte to obedience. He then harried the plain of Coni, and after collecting many hostages returned to the Barcelonette.

Cilly having fallen back to Venasco, one of his parties scoured the valley of the Maira. Another dropped into the valley of the Po, and laid it under contribution as far as Barges. All the while the Imperialists stirred not; and Berwick, sure he might now dispense with them, sent ten battalions to Roussillon. Early in October he learned that the Austrian horse were on the march to the Milanese, and that the Piedmontese foot were likewise receding; he therefore distributed the army in winter quarters, and after a few days' sojourn at Grenoble rejoined the Court.

The extraordinary inertness of the 40,000 men composing the allied army may be ascribed to the distrust with which the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy regarded each other; distrust swelling almost into hostility when Charles discovered that Victor Amadeus was in secret correspondence with Utrecht. Under double-faced princes, soldiers are impotent. The Duke of Berwick, though embarrassed by the difficulty of feeding his people, was never lulled to sleep by the adversary's snares. He continued indefatigable in opening out or improving such communications as would enable him to travel swiftly from one Alpine post to another. Through his perfect knowledge of the mountains his labours were successful; and the admirable system which he matured remains to this day the model of a defence of the French Alpine frontier.[2] In an interesting "mémoire" concerning operations in Piedmont, which General de Grouchy addressed to the National Convention, that

[1] Sometimes called "défilé des Planches."

[2] Pelet, xi. 161.

distinguished officer remarks: "In case the war, which will break out in the spring, be defensive on our side, 'on doit prendre pour guide les savants campagnes de Berwick, qui dans la défense de cette partie a déployé le plus de talents, et dont le génie sut rendre vains la supériorité et les efforts des nombreux ennemis de la France pendant la guerre de la succession."[1] This is no hollow panegyric. As officers who have studied the subject must confess, it is the truth told by a man who knew what he was writing about.

[1] "Mémoires du Maréchal de Grouchy," i. 9.

XIX.

DENAIN.

1712.

WE now come to the grand event of the year. "Pendant cet été," says Berwick, "les affaires en Flandre changerent totalement de face." The Austrian Court, the Dutch, and the Whigs still conspired against the peace. The Protestant Succession was pronounced in danger; and to avert such a calamity the bolder partisans suggested a rising in London. But though the Lords held to the House of Habsburg, large majorities in the Lower Chamber supported the Ministry. Presently, the Emperor played a trump card. Prince Eugene was sent to England to abet Marlborough's intrigues;[1] for it was thought the sight of those two great generals arm-in-arm would so delight the multitude that a popular pressure might be brought to bear upon Queen and Commons.

Gossips predicted a violent overthrow of the administration. Rumours of another 1688 in favour of the Hanoverian Elector pervaded the coffee-houses. But the Ministers grappled with the emergency. Marlborough, dismissed from his employments, not only lost the command of the army, but, accused of enormous peculations, was threatened with a prosecution. A creation of peers beat down Whig predominance in the Lords. Thus, on Eugene's arrival at London (January 16) he contemplated a gloomy prospect; and yet, between him, Marlborough, the Hanoverian Envoy and certain discontented

[1] "I saw Prince Eugene at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides."—*Swift to Stella*, Feb. 9, 1711—1712.

nobles very sinister schemes were privately revolved; but no commotion arose;[1] and after wasting two months in Pall Mall, the Prince of Savoy went back to the Hague, to prepare for the coming strife, without the guidance of the genial brother-in-arms, the mighty conqueror, lately the darling of the British people, but now in their eyes the robber of the nation, and a public enemy.[2]

There was an affecting scene at Marly, when Villars, about to depart for Flanders, took leave of the King. Louis wept, saying: "You know my condition, Marshal. It is almost unexampled. Within a month, I have lost my grandson, my grand-daughter, and their son, all of excellent promise, and most tenderly loved. "Dieu me punit; je l'ai bien mérité; j'en souffrirai moins dans l'autre mondé. No more of my private sorrows. Let us consider how the woes of the nation may be diminished. My confidence in you is supreme. I hand over to you the forces, the safety of the State. I acknowledge your zeal and the courage of the troops. Still, fortune may be adverse. Should the army be beaten, what, think you, is the resolution most befitting me?" To so grave a question, Villars did not immediately reply, and the King proceeded: "Your hesitation does not surprise me. Whilst you are pondering, I will give you my opinion. The courtiers imagine that I ought to retire to Blois, without waiting for the enemy to draw toward Paris, which, if he gain a signal victory, he may perhaps do. But large armies are seldom so utterly routed, that the greater number of my soldiers might not rally on the Somme. I know that river. It is difficult to pass. There are places which may be made strong. I would prefer, therefore, to go to Peronne, or collecting at St. Quentin all the men that remain to me 'faire une dernier effort avec vous, et périr ensemble, ou sauver l'Etat, car je ne consentirai jamais à laisser approcher l'ennemi de ma capi-

[1] For an extraordinary account of Eugene's designs when in England, see Swift's "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen."

[2] "Instead of cheering, the mob bawled 'Stop thief!' when they espied Marlborough's chair in St. James's Park."—MACPHERSON, *Original Papers*, ii. 270.

tale."[1] As Montesquieu observes, there was heroism in the monarch's speech. "Il savoit bien que le courage peut affirmer une couronne, et que l'infamie ne le fait jamais."

In the early spring the allies amused themselves by burning with bombs the forage heaped upon the ramparts of Arras; and Maréchal de Montesquiou, who commanded on the frontier, avenged himself by destroying the bridges and sluices of the canal from Lille to Douai, thus interrupting the enemy's communication by water between the latter place and Ghent. The armies began to move about the end of May. The British effected their junction with the Dutch on the 20th of that month; and three days afterwards, Villars received secret information from Versailles that the Duke of Ormonde, the new English general, had orders to avoid engaging in any battle or siege. Under the pretext of exchanging a prisoner of war, the Marshal inquired of the Duke whether the tacit suspension of hostilities applied merely to the native English, or embraced all the troops in British pay. An important question, for but 18,000 Englishmen stood in the ranks, whereas Queen Anne hired from foreign princes more than 30,000 soldiers. Ormonde did not reply decisively: "Il n'était pas encore sûr de l'état des choses."

On the 26th, the confederates passed the Scheldt at Bouchain, leaving a strong corps between that river and the Scarpe, and formed "en front de bandière" from Bouchain to Cateau-Cambresis. Then, Villars placed his centre at Cambrai, his right upon the heights of Vaucelles, his left at Etrun. The French army was composed of 130 battalions and 256 squadrons. The united host of Eugene and Ormonde mustered 158 battalions and nearly 300 squadrons.[2] Eugene proposed to attack by pouring out of the forest of Bohain upon ground which Cadogan had just reconnoitred, between the sources of the Scheldt and the Somme. Villars desired to accept battle on the plateau of Vermandois, to the north of St. Quentin. Both projects were bootless. Without fresh in-

[1] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 361.

[2] "Which amounted," says Brigadier Kane, "to 122,000 fighting men —Villars's people did not exceed 100,000."—*Memoirs*, 102.

structions from home, Ormonde refused to co-operate with the Prince. Deprived of the British bayonets, Eugene turned upon Le Quesnoy, which he invested on the 8th of June. Thereupon, Villars questioned Ormonde whether or no the Englishmen would oppose an attempt on the part of the French to relieve Le Quesnoy. Requesting the Marshal to venture nothing till the publication of the truce,[1] the Duke assembled the chiefs of the German auxiliaries and informed them that the Queen his mistress had agreed with the French King upon an armistice. They answered, that they would stand by Prince Eugene, unless they received orders to the contrary from their respective sovereigns. In fact, Eugene and the Dutch Deputies had made sure of them, by promising that Austria and Holland would provide their pay if England withheld it. At this juncture, the Earl of Strafford, one of the British plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, arrived in the confederate camp, to notify a cessation of arms, and invite the Austro-Dutch to accede to it. The Commander-in-Chief and the Deputies asked for delay, in order that they might consult the States-General and the Imperial envoys. Whilst this talk was going on, Le Quesnoy surrendered "honteusement" on the 4th of July, without Villars having moved a single regiment to succour it.

Nor was this the Marshal's sole disappointment: 2,800 horse, under the Dutch brigadier, Govestein, contriving to pierce the French lines, traversed Champagne and Lorraine, seizing hostages and gathering spoil. Alarm spread to Paris. Though pursued by St. Fremont's dragoons, Govestein acted so adroitly that he passed the Moselle and the Sarre unharmed, and rejoined the army of Brabant without having had occasion to fire a shot.[2] In reprisal, the famous French partisan, Pasteur, as cleverly ravaged the frontier of Holland.

[1] In respect of the restriction on Ormonde's action, Burnet says: "The ministers would neither confess nor deny the matter, pretending the oath of secrecy; yet they affirmed the Duke of Ormonde was at liberty to cover a siege."—*Reign of Queen Anne*, vi. 120.

[2] "Govestein eluded the French outposts very dexterously: "Il fit partir son détachement en plusieurs petits corps, pour mieux cacher sa marche, et ils ne rassemblérent qu'a 25 lieues du camp. Ils marchérent en suite 3

Once more Ormonde tried to induce the generals of the German mercenaries to accept the suspension of arms. They still declined. So he proclaimed the truce at the head of the English corps, and on the 16th of July marched away for Flanders with his own men, two Holstein regiments, and the dragoons of Liége. The enraged Dutch slammed the gates of several towns in his face, but they could not prevent him occupying Ghent (where an English garrison lay), Bruges, and other posts. Three days after the defection, 5,000 Britons, landing at Dunkirk, took possession of its forts, as a guarantee of Louis's promises. No doubt, peace was essential to English interests, but to obtain it the Tory ministry stooped to the chicanery of pettifogging attorneys.[1] Many of Marlborough's veterans inveighed bitterly, but unjustly, against Ormonde, a brave and loyal officer. They abused him roundly for obeying the Queen's commands. However, as Burnet confesses, this evil doing that good might come, this ignoble rupture of the alliance, "was not only the act of the Court and Ministry, but it became the act of the nation, which, by a general voice, did not only approve of it, but applaud it."[2]

Notwithstanding the departure of their old comrades, the Austro-Dutch were still superior in the field to the French, the Emperor having despatched to Flanders 25,000 men, rendered disposable by the pacification of Hungary. On the very day, then, of the split, Eugene marched to the river Selle, as if keen to fight. Accordingly, Villars crossed the Scheldt. The armies were thus face to face; but instead of grappling, the Imperial commander extended away to his left, and on a sudden encompassed Landrecies. His plan was formidable but hazardous: Valenciennes and Condé refused on one side; Charleroi and Namur neglected on the other, he would hold

jours et 3 nuits sans s'arrêter, excepté quelques, heures pendant la nuit pour faire rafraichir leurs chevaux" (Rousset, "Histoire Militaire du Prince Eugene," ii. 326). There is instruction here for light-cavalry officers of the present day.

[1] "He (Ormonde) was directed to conceal his orders, and to find the best excuses he could, if any pressing occasion should offer."—SWIFT: *History of the Four Last Years of the Queen.*

[2] "History of the Reign of Queen Anne," vi. 126.

the Upper Scheldt by Bouchain, the Sambre by Landrecies, the interval between the two rivers by Le Quesnoy. Assured of this base, he might press to the front. Had he made Bouchain the starting-point, he must have taken or turned Cambrai; but from Landrecies the road to Paris presented no very serious obstacle.

The confederate army was divided into three corps. The first, under Fagel, dealt with Landrecies. The second, commanded by Eugene in person, covered the siege. The third, headed by the Earl of Albemarle, an English officer in the Dutch service, occupied an entrenched camp at Denain on the Scheldt, between Valenciennes and Bouchain. This post, strong by nature and the spade, was intended to protect the transport of stores from the magazines at Marchiennes to the lines before Landrecies. Thus, the Imperialists were spread over a space of about thirty-six miles, a disposition of extreme danger; but from the inactivity of the French during the preceding campaign, the Prince of Savoy seems to have supposed that under no circumstances would they risk an engagement; and, it must be owned, unity and resolution dwelt not in their tents just then. Many officers complained because Villars did not give battle; many, fancying he was about to do so, protested it was unwise to put all the eggs into one basket. Louis proposed the siege of Douai in the belief that Eugene would let go Landrecies to save the former fortress. Villars preferred to recover Bouchain. No sooner had the King consented than the idea was abandoned. The Marshal, impressed with the extreme delicacy of his country's position, was evidently undecided. "Il cherchait le joint, il tâtonnait," before venturing a blow which would either preserve France or destroy her.

Now, on the 17th of July, the King had written to Villars to suggest the assault of Denain.[1] At first, the Marshal demurred, but after he had examined the enemy's situation

[1] "Ma première pensée avoit été dans l'éloignement où se trouve Landrecies de toutes les places d'où les ennemis peuvent tirer leurs munitions et convois d'interrompre leur communication en faisant attaquer les lignes de Marchiennes (ou de Denain) ce qui les mettroit dans l'impossibilité de continuer le siége."—*Journal de Dangeau*, xiv. (Appendix).

between the Sambre and the Scheldt, and viewed the lines girdling Landrecies, he so much disrelished the aspect of things in those quarters, that, on Montesquiou emphatically recommending a strong thrust at Lord Albemarle, he acquiesced, and the two warriors concerted the enterprise.[1] The utmost secrecy was observed. A few Staff officers only were admitted to the deliberation: for success depended on Eugene being beguiled into a concentration of his forces near Landrecies, whilst the French struck with all their might at Denain.

His mind made up, Villars disdained no precaution. His hussars scoured the roads leading to Bouchain and the banks of the Selle, so that deserters might not pass over to the enemy. He caused Comte de Coigny to prepare bridges across the Sambre, and to provide a vast quantity of fascines. By these cares a notion spread among the soldiers that there would be fighting before Landrecies, "and," observes Villars, "I had the pleasure to perceive that the Prince of Savoy closed up the greater part of his infantry upon that point, thus weakening his communication with Marchiennes." In the evening of the 23rd, Lieutenant-General Albergotti called upon the Marshal, and, as commander of the foot, expostulated with him on the rashness of the venture, which, he thought, was on the carpet. Villars simply replied, "Allez-vous reposer quelques heures, M. d'Albergotti, demain à 3 heures du matin, vous saurez si les retranchemens des ennemis sont aussi bons que vous les croyez."[2] And an order was issued that at sunset all the generals should be at the head of their respective divisions, ready to act as the staff officers who would be sent to them enjoined.

In the course of the evening, General de Vieuxpont, with thirty battalions, a few field-pieces, and the pontoons, departed to throw bridges over the Scheldt between Bouchain and

[1] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 371.

[2] General Pelet and other writers maintain that Villars really meant to cross the Sambre in quest of Eugene on the night of the 23rd; but for some unexplained reason, "tout à coup les affaires changerent de face, le projet de la Sambre fut abandonné, on reprit celui de Denain."—*Mémoires Militaires*, xi. 77.

Denain. Comte de Broglie would join him with forty squadrons of the reserve camped at Cateau-Cambresis. Albergotti followed at nightfall with twenty battalions. At tattoo, the rest of the army marched off by the left under Montesquiou. Moreover, the Prince de Tingry[1] was instructed to proceed from Valenciennes towards the same goal with fifteen battalions and a brigade of dragoons. The toil was being cast around Denain.

The army marched all night, not without murmurs from the soldiery, who, eager to relieve Landrecies, regarded the present movement as a retreat. Very early next morning, Vieux-pont completed his bridges at Neuville without hindrance from Lord Albemarle. The Frenchmen began to cross, and Villars riding up placed himself at the head of the Navarre brigade, which was wading painfully through a bog very easy of defence, if the enemy had been alert; but the enemy dozed, and was in no mood even to hold "the double line of communication," defended by redoubts, extending from the Scheldt to the Scarpe, which he boastfully styled "the high road to Paris." The parallel next to Bouchain was gained by a rush; and Broglie's horsemen seized a convoy travelling between the lines. Albemarle, in trepidation, drew back his battalions within the entrenched camp. About ten o'clock, Eugene, only just informed of the hostile movement, came up at full gallop, and, reinforcing Albemarle with six battalions from Thian, conjured him to stand firm till the arrival of the main body of the confederates. The Prince then ascended an eminence on the other side of the Scheldt, whence he might direct the expected columns, whose heads were already visible in the distance.

Villars perceived that victory must be won at a stroke. Hurrying to the rear, he pressed the march of the brigades still thronging over the Scheldt. While thus engaged, Albergotti coolly proposed to make fascines to fill up the entrenchments of Denain. "Do you suppose," cried the vehement Marshal, pointing to ominous dust-clouds, "that the gentlemen yonder

[1] The cavalry officer hitherto described as the Chevalier de Luxembourg.

will give us time enough? The bodies of the first men struck down in the ditch shall be our fascines." "Il n'y avoit pas un instant, pas une minute à perdre." Montesquiou formed the infantry in four lines. They stepped out jauntily as if on parade. Their cannon roared from time to time, but "with the poor effect of an artillery which acts on the move." The enemy fired salvoes. When Montesquiou's first line was within fifty paces of the entrenchment, the whiz of round-shot, the ping of bullets blended in dreadful music. Not a Frenchman swerved. At twenty paces the fire redoubled. Now, two young battalions faltered, but the veterans strode on. Into the ditch leapt the grenadiers; the entrenchment was carried with the spring of tigers. On all sides the Imperialists fled, some rushing towards their pontoon bridge, some making for a water-mill. In the turmoil fell a young soldier of brilliant promise, the Marquis de Tourville, son of the celebrated Admiral. The cavalry soon forced an opening in another place. Albemarle tried to rally a few regiments in the village and abbey of Denain. But the men had lost heart. There was no magic in his voice. The French drew near. Order vanished; and Villars riding into the lines found Albemarle and the other officers "aux pieds de mon cheval." In that wild moment, the Marshal was as polite as if he had accosted the hapless gentlemen in the park of Marly. "Je les priai d'excuser si les affaires presentes ne me permettoient pas toute la politesse que je leur devois; mais que la première étoit de pourvoir à la sûrete de leurs personnes."[1]

In the midst of all this, the Prince de Tingry occupied the bridge of Prouvy, thus restraining the Imperialists, who would have passed the Scheldt there. To complete the discomfiture, the Denain bridge broke down under the weight of baggage and of fugitives, almost at the moment when Eugene reached it with the vanguard of his army. Aid to Denain was therefore hopeless. No escape indeed for the vanquished. "Part of the infantry," wrote Lord Albemarle, "cast themselves into the river; part were killed by the enemy; 2,080 were made

[1] "Mém. de Villars," ii. 376.

prisoners, and the scattered remains, to the number of 4,080, having saved themselves, returned afterwards to the grand army." [1] On the other side, 865 French were slain, and 1,075 wounded.

There are few more interesting studies in a military sense than the catastrophe at Denain. The year before, Marlborough, outreaching the French with marvellous art, passed their lines and invested Bouchain. Now Villars deftly feigning with his right against Landrecies, hurled his left upon Denain, and foiled the whole purpose of Eugene. Relating the difficulties that beset the enterprise, Foulard remarks:—"Le Maréchal les surmonte tous par son addresse, et par des mésures si secretes, si rusées, si fines, si justes, et si bien concertées, que c'est un sujet d'admiration et un fonds inépuisable d'instructions pour les gens de guerre."

If there was a department of his administration on which Marlborough prided himself, it was the Intelligence Department.[2] Yet so strangely had things changed within the year that neither Eugene nor Albemarle were apprised of the French evolution, till it was nearly accomplished. The Prince of Savoy "surprised and troubled to hear of the injustice people do my Lord Albemarle," wrote to a Minister,—"I have long been sensible that the ill-informed vulgar judge by events, and that the unfortunate are always censured by them; but I wonder that such slanders should have found reception among men of figure, as could only have been broached by his enemies." Up to a certain point the Prince is right.

[1] See Brodrick, "History of the Late War," 375. According to French accounts the loss of the allies was far greater: "De 17 bataillons que les alliés avoient dans Denain, il ne sauva que 400 hommes, aucun officier général n'echappa, en sorte que la perte des ennemis dans cette occasion, en comptant 4,000 prisonniers, alloit à 8, ou 9,000 hommes."—QUINCY, *Histoire Militaire*, vii. 66.

[2] When accused of pocketing two and a half per cent. out of the pay of the foreign troops in the English service, Marlborough attempted to vindicate himself by declaring: "Next to the blessing of God and the bravery of the troops, most of the advantages of the war might be attributed to the timely and good advice procured with the help of this money."

"Closet warriors in cosy studies" (as the American General Taylor well expresses it) are far too ready to abuse commanders in the field; still, from all that is known of the affair at Denain, we should not be warranted in absolving Albemarle from blame, and making the troops the scape-goats of the disaster. According to Swift, "the Duke of Ormonde gave Albemarle timely warning of his danger, observing that he was neither entrenched as he ought, nor provided with bridges sufficient for the situation he was in, and at such a distance from the main army." The Duke of Marlborough too is reported to have said "in his gentle whining manner," upon seeing the plan of Landrecies, "I am under apprehension for Lord Albemarle." [1]

It is often difficult, sometimes impossible, to arrive at the truth concerning military affairs; and to whom belongs the honour of conceiving the march on Denain has never been clearly ascertained. All things considered, we may, perhaps, give the credit of it to Maréchal de Montesquiou who, it appears, secretly suggested the enterprise to Louis XIV., with the remark that he was sure Villars would cavil at it. Hence, the King's letter to Villars. Voltaire tells us that a country curé, and a counsellor of Douai named Lefevre d'Orval, walking together in the vicinity, took it into their heads that Denain and Marchiennes might be assailed advantageously. Lefevre mentioned the subject to the Intendant of the province, who reported it to Montesquiou; the latter recommended the enterprise to his Majesty; thus showing, "par quels secrets et faibles ressorts les grandes affaires de ce monde sont souvent dirigés."

Prince Eugene, after a vain effort to drive Tingry from Prouvy bridge, retired to Landrecies.[2] Villars, the heroic fire rekindled in his heart by victory, struck quick and straight. The very day of the combat, Marchiennes was masked by Broglie. Other corps attacked and carried all the Imperialist

[1] Burnet: "Reign of Queen Anne," vi. 127.

[2] Berwick observes: "Il (Eugene) y perdit plus de mille hommes, et cela très inutilement, car quand on lui auroit abandonné les ponts, il n'en auroit pas plus osé passer l'Escaut devant l'armée du roi."

posts along the Scarpe from Douai to Mortagne. Marchiennes surrendered on the 30th. The garrison was large, the spoil immense, for at Marchiennes the allies had established their reserve magazine. Troops from Valenciennes, Ypres, and the maritime towns having joined, the French became superior to the confederates, who are said to have lost from the 24th to the 30th of July more than 14,000 men. Villars still pushed his success. After destroying the enemy's entrenchments on the Scheldt and Scarpe, he invested Douai on the 31st, profiting greatly by the lines which the allies had thrown up against it in 1710; which lines they omitted to demolish in the arrogant belief that the French would never resume the offensive. Eugene, deprived of his stores, and his communications in danger, raised the siege of Landrecies on the 29th. Hoping to relieve Douai, he crossed the Scheldt near Tournai, and encamping in the plain of Lille, hard by Seclin, reconnoitred the part of the enemy's position which lay between Auby and Pont-à-Rache. But the Marshal had strengthened this vulnerable point with entrenchments, and by diverting the waters of the Scarpe into the ditch.[1] Having observed the French for fifteen days, Eugene acknowledged the impossibility of forcing their works with disheartened troops, and retired to Mons on the 27th of August. The same day the fort of Scarpe capitulated. Early in September Douai did likewise. The whole line of the Scarpe was reconquered.

Leaving Albergotti, who had so well defended it in 1710, to take formal possession of Douai, Villars passed the Scheldt at Valenciennes; for Eugene was rapidly moving towards Leuze. In fact the Austrian commander wished to cover Le Quesnoy, where he had deposited his siege-train, on quitting Landrecies. He thought too by threatening Maubeuge to turn his opponents' attention from Bouchain. Villars was beforehand with him. Le Quesnoy was encompassed on the morning of the 8th; when Eugene approached two days

[1] "Pour mettre le camp en sûreté, on fit partout des retrenchements, et on y employa 20,000 pionniers tirés des provinces de la frontière."—PELET, ix. 96.

afterwards, he saw the French in array between him and the place. Douai he had left to its fate; he could do nothing for Le Quesnoy. It succumbed in the beginning of October. A powerful siege-train, a vast quantity of ammunition, provisions of all kinds were taken. Before this event, Bouchain had been confronted. It resisted for ten days, and fell on the 19th of October.

Such was the notable warfare of 1712. In less than four months, Villars recovered the border fortresses which the allies had spent three campaigns in acquiring. As he said: "Il ne faut qu'un moment pour changer la face des affaires peut-être du noir au blanc." In the sketch of great wars which Napoleon traced in about forty pages, the conqueror of Prince Eugene obtains just one line: "Le Maréchal de Villars sauva la France à Denain." Could a nobler compliment be paid?

Surely Englishmen may glory in the fact that as soon as their countryman was discharged and their home-bred contingent withdrawn, the discomfiture of the allies ensued. The tide of victory turned when the red-coats departed. "Les ennemis du Roi ont déjà senti qu'ils n'ont plus avec eux les braves Anglais."[1] France too may fairly boast of the patience with which her gallant sons bore the agonies of defeat, and the rapidity with which they regained the landmarks wrenched from them by a mighty genius wielding the power of many nations. Artillery of enormous range, rifles of curious precision, a luxurious commissariat, special correspondence, busy-body committees may be inventions to vaunt, and marvel at; but, after all, the true science of war resides, as of old, in the brains of the general, and in the courage of a disciplined and veteran soldiery.

[1] Maréchal de Villars au Duc d'Ormonde.

XX.

THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

1712—1713.

WE are again on Spanish soil. The resources of Philip's government being insufficient to turn the victory of Villa-Viciosa to account, the Duc de Vendôme *more suo* relapsed into shameful insouciance. Separating from his officers, he took up his abode at Vinaros (a lonely town on the Valencian coast) that he might gormandize on fish. He did so to his heart's content for nearly a month. Suddenly he fell sick. At first the malady was imputed to unwholesome diet, but strange symptoms appearing, the people about him suspected poison.[1] Then, we are told, the chief butler and his brethren forsook their lord, leaving him to the care of three or four varlets. Seeing him at the last extremity, these caitiffs purloined everything they could carry off, even to the mattress upon which the duke lay. "Il leur cria pitoyablement de ne le laisser pas mourir au moins à nu sur sa paillasse, et je ne sais s'il l'obtint."[2] Thus expired in his fifty-eighth year a famous

[1] "Aguilar, l'ami du duc de Noailles, revenu d'exil pour servir sous lui (Vendôme) fut fort accusé de l'avoir empoisonné, et se mit peu en peine de s'en défendre, comme on s'y mit peu de faire aucune récherche."—*Mém. de St. Simon*, x. 207.

[2] Scarcely less wretched was the end of Vendôme's widow (*née* Mdlle. d'Enghien), six years afterwards. "Elle mourut sans testament, ni sacrements, de s'être blasée surtout de liqueurs fortes dont elle avoit son cabinet rempli."—*Ibid.*, xv. 322.

Alas! there is sometimes little to choose between the princess of the blood and the washerwoman.

descendant of Henri IV. Reprobate as he was, history pronounces him one of the finest soldiers of the age :—

"My sentence is for open war : of wiles
More inexpert, I boast not."

The Spanish Court decreed an immense honour to the proud Philistrian's memory. His corpse was laid among kings in the vaults of the Escorial. "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave."

Staremberg, reinforced by some Imperial regiments, tried to profit by the death of the French general. He caused more than 30,000 men to advance in two corps; the larger to the Segre, the other against Gerona. Meanwhile news arriving of the truce between England and France, the British soldiers retired, amid the execrations of the Catalans, from Catalonia and Portugal. João V., having received no subsidies from the Emperor or the Dutch for more than a year, and his colonies suffering from the maritime war, gladly consented to the cessation of arms. His men decamped from Spain:

"Movet cornicula risum
Furtivis nudata coloribus."

But the Imperialists still blockaded Gerona, and Comte de Fiennes, who marched to relieve it, found them so well posted before the place, and so superior in numbers, that he considered himself lucky to re-enter Roussillon without scath. Louis, fearing that Gerona might be lost through lack of food, resolved to send Berwick thither with a sufficient army. That Marshal reached Perpignan on the 10th of December. The regiments which would compose the expedition (being summoned from Germany, Dauphiny, and Provence) could not be in line before the 26th; on which day 34 battalions, 41 squadrons, and 30 guns assembled at Boulou. The subsistence of the men and beasts proved a matter of grave anxiety, for the season was far advanced, the way long, the country hostile and difficult. "We had collected a sort of fleet which was to sail abreast of us, so as to furnish the necessary supplies, 'mais l'on n'est jamais sûr de rien, quand

on dépend des vents.'"[1] On the 28th, the French quitted Boulou, and passed the Pyrenees. Next day they proceeded to Figueras, where they halted for a few hours till bread and provender arrived from Rosas.

Informed of Berwick's movement, Staremberg thickened the blockade of Gerona with most of the troops stationed in Catalonia. He had therefore 36 battalions and 37 squadrons in hand. On the 2nd of January, 1713, the French were on the Ter, within three leagues of the hostile camp. At night, they fired three rounds of artillery, to notify their approach to the Marquis de Brancas, the firm and judicious officer who commanded in the beleaguered city. To reach it was no easy matter. Athwart the high road frowned the strong post of La Côte Rouge, which, though accessible on the Ter's left bank, had been so solidly entrenched that Berwick refused to meddle with it. Nor would he operate by the right bank, lest, getting entangled in the mountain gorges, he might be kept in play longer than the rations would last. After much consideration, he decided to cross the Ter and push to the succour of his countrymen from the neighbourhood of Torrella. The way being roundabout and hilly, he was obliged to await four days' supply of biscuit. All the while, however, he feigned an intention to assail La Côte Rouge. His light troops were active. Six hundred of his dragoons swept away the Miquelets and cavalry patrolling the right bank of the Ter; another detachment crept cautiously forward to ascertain the doings of the foe's main body. But no blood flowed. Aware that, if the French passed the Ter, his retreat would be endangered, Staremberg decamped from La Côte Rouge at nightfall on the 3rd, and marched to Hostalrich, abandoning a few pieces of artillery, some ammunition and provisions. Straightway two of Berwick's foot brigades and all his dragoons occupied the vantage ground. Gerona was communicated with. Supplies were introduced—only just in time, for hardly a dog, a cat, or a rat remained in the larder.[2] The garrison was changed, and Brancas' haggard band staggered forth, "look-

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 99.

[2] "San Felipe," iii. 48.

ing more dead than alive." Excellently commanded, the men had served bravely. Repulsing many assaults, they had endured a blockade for seven months. Some of the monks, according to San Felipe, liked not the short commons, and sneaked out of the city. But the bishop preached resistance to the uttermost, and the Jesuits attended the sick and wounded with saintly devotion. Henry Bulkeley, the Duchess of Berwick's brother, immediately departed to convey the glad tidings to Versailles. The King commended the conduct of Maréchal de Berwick, and made Bulkeley a brigadier, with a pension of 4,000 francs, besides 12,000 francs for travelling expenses. Staff officers and the brothers-in-law of Commanders-in-Chief are fortunate persons.

The French worked so diligently at Gerona, that by the 21st of January it was revictualled for eighteen months. The Marshal then returned to Figueras, and leaving twenty battalions and as many squadrons in the Ampurdan, sent back the rest of the troops to their original stations. In February he saluted Louis XIV. at Versailles. When complimented upon his achievement, he generously attributed the honour of it to Bâville, the Intendant of Languedoc, who had managed the collection of provisions and beasts of burden so expertly that, on the very day fixed, the magazines at Rosas were properly furnished.[1] Philip V. acknowledged Berwick's services in a gracious autograph letter, and decorated the valiant Brancas with the order of the Golden Fleece.

Voisin had proposed, under pretence of economy, that on Gerona being relieved its fortifications should be levelled. In reality, he wanted to deprive the Spaniards of a stronghold near the French frontier. But the Marshal refused such dirty work, unless the King positively ordered it to be done; and Louis, though plainly of a like mind with his War Minister, could not for shame issue the written mandate, without which "excuse en bonne forme," Berwick had no notion of encountering the rage of the Spanish King and people.

On his arrival at home, the Duke of Berwick discovered

[1] "Journal de Dangeau," xiv. 336.

that the Treaty of Peace was on the eve of being settled, and that by it all the valleys beyond Mont Genevre were to be ceded to the Duke of Savoy—as if they were worthless. "But I knew them too well," writes the Marshal, "not to feel myself bound to represent to his Majesty that so important a region should not be given up without an equivalent. I therefore advised him to claim the Barcelonnette, which is very material to the defence of Provence and Dauphiny. The King and the ministers hesitated, lest the demand might retard the conclusion of peace, but I insisted so strongly upon the point that ultimately they followed my advice. On his side, the Duke of Savoy, apprehensive that if he demurred the allies would sign without him, and apparently ignorant of the strategical value of the land in question, raised no objection; thus did France, losing Exilles and Fenestrelle, obtain a very fertile valley."

The Dutch having learnt at Denain the virtue of moderation, peace was concluded at Utrecht on the 11th of April, 1713, between England, France, Holland, Portugal, Prussia, Savoy, and Spain. The Emperor would have none of it. "The Court of Vienna," remarks Berwick, "never likes to accede to treaties at the same time as the other powers. It thinks in this way to make manifest its grandeur and importance; although in reality it cannot singly sustain the burden of war for any length of time." What the Marshal opined in the beginning of the eighteenth century is truth to-day.

The main conditions affecting England and France were that Louis should acknowledge Queen Anne, acquiesce in the Protestant succession, and cease to harbour James III.;[1] also, that he should dismantle the fortifications of Dunkirk, and deliver up Newfoundland, Hudson's Bay, and St. Christopher's. With regard to the Alliance generally it was stipulated that the kingdom of Naples, and the Spanish Netherlands, should

[1] "Une chose peu importante, mais assez singulière, c'est que l'Abbé de Polignac, un de nos plenipotentiaires à Utrecht, obtint le chapeau de cardinal à la nomination de Jacques III., comme roi d'Angleterre, dans le temps que l'abbé signoit les articles qui excluoient ce prince du trône, dont on assuroit la possession à la branche protestante d'Hanovre."—DUCLOS, *Mémoires Secrets*, i. 94.

be reserved for the Emperor; that the Duke of Savoy should obtain Sicily with the title of King, and be placed next in succession of the Spanish monarchy; that the Elector of Bavaria should receive Sardinia with the regal title; that Holland, gaining Namur, Charleroi, Luxembourg, Ypres, and Nieuport, should restore Lille, Bethune, Aire, and St. Venant, to France; that the King of Prussia should exchange Orange for Upper Gelderland. Great Britain retained Gibraltar and Minorca. There was also signed a Treaty of Commerce between England and France, and a very curious "distinction" was extorted from Spain. In her speech from the throne (June 6, 1712), Queen Anne said: "The part which we have borne in the prosecution of the war entitling us to some distinction in the terms of peace, I have insisted and obtained that the *asiento*, or contract for furnishing the Spanish West Indies with negroes, shall be made with us for the term of thirty years, in the same manner as has been enjoyed by the French for ten years past." At any rate, we are not as our forefathers were, cry the modern Scribes and Pharisees. Our hearts are tender. We worship Mammon, indeed, but we subscribe abundantly to good works which are pompously patronized; and when no particular "interest" interferes, we confess that the blackamoor has a right to his dismal swamp, and is our brother in some sort!

So there was an end of twelve years' fighting, reasonably begun to prevent the union of France and Spain; wickedly continued after advantageous terms of peace had been offered, and prudently but shabbily concluded in the presence of an emergency never contemplated by the wise. But for a change of ministry, the Whigs, blindly set on the degradation of France, and the furtherance of party aims, would probably have succeeded in reviving the empire of Charles V. The Tories contrived otherwise. The Bourbon secured Spain. 'The rights of the descendants of St. Louis were recognized, by the very powers banded together to compel Philip to descend from the throne upon which God had placed him."[1]

[1] "Mém. de Torcy," ii. 226.

"In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain."

Up to this moment, Oxford had very cunningly played fast and loose with the Jacobites; but now, peace being proclaimed, some of them were surprised to find that the Lord Treasurer spoke as vaguely as ever on the subject of the succession, and postponed from day to day the reform of the army, notwithstanding the solicitation of Ormonde, with whom, unknown to Oxford, Berwick was in correspondence. The King's friends, however, were not easily put off. They urged the Treasurer to profit by the present opportunity. Never was the House of Commons in a happier mood, they said. He had but to propose the revocation of the Act in favour of Hanover, and his advice would be taken. He answered, it was essential to proceed more gently in the business: "Qu'il travailloit sérieusement à l'affaire, et que l'on ne se mît point en peine."

The Duke of Berwick writes: "Thus did Oxford throw dust into our eyes, and it was impossible to prevent him doing so: seeing that he was in office and exercised complete ascendancy over the Queen, to break with him would have marred all. We were therefore bound to pretend to trust him; still we omitted not to work underhand with Ormonde and many others, in order that we might gain our ends through their means, if Oxford failed us.

"Gautier having returned to France, I spoke to him very seriously respecting the Treasurer's coldness and procrastination. We had much conversation. At length, determined to push him to the wall, I made a proposition, visionary perhaps at first sight, and yet in my opinion easy of execution. I suggested a secret interview between King James and the Queen. She should subsequently meet Parliament, and, asserting her brother's rights, express her resolve to bequeath him that which was his by all laws divine and human. She ought also to declare that the Anglican religion would in no wise be prejudiced; that, it was arranged, she should enjoy the crown during her life without disturbance; that James should live

with her, as her son; and that she was ready to assent to any laws deemed necessary to the preservation of the creed and liberties of Englishmen. Then, she might introduce her brother to the assemblage, saying: 'Gentlemen, behold the Prince, who will swear to execute all my promises. I call upon you, therefore, to revoke the Acts passed against him, and forthwith to recognize him as my heir and your future sovereign. You will thus demonstrate that you concur with me in a course which your conscience, your duty, your honour ought ere now to have prompted you to adopt.'

"The factious being staggered and the well-disposed inspirited by this unexpected stroke, the Queen's wishes might have come to pass. That she had taken measures to ensure obedience, who would have doubted? The dread of punishment or the expectation of turning the change to personal advantage would probably have induced the Parliamentary majority to re-establish the ancient dynasty, in harmony with the fundamental laws of the State. Charged with this scheme, Gautier left my house in the Beauvoisis for England; but although he wrote regularly to me, I could never gather from his letters anything precise concerning Harley's views on the subject."[1]

The above is remarkable. It shows how strong was Jacobite reliance upon a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel. It shows also how greatly party zeal impairs the judgment, when a man of Berwick's calm common-sense and knowledge of the world could suppose that such a *coup de théâtre* was calculated to demolish the Protestant Succession. It will hardly be disputed that the mass of the nation was languidly attached to the Chevalier de St. Georges;[2] but his Whig opponents were too many and too energetic to be crushed by a Queen's Speech. We have, moreover, glimpses of the Lord Treasurer's duplicity. He gained the political support of the Squires by

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 129.

[2] "Mr. Rogers (Plunket, the Jacobite emissary) says that most of the country gentlemen are for having the King, but will hazard nothing." —MACPHERSON: *Original Papers*, ii. 393.

insinuating his affection for the Stuarts, at the very time he was labouring to good purpose in the Hanoverian vineyard. This trimmer seems to have cajoled the rank and file at St. Germain for some time, but the Prince himself never believed in his sincerity.

Let Berwick proceed: "Seeing the time wear away without any plan being proposed by Oxford, and information reaching me that Queen Anne's health was very precarious, I distrusted the Treasurer more than ever, especially when I heard that he had written to the Elector of Hanover, and sent his cousin, Thomas Harley, to that prince's court. I therefore discussed the matter with M. de Torcy, who was cognizant of my correspondence with Gautier and Oxford. He agreed with me that the latter's conduct was very extraordinary; and we decided to inform him that, as the Queen's days seemed numbered, it was necessary we should know what measures he intended to take in the event of her death, and what was the line of conduct which the King ought then to pursue. He replied that if the Queen died, 'les affaires du Roi Jacques et les leurs étoient perdues sans ressource.' This was all we could ever get out of him; 'ce qui prouvoit bien clairement sa fourberie;' for had he been loyal, as he professed to be, would he for so long a time have neglected to consider the best mode of making his good intentions effectual? Would he, for his own sake and that of his party, have omitted to secure himself against the rage of the Whigs, who, if they regained power, would make short work of him? This supineness proceeded not from want of sense or courage. No man had more of both. It is morally certain, then, that his advances to us had no other motive than his personal benefit. In a word, they were made for the sole purpose of drawing the Jacobites and the Tories together, thus creating a parliamentary majority and assuring pacification. The war no sooner over, than his one endeavour was to conciliate the Hanoverian family. As for King James, this Judas tried to beguile him from time to time with a proposal that he should change his religion, 'ou du moins d'en faire semblant.' Like ourselves, the French Court was now persuaded that Oxford juggled, but having through

his medium obtained all it wanted, 'elle se consoloit aisément."[1]

Cunning often overreaches itself. When the Lord Treasurer disgusted the Jacobites, he did not propitiate the Whigs. In spite of his fulsome expressions of affection, the Hanoverians felt convinced he was a tool of the royal exiles; and for all his nods and becks and wreathed smiles, James III. discerned a snake in the grass.

Queen Anne, who hated her German relations, was certainly desirous that her brother should succeed her. To this end, she appointed the Duke of Hamilton to be her Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Versailles; but that nobleman's fatal duel with Lord Mohun disappointed her hopes, and so inflamed the Tories, that the Government hacks openly accused the Whigs of murder.[2]

Hark, the bray of trumpets; away then with intriguers' muttering! In May, the Duke of Berwick handed over his Irish regiment to his eldest son (who had already gone through two campaigns by his side), in order that the recruit might serve under Villars, "avec plus d'agrément." It was apparently by Prince Eugene's advice that the Emperor refused to sign the Treaty of Utrecht like his allies. The age of Louis XIV., his failing health, the infirmities of Queen Anne, whose presumptive heir was a violent adversary of the peace, may have led Viennese politicians to imagine that it was Austria's game to bide *in statu quo*.

Louis, who had counted upon a general peace, was at first unable to operate effectually on the Rhine. But he made up for lost time by strenuous exertion. Villars assumed command of the army of Alsace, and also of Besons' corps formed at the confluence of the Moselle and Sarre. When the Marshal arrived at Strasburg towards the end of May, he found but 45,000 men disposable. He discovered too that the Imperialists,

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 131.

[2] No wonder the affair created "emotion." Hamilton killed his man, but he was himself wounded. When reclining in the arms of his second, he was, it is said, stabbed to death by General Macartney, who attended Mohun.

already 60,000, would soon number 110,000 soldiers. Eugene lay behind the lines of Ettlingen. His detachments extended from Mayence to the Black Forest; and he was drawing troops together with the view of passing the Rhine at Philipsburg; but, being short of rations, his brigades assembled slowly. So Villars forestalled him. Feigning to threaten the Ettlingen lines, he suddenly flung his army by a forced march upon Philipsburg, masked the tête-de-pont of that fortress, and occupied Spire. His men traversed sixteen leagues in twenty hours, mostly during the night. Many of them died from exhaustion. "Mes amis," he said to them, "ce n'est que par la diligence et de telles peines que l'on attrape les ennemis." They answered: "Pourvu que vous soyez content, et que nous les attrapions, ne vous embarrassez pas de notre peine; nous avons bon pied, et bon courage." Such were the old soldiers, whose virtues are held too cheap by certain doctrinaires.

By these rapid movements, Landau was severed from the Imperial army. The French dragoons scoured from Spire to Worms; companies of them appeared at Coblentz. Dillon's men, from the Moselle, took Kaiserlautern, and subdued the Palatinate between the Sarre and the Rhine. Rank and file joining every day, Villars soon led a mighty power: 200 battalions and more than 300 squadrons. On the 11th of June the corps from the Sarre invested Landau. The rest of the French, distributed in many camps, watched the Rhine from Mayence to Huningen.

Landau had a strong garrison. Vauban's grand fortifications had been repaired by the allies; but the Marshal, deeming his position inexpugnable; certain of subsistence through the excellent discipline of his people[1] and the breadth of country open to the foragers, was unusually careful of life and limb, and let the siege proceed by sap and mine. Eugene, considering the relief of the place out of the question, made

[1] "Pour consoler l'infanterie de sa peine (de la marche forcée) je lui abandonnai pendant deux jours les caves du pays remplies de vin, et je fis donner des vaches; mais ces deux jours passés, je rétablis la plus sévère discipline, et elle fut exactement observée."—*Mém. de Villars*, ii. 399.

no diversion. In fact his supplies were insufficient. There was no English gold wherewithal to stimulate the Austrian hirelings. In August, 125 battalions and 244 squadrons obeyed his orders; yet the commandant of Landau surrendered as a prisoner of war on the 20th of that month.

But the French general, all his abilities in full play under the quickening sun of prosperity, was not satisfied. After putting Landau into a state of defence, he left Spire for Fort Louis and Strasburg. Besons' corps halted at Fort Louis to contain Eugene; and Villars, crossing the Rhine, simulated an intention to march towards the sources of the Danube. On a sudden, he took the road to Freiburg. In the middle of September his army was in sight of the pretty town in the Breisgau. The lines of the Black Forest were quickly mastered, but the siege of the place was a serious business: 13,000 fighting men guarded the walls, and the adjacent hills bristled with redoubts. Winter was nigh; food was scarce;[1] and the manœuvres of Eugene (who had advanced to Holgraben) prevented operations proceeding in the same leisurely fashion as at Landau. An unsuccessful assault cost more than 1,500 killed and wounded. Fortunately the Austrian chief, seeing how far the siege had progressed, and how firmly the mountain passes were held, despaired of relieving Freiburg, and returned to Ettlingen. When another assault was about to be delivered, the governor shrank into the forts, leaving the town, the sick and wounded, to the humanity of the enemy. The town was ransomed, but how were the disabled Austrians to be fed? Villars insisted it was the governor's duty, not the business of the French, to subsist them. That functionary would have refused to furnish a loaf; but his men, breaking out into mutiny, forced him to provide for their unlucky comrades. Pourparlers commenced. Eugene authorized the surrender of the forts on condition that the

[1] "On dînoit comme on pouvoit. M. le Duc me donna deux soupers qui furent gaillards, et sans crainte d'indigestion. Nos troupes trouvérent du pain sec pas trop abondamment; mais quand le soldat est victorieux, on le contente de peu."—*Mém. de Villars*, ii. 415.

garrison should not be prisoners of war. Late in November, 6,000 Imperialists marched forth.

The capture of Freiburg ended the war. Prince Eugene and Maréchal de Villars met at Rastadt a few days afterwards. "We embraced," says the latter, "with the warmth of an old and sincere friendship, which long wars and different ways of life had not at all diminished." The negotiation was tedious, but in March, 1714, peace was signed between Austria and France. Freiburg was restored to the Empire; but France gained Landau and St. Louis through the Kaiser's obstinacy in not treating at Utrecht.

The war of the Spanish Succession is very instructive both to soldiers and to politicians. It points out to the former that the moral part of war is more potent than the material part; that the ablest general, not the biggest army, usually prevails; also, that staunch and seasoned troops under brave officers ought never to despair. They may be beaten over and over again; but if, like the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century, they be patient in adversity, of a good courage, and under strict discipline, victory may bless their efforts when least expected. In a moment the vanquished Villars became triumphant; the fortunate Eugene was cast down. The stroke at Denain accomplished a revolution and brought mighty things to pass. And are not statesmen taught that moderation in prosperity is true wisdom, the desire to humiliate a great rival exceeding foolishness. For years blood was shed without ceasing, national wealth squandered, ruin brought to thousands of once happy homes—that Austria might monopolize the Spanish dominions. In spite of all their labour the confederates signally failed. The Bourbon remained in the land; but the Spanish monarchy was dismembered, and England obtained a goodly share of the spoil.

No rest as yet for distracted Spain. England and Holland, we know, had washed their hands of the conflict there—the conflict which their diplomacy had excited, and their armaments kept alive. The Emperor, too, that he might unite all his forces against Villars, had concluded a

special convention with France, for the evacuation of Catalonia and the Balearic Isles, as well as for the neutrality of Italy. It was stipulated in this instrument that Philip V. should grant an amnesty to the Catalans; and England and France engaged to do their best, in any peace negotiations, for the preservation of the ancient privileges (*fueros*) of the turbulent provinces.

In the middle of March, the Empress, her Court, and a portion of the Austrian troops sailed from Barcelona for Genoa. The hot-blooded Catalans called down curses upon the deserters' heads; and Staremberg with difficulty prevented an explosion of popular fury against himself and the remaining soldiery. He contrived, however, to get quietly out of the country, through a loose interpretation of the Imperial contract. According to it, Staremberg ought to have begun the evacuation by delivering to Spain, either Barcelona or Tarragona. He quitted the latter place in July, but without apprising the Spaniards, so that it nearly fell into the hands of the Miquelets. As for Barcelona, before embarking on the British squadron, he connived at the war-party occupying the town and Monjuich.[1] Again, many German soldiers, being purposely disbanded by the Emperor, listed in the insurrectionary ranks.

Forsaken by the Powers that had tempted them into the struggle, the Catalans could wield but slender resources. Nevertheless—so blind are all of us to facts which clash with our passions—this impulsive population persuaded themselves that Charles would never suffer them to be overthrown; and it must be confessed Charles's double-dealing, and the hocus-pocus of his general were well calculated to foster the delusion. In brief, the Catalans rejected the proffered amnesty. They insisted on a guarantee of the *fueros*. But they had to do with neighbours as ferocious and vengeful as themselves. The

[1] Berwick states that the stupidity of General Grimaldi, who was deputed to carry out the treaty, provided Staremberg with an excuse for his sharp practice. Grimaldi, it appears, instead of confining himself to the old, made a sort of new treaty, in which the term "de livrer" was omitted. Hence the Austrian's refusal to compel the Catalans to open the gates.

Castilians would not hear of the lenient Philip yielding an inch to the "rebels."

As the Imperialists retired, the Duca de Popoli advanced at the head of the Spanish forces. He summoned Barcelona to surrender. In the teeth of him, the citizens made Don Antonio Villaroel their chief captain, and craved assistance from the Grand Turk. They threw up entrenchments. Barricades arose as if by magic. Every house was loopholed; so that, after ramparts and bastions were shattered, there might be dreadful fighting in the streets. In their rage and despair, the people cared not if resistance brought ruin upon the city. Let it be destroyed outright if they could not defend it.[1]

They had plenty of time for preparation. The Castilians, destitute of siege apparatus, merely surrounded the place. But Louis lent a hand to depleted Spain. Supplies were furnished from the French arsenals; and Ducasse, "lieutenant-general de marine" (Admiral Benbow's antagonist in the West Indies) was sent with two ships of the line to command the Spanish fleet destined to blockade Barcelona.

A noble character was Jean Baptiste Ducasse. The son of a pork-butcher at Bayonne, he rose by dint of merit to be a Commander of St. Louis; and had he lived long enough he would have been a Marshal of France. Even St. Simon's cold heart warms towards the old sailor:—"He was a tall thin man," writes the high-bred cynic, "who, with the mien of a corsair and an abundance of fire, was gentle, courteous, and respectful. He had no little wit; and possessing a kind of natural eloquence, his conversation on subjects outside his profession was pleasant and profitable. 'Il aimoit l'Etat et le bien pour le bien, qui est chose devenue bien rare.'"

[1] "San Felipe," iii. 77.

XXI.

THE DESERTED CATALANS.

1714.

ON the 14th of February the Queen of Spain expired in the twenty-fifth year of her age. Grievous had been her sufferings from scrofula, but her end, like her sister's, was radiant with courage and piety. Lamentation filled the land. "Point de famille dans tous les états où elle ne fut pleurée, et personne en Espagne qui s'en console depuis." The King mourned, "mais un peu à la royale;" and St. Simon relates how Philip, being persuaded to go out hunting for the sake of air and exercise, came unexpectedly upon the cortege which was conveying Marie Louise's corpse to the Escorial. He gazed at the bier for a little while, and went his way, even followed the jocund hounds. "Les princes sont-ils faits comme les autres humains?" Did we not know how cold-blooded many highly respectable people are, the story would be incredible. However, we may take it for granted that the sardonic duke exaggerated the incident, for the Spaniard, San Felipe, describes the King as overwhelmed with sorrow, and unable to attend to business.

Louis resolved to send Maréchal de Berwick to Madrid, ostensibly to condole with the bereaved husband, but really to insist upon the Spanish Court no longer putting off peace with Holland. Philip's desire to confer a little Belgian principality (La Roche en Ardennes) on Madame des Ursins was the sole cause of the delay. England and Holland, whose

interest in the matter was slight, had agreed to the arrangement. But the Emperor, now Sovereign of the Low Countries, spurned it. Nevertheless, the Dutch, who were just then in actual possession, offered to hand over the domain to the Princess. This did not satisfy the King of Spain. He required the States General to guarantee her ownership. On their refusal, Philip ordered his plenipotentiaries not to put pen to paper. "La paix d'Espagne avec la Hollande et Portugal fut accrochée longtemps sur ce point unique." On the other hand, the Dutch reminded Louis of his promise that his grandson should make friends with them on the Articles already settled, which contained no allusion whatever to a guerdon for the Camarera-mayor. Such was the chief motive of Berwick's mission to Madrid. He had also instructions, if Philip made it up immediately with the Dutchmen, to offer a French corps for the reduction of Barcelona, on condition that all the forces be directed by a French general.

No sooner did Madame des Ursins hear of the Grand Monarch's intentions, than she caused Philip to entreat that, instead of Berwick, Maréchal de Tessé might be vouchsafed to him. What, Tessé besiege Barcelona! That Tessé who a few years before had so ignominiously failed before it! Wonderful, the logic of a clever woman. In truth, the Princess knew she could manipulate at will the flabby courtier, whereas "le grand diable d'Anglais," firm, independent, "barre de fer," was the very chief she least desired. Luckily, Tessé declined the burden which the old lady designed for his puny back. Luckily, Louis and Madame de Maintenon held fast by Berwick, as much on account of his superior talents and knowledge of Spain, as because he was proof against the seductions of intrigue. Still, Philip temporized, harping on Tessé's qualifications. Still, their High Mightinesses claimed the fulfilment of the bargain. At length Louis lost patience, countermanded Berwick's departure, and informed his Catholic Majesty that peace with Holland must be concluded at once; otherwise, not a French shot should be fired against Barcelona.

Three months elapsed without a plain answer from Madrid. President Orry, "who governed Spain under Madame des

Ursins," visited Popoli's camp to ascertain if that officer could dispense with foreign aid; at the same time, the Grand Inquisitor, Cardinal del Giudice, travelled to Versailles to coax Louis XIV. But, on Orry confessing that the subjection of the Catalans was a task beyond Castilian strength, the Spanish King agreed, in the month of June, to everything his grandsire had demanded of him. His ambassadors should sign immediately; for Heaven's sake, let Maréchal de Berwick's sword be unsheathed. Thus it happened that that commander, though in weak health, started for Barcelona on the 22nd of June, and the French troops told off for service under him began their march. His lieutenant-generals were good men and true: Asfeld, Cilly, Dillon, and Joffreville. We miss indeed a racy Kerry name. Daniel O'Mahony was dead. It seems but yesterday, that Berwick, who loved him, was announcing to Louis the bold dragoon's marriage with Lady Clare. St. Simon speaks highly of the Count's talent, wit, and honour. His sons rose to be general officers, and their mettle in arms proclaimed the generous blood of O'Mahony and Weld.

At Narbonne, the Marshal received from the "Despacho" instructions respecting his treatment of the Barceloneses. If they offered to yield, before ground was broken, he should simply promise to intercede with the King for their lives; but, the batteries once begun, no terms other than surrender at discretion would be admissible. So extraordinary, "si peu chrétien," so adverse to the welfare of the dynasty did these conditions appear, that Berwick appealed against them to Louis, who authorized him to exercise his own judgment in the matter. But from the cabinet of Buen Retiro could be extracted only a slight modification of the cruel mandate, viz., that intercession might be made after the cannon was planted. The indignant general writes: "I was not surprised at such sentiments from the Spanish Court; ever since the accession of Philip its behaviour had been arrogant, and, from the discontent thus engendered, it often found itself at the edge of the precipice. The ministers talked of the sovereign's grandeur, of the justice of his cause, of the wickedness of those who dared to oppose him. Every man who revolted

deserved death; all who took no part against his rival, ought to be considered enemies; whilst people who supported him were merely deemed to have done their duty: 'Sans que S. M. C. leur en dût tenir le moindre compte.' Had the ministers and generals used milder language, as ordinary prudence dictated, Barcelona would have submitted on the departure of the Imperialists; but as the officials of Madrid and the Duca de Popoli preached plunder and the rope, the inhabitants grew desperate. In fact, Popoli hated the Barceloneses on account of the insults they heaped upon his wife, when the Archduke took the city in 1705."[1]

Maréchal de-Berwick, accompanied by his eldest son, Lord Tynemouth, and his step-son, the Earl of Lucan, entered the lines before Barcelona on the 7th of July. Popoli repaired to Madrid, and was rewarded, for doing nothing, with the Collar of the Golden Fleece. Orry was at work in the camp; for the Marshal, distrusting the report of vast preparation for the siege, had hinted to Louis the expediency of removing that functionary from the circle of the enchantress, Des Ursins. However, supplies proving ample, and, in case of protracted hostilities, money alone being likely to run short, the clever quack was allowed to return to the capital. In all Spain existed not another man so capable of wringing blood out of a stone.

A few days before his departure, he tried to persuade the Marshal to remain altogether in the Spanish service. But, though the command-in-chief of the army and the Vicar-Generalship of Aragon were splendid baits, the Duke was not to be bribed. In the first place because, being now a Frenchman, and an officer of the Crown, a transaction of the sort would be improper. Secondly, because he reckoned "tout etablissement en Espagne comme chose fort en l'air." Still Orry persevered: might not Philip V. broach the subject to Louis, without compromising Berwick? Then, did the latter refuse point-blank, assuring the tempter, "qu'après les obligations que j'avois au Roi, je ne le quitterois jamais, à moins qu'il ne me chassât de son service."

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 108-9.

The French troops having arrived, the army was composed of fifty French and twenty Spanish battalions. There were also about 3,800 horse, partly French, partly Spanish. To awe the northern districts fifteen battalions quartered in the Ampurdan or at Gerona. A similar infantry force, with thirty squadrons, lay at Tarragona, Igualada, and in the plain of Vich, to keep down the Miquelets in the besiegers' rear. The garrison of Barcelona consisted of 16,000 regulars, many of whom were foreigners. But almost every able-bodied townsman fell into the ranks, and divers women clamoured for arms.

In the artillery park the Marshal found eighty-seven pieces of cannon, and twenty heavy mortars. Powder was plentiful. Indeed such a wealth of means came to light that the only question was respecting the point of attack.[1] To operate on the side of Monjuich would be extremely difficult, owing to the ease with which the batteries of the place might enfilade the trenches; even strike them in reverse. Here, too, the bastions were hidden by the glacis, and the ditch was very deep. The front towards the Capuchin monastery presenting five bastions with ugly re-entering angles, prudence looked elsewhere. At length, Berwick fixed upon the north-east flank, in the direction of the river Besos. There scowled but three bastions, whose lofty curtain offered a capital mark to artillery, and the ditch was only six feet deep. The approaches were comparatively easy on account of mounds of earth, behind which several battalions might lurk unseen. Again, the Spanish park being nigh, the gear could be brought readily to the front. On the other hand, the ground (now covered by the gardens of the Ciudadela) lay very low, and in case of heavy rain, would speedily be churned into a bog. However, the season promised to be dry.

Whilst the Marshal was maturing his plan, the Chevalier

[1] So, Marquis de Brancas, the French Ambassador, must have wronged the Princesse des Ursins, when he warned Louis XIV. that she was making no preparation for the expedition, and that Orry would furnish nothing without the consent of the "woman who tyrannizes over Spain, and causes much mischief to France."—*San Felipe*, iii. 90.

de Bellefontaine, who commanded the Franco-Spanish blockading squadron (in the stead of Admiral Ducasse, struck with apoplexy), perceived at day-break on the 9th a fleet of fifty sail, sneaking apparently from rebel Majorca. He weighed anchor, but it was night before he got within shot of the sympathisers. Next day, as they strove to make Barcelona, he captured twenty ships and a frigate; the rest, laden with provisions, entered the port.

The besieged soon discerned that at their gates stood a foe very unlike the Italian man of fashion. On the 12th of July ten French battalions, ten companies of grenadiers, and 300 horse opened the trenches; but, the shortness of the night preventing the completion of the work, there was a large gap between the left of it and the sea. About noon the next day, 4,000 foot and nearly as many horse sallying from the town, edged along the sea-side into the rear of the parallel, and slew several of the working party. Then, resolute to destroy it, they advanced to the zig-zag. There, however, they were repulsed by the grenadiers and pickets. At the same time the French cavalry, charging the horse in support, cut down sixty troopers, took a lieutenant-colonel prisoner, and chased the band helter-skelter home.[1] The affair was not over. Suddenly emerging from the covered-way, 6,000 Catalans rushed straight at the parallel. But the battalions in reserve, leaping up from covert, beat them back into the place with much slaughter. The ill success of the sortie so impressed the garrison that, during the remainder of the operations, nothing of importance was ventured in the open field. Soldiers who had derided Popoli's fitful bombardment, shook before Berwick's lusty grenadiers. A maréchal de camp and sundry other officers of quality and prudence stole out of the city and implored mercy. They announced that the regular

[1] Il sera toujours observé de placer la cavalerie à couvert du feu de la place, soit derrière des rideaux dans les chemins creux, ou même derrière des épaulements que l'on fera exprès à l'épreuve du canon, si on ne le peut autrement. Il faut toujours que cette cavalerie ait de grandes sorties par sa droite, et sa gauche, pour pouvoir avec vigilance se porter sur l'ennemi en cas de sorties."—*Mém. de Feuquière*, iv. 172.

troops wished to surrender, but the inhabitants, more obstinate than ever, were piling entrenchment on entrenchment, and swearing they would bury themselves under the ruins of the houses, rather than give in.[1]

The spirit of the civilians was upheld by the ruthless intelligence of the Diputacion.[2] Not merely were fortifications redoubled, but every barrel of powder was husbanded. All ships in the harbour containing food were seized, the owners being paid the money value of the cargoes. Wine, being scarce, cheered none but the sick and wounded. Houses were pulled down, and boats broken up, that there might be fuel to cook the victuals. During the contest with Popoli, the Diputacion had caused golden medals to be struck, bearing on the obverse the city arms, and on the reverse the effigy of Santa Eulalia. These, given to the bravest, stimulated exceedingly the enthusiasm of old and young, rich and poor. Women grew blood-thirsty; priests and monks not only preached resistance, but fought heroically. At such a time, and among such a people, superstition was naturally rampant. Prophetic voices cried out in the streets. At its sore need a friar declared the city should be relieved by an angelic host. It was promised that the hostile bombs, revolving miraculously in the air, should destroy those who pointed them. There arose also strange doctrine. Certain reverend philosophers, alarmed by the immense death-rate, pronounced it to be the duty of women to counteract the fatal effect of war and famine on the population. In such an emergency the ordinary restraints of religion and morality were unsuitable.[3]

As is ever the case in human affairs, Catalan heroism was not unsullied. Tyranny and cruelty deformed it. The populace was more apt to punish traitors than to face the foe. Let a man be suspected of corresponding with the enemy, or even of being lukewarm in the cause, and he was either knocked on the head at once, or condemned to death by court-martial. A tribunal, styled the "Court of Conscience," was instituted.

[1] Quincy, vii. 360.

[2] The provincial assembly of Catalonia.

[3] It is stated that nearly 500 young ladies approved the casuistry of "ces sermons si charnels."

Three hundred Matadores (killers) executed its sentences. These ruffians visited the churches, and if a preacher uttered a sentiment unfriendly to the revolt, he was shot on the spot. Away with mercy! Hang upon the same gibbet "Felipino," and the neighbour having compassion for him! Down with every officer unfortunate in the fray, or contemptuous of the tactics imagined by some upstart lawyer!

In a crisis, democracy may put forth a terrible energy, and achieve wonderful ends. Besmeared with blood, it marches directly to its purpose. With liberty and fraternity on its lips, it is yet a scourge, tolerating no opposition, disturbing the relations of domestic life, respecting neither faith nor good works. But there is a viler thing than the despotism of national conventions—namely, the perfidy of aristocratic government. England had invited the Catalans to rebel against the Bourbon. In 1705, Lord Peterborough and Sir Cloudesley Shovel had orders "to animate the Catalans to prosecute their liberty with more vigour." The British commanders were also "empowered to assure them of the Queen's support, and to promise them in the Queen's name that she will procure them a confirmation of their rights and privileges from the King of Spain." But, "in case the Catalans made no suitable return to these kind offers the Admiral was instructed to annoy the towns on the coast of Spain, and to reduce them by force." In other words, if this unhappy people hesitated to side with England's ally, their homes would be laid waste. Circumstances changed; peace negotiations began; and Catalan ardour became as inconvenient as it had lately been serviceable to British policy. For form's sake indeed, Queen Anne declared "she would interpose her good offices to obtain the privileges of Catalonia and Majorca;" but in reality, her ministers repudiated the whole concern. Lord Bolingbroke wrote to the British plenipotentiaries at Utrecht: "It is not for the *interest* of England to preserve the Catalan liberties." He likewise "begs to make an observation to them that the Catalan privileges are the power of the purse and the sword, but the Castilian privileges which the King of Spain will give them (in exchange for the Catalan) are the liberty of trading

and resorting to the West Indies, and the capacity of holding those beneficial employments the King has to bestow in America, which are of infinitely greater value to those who intend to live in a due subjection to authority."

It was a pious fraud: the weaker the remonstrance of England, the prouder the determination of Spain. To cancel the *fueros* was not enough for Philip V. He actually called upon the Queen, "to order a squadron of her ships to reduce his subjects to their obedience, and thereby complete the tranquillity of Spain and of Mediterranean commerce." Incredible as it may seem, the request was complied with. The British fleet went to Barcelona, "to enforce a strict obedience to the treaty of evacuation in all its parts, and demand immediate payment of the value of the Queen's stores in the town, and by the strongest representations to induce the regency of Barcelona to accept the terms that shall be obtained for them." We will not pursue the odious subject further. It is enough to know that Admiral Wishart played into Castilian hands. The Catalans, "given up to their enemies contrary to faith and honour," appealed to Heaven, and, hanging up at the high altar the Queen's solemn declaration to protect them, defied the oppressor to mortal combat.[1]

"Lay on, Fitzjames;
And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough."

[1] See "The Case of the Catalans, as represented in the Report of the Committee of Secrecy."—TINDAL: *History of England*, vi.

XXII.

"MATA Y QUEMA!"

1714.

ON the 25th of July the Spanish batteries opened. Eighty guns and twenty mortars played upon the bastions Puerta Nueva, Santa Clara, and El Levante. After a bombardment of five days, the night of the 30th was fixed for assault. Berwick himself repaired to the trenches. Arthur Dillon, lieutenant-general of the day, was there too. Every man at his post, every precaution taken. On a sudden, a wild rush, and eight grenadier companies burst into the covered-way. A working party following close, a lodgment was easily effected in the counter-scarp; for the trench had been driven within sixty-five feet of the salient angles, and there were no traverses. On the following day, the besieged made a vigorous but ineffectual attempt to eject the intruder.

Without as well as within the city, rebellion was alive. The Marqués de Peral,[1] a Catalan gentleman, collected 10,000 men in the mountains to relieve the place. But warned by spies, Berwick reinforced Bracamonte, Mortemart, and Gonzalez (who coerced the plain of Vich), and ordered them to quash the insurgents without delay.

The siege-works progressed rapidly. By the end of the first week of August, four batteries had been constructed in the covered-way. The work was hot. Dupuy-Vauban, the

[1] Or Del Poel, as French writers have it.

chief engineer, was shot through the shoulder; a musket-ball pierced both cheeks of his lieutenant, Mirabel. Santa Clara showing a breach, and the mine under the flanking angle of Puerta Nueva being ripe, those bastions were assailed. At first the stormers met with slight resistance, and began to intrench, but in the course of half-an-hour the garrison rallied. Cannon, mortars, musketry

> "Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
> Conflicting fire."

After repulsing three attacks, the grenadiers had to quit the breach, and shield themselves in the covered-way with gabions as best they could. One hundred and fifty of them were laid low.

At eight o'clock the next morning, Santa Clara was again assaulted. Owing to its gorge being closed by a solid wall and to the flanking fire of El Levante, the French penetrated into the bastion with extreme difficulty. For eight hours they held their ground against reiterated onslaught. The conflict was beard to beard; and officers marvelled to see Capuchin friars, Jesuit fathers, parish priests, crossing bayonets with the veterans of Blésois and La Couronne.[1]

About noon on the following day, the Barceloneses came on in immense force, and fought so fiercely that the besiegers were finally driven out of the bastion into the covered-way. In this struggle 1,000 French soldiers and Walloon Guards fell; and it is reckoned that, in the three days' contention, the assailants lost two-thirds, and the defenders (being less exposed) about one-third of the numbers engaged. The officers suffered heavily. Both sides displayed superb bravery. For fourteen hours Colonel de La Motte of La Couronne budged not an inch, despite the fire blazing from all sides upon his party; and Dozé, the one-armed captain of Artois, received three wounds; but as soon as they were bound up he returned to the head of his grenadier company.

In this juncture the Marshal shall speak for himself: "The

[1] Quincy, vii. 366.

enemy's stubborn resistance induced me to desist from similar attacks; yet it was difficult to conceive how the place might be taken otherwise. Our engineers, just conversant with the routine of their art,[1] could advise nothing better than a general assault of the breach in the curtain between Puerta Nueva and Santa Clara. Surely anyone making such a proposal must have lost his head, for the flanks were entire; the breach was mined; a strong entrenchment lay behind; *coupures* scored the rampart on either side of the breach. At length, 'après m'être bien promené, et y avoir bien pensé,' I decided so to open the front of the attack that we might penetrate, as it were, in battle array. Accordingly, without exposing myself to further checks, I went steadily to work—pushed forward batteries, and bore with patience the murmurs of the officers who were growing very weary of the protracted operations."[2]

Meanwhile the covering corps had enough to do to protect the besiegers' rear. Don Feliciano de Bracamonte, having to revictual the loyal castle of Berga, marched thither with 600 foot and 500 horse. He introduced supplies, and beat Peral, who, with 3,000 men posted in a defile, would have intercepted his return. Two other bands he likewise scattered. Soon afterwards Peral, having gathered together 12,000 peasants, descended the mountains to within eighteen miles of the Franco-Spanish headquarters. The Marshal made haste to stop the roll of the increasing snow-ball. De Thouy's little force at Martorell was reinforced by Frenchmen. Mortemart and Gonzalez were directed to that point. Nevertheless the Miquelets, emboldened by their numbers, ventured to Sabadello. They were moving further still, when Mortemart overtook them and with a brilliant charge drove them into the recesses of the neighbouring hills. De Thouy and Gonzalez cut up formidable partidas, and Bracamonte routed 3,000 volunteers in the plain of Vich. These encounters cost the allies about twenty men, but the Catalans had a thousand

[1] Now Dupuy-Vauban was engineer-in-chief: was his reputation derived from his relationship with Maréchal de Vauban; or had his wound quite disabled him?

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 114.

slain, gashed, or taken. Still Peral strove to keep the insurrection going, but the "Submissive"[1] hanging back, not more than 3,000 Miquelets would follow him. The Duc de Mortemart, striking his tents "avec sa vivacité ordinaire," marched against these people, and defeated them near Montserrat. Still Peral was irrepressible. A few days afterwards he surprised the town of Manresa. The Spanish garrison took refuge in the fort, and defended themselves well; however, they must have yielded, had not Mortemart hastened thither. Especially in dread of him, the rebels fled, forsaking their wounded and provisions. Thus war raged in the principality with all the excesses, the cruelty, the havoc of a hopeless strife. Everywhere desolation and woe.[2]

After the besiegers had abandoned the two bastions of the front of the attack, the townsmen toiled to strengthen the entrenchments behind the breaches. They mined ingeniously. They perforated the neighbouring houses with loop-holes and embrasures. But the breaches, widening apace under incessant pounding, would soon court a grand assault. Such was the predicament when Berwick (urged thereunto by all the general officers) consented to summon the place. "The overture was repugnant to him, but unwilling to reproach himself with the effusion of blood," he caused the lieutenant-general of the trenches to signify his readiness to receive a deputation from the enemy. Presently, a Catalan mounted the breach and said that Don Antonio Villaroel, commander-in-chief of the Barceloneses, had no authority to negotiate, but that the councils should meet to deliberate on the subject. Three days afterwards, a staff-officer of the rebellion announced to Asfeld, the general of the day, that the three Sovereign Estates of Barcelona had unanimously determined neither to make, nor to listen to, any proposition for the surrender of the city. "Vuecelencia quiero algo mas?" (Does your Excellency wish for anything more) inquired the valiant envoy.

[1] The peasants, convoked by the sound of the tocsin, were called the Assembly of *Soumettans*, signifying their entire submission to the will of their chiefs.

[2] La Fuente; "Historia de España."

Asfeld deigned not to reply, and the cannonade recommenced at once.

"The obstinacy of these people," observes Berwick, "was the more surprising, inasmuch as the body of the place displayed seven breaches; succour was impossible; the blockade of the port (by English, French, and Spanish ships of war) quite complete; the stock of food almost exhausted. They wanted to send away the women, but I would not allow them to approach the lines—"j'ordonnai même qu'on tirât dessus."

To those who have merely picked up "the phrase of war" from leading articles, this will appear a very cruel order. In truth, however, such rigour may be not only expedient, but even merciful: because, the greater the number of clamorous stomachs the sooner will the provisions in a begirt city be consumed. Hence, an end to the miseries of hopeless defence.

At this crisis, Philip V., whose marriage by proxy with the Princess Elizabeth of Parma had just taken place, commanded the Marshal to despatch eight frigates to Genoa, to serve as the new Queen's escort.[1] But Berwick was too little of a courtier, and too thorough a soldier to comply. Knowing that at Majorca, forty vessels richly freighted with stores awaited an opportunity to run the blockade of Barcelona, he postponed the departure of the squadron till after the fall of the city.

All the breaches being practicable, and everything in readiness for assault, thirty-one battalions and thirty-eight grenadier companies, told off for the different attacks, left the camp at night-fall on the 10th of September, and formed in column at the openings made in the trenches both of the covered-way and of the ditch. Ten battalions, headed by as many companies of grenadiers, 600 dismounted dragoons, and 300

[1] St. Simon tells with a piquancy delightful to the lovers of court gossip, how, on the death of Marie-Louise, Madame des Ursins not only "prit elle-même la place de la reine," but, to the horror of Louis XIV., was charged with an intention to espouse the constitutionally amorous, but scrupulously moral prince; how, too, when the ridiculous notion was dispelled by a timely question from his Majesty's confessor, she very unwisely selected Elisabetta Farnese to succeed the sweet daughter of Savoy.—*Mémoires*, xi. 66-67.

pioneers composed the reserve, which was posted conveniently in the rear. The Marshal accompanied this body.

Arthur Dillon, lieutenant-general of the trenches, commanded the right; Cilly, next on the roster, directed the left of the attack. At dawn on the 11th, ten heavy guns and twenty mortars thundered the awful signal. In a moment

> "Storming fury rose
> And clamour;"

the breaches throbbed with French and Spaniards: the former intent upon the bastion El Levante, the latter upon Puerta Nueva and Santa Clara. At first the citizens were slack. Their batteries spoke feebly. Some of their mines, drenched with recent rain, were dumb. The assailants carried all before them. Extending along the rampart, they dashed upon the entrenchment, which had been thrown up behind the riven front. Its defenders recoiled. Indeed, the resistance flagged everywhere, save at El Levante, which was firmly held, until Cilly's people, making a detour, crowded into the work through the gorge. Then, at "the warlike sound of trumpets loud and clarions," Castilian flags were upreared on the three captured bastions; and, in the hellish excitement of success, all the Catalans found therein were put to the sword. Presently, the conquerors poured into the adjacent churches and houses. With an ordinary garrison the battle would have been over; but, with Catalans in the forefront, the worst of it was to come. Villaroel and Sebastian Dalmau, having mustered all the warriors, felt the Franco-Spanish left; but finding it solidly lodged, they stationed a few battalions round the palace, and with the main force drew off to the extreme right, where a ferocious struggle was going on at the bastion, San Pedro. This the Spaniards had seized, but having neglected to occupy the immense monastery, which dominated the walls in that quarter, the Barceloneses, from the loop-holes of the holy fortress, kept up so hot a fire upon the troops clinging to the rampart, and surging at the bastion's gorge, that human courage could effect little thereabout. Villaroel, skilfully availing himself of an occasion, glided into San Pedro, and

turned its guns loaded with grape upon the Spaniards, who were again advancing. The shock was dire. Castilians, Walloons, and French fell fast; yet their disciplined bravery prevailed for a while. Villaroel's men were flung out of the work. But owing to the fire plunging incessantly from the convent,[1] and also to the want of entrenching tools, the Spaniards could not maintain their gripe. Berwick—who, we are told, was as unmoved in the tumult as if he were pondering tactics *en robe de chambre*—gave orders that for the present San Pedro should be left alone. A lull, then, in the storm, which the allies employed in throwing up an entrenchment near the southern bastion. Under such covert measures might be contrived for working into the town as far as the Rambla.[2] The besieged, too, profited by the respite. It gave them fresh heart. They rallied scowling and desperate. It was now 8 o'clock a.m., and Villaroel held San Pedro, and other posts wrenched from the Castilians. But the pride of the repulsed was blind. "The indiscreet ardour of certain officers could not be controlled." Again was San Pedro recklessly assailed. The bravest fought in vain. The priceless lives of old soldiers were foolishly squandered; until Berwick, hurrying to the spot, passionately commanded the madmen to desist; and moreover strictly confined his right to the maintenance of neighbouring Puerta Nueva, whilst he devised operations for the conquest of the town.

Perceiving the foe at a halt, the citizens thronged forward. In the press an unknown voice, strident and imperious, cried: "Mata y Quema!" (kill and burn). "A shout that tore Hell's concave."[3] Its effect was electrical. A frenzy seized the

[1] Speaking of the defence of Zaragoza in 1808, Maréchal Marmont remarks: "En occupant ces immenses et indestructibles couvents, qui sont de veritables forteresses, une population fanatisée par la religion et le patriotisme a pu et a dû arrêter pendant longtemps nos efforts."—*L'Esprit des Institutions Militaire*, 234.

[2] The main street intersecting Barcelona, now the fashionable promenade by day and night.

[3] Such incidents are curious. At a critical moment of the battle of the Alma, some person bawled "Retire! Retire!" It has never been positively ascertained who was the troubled spirit so inopportunely apprehensive.

Catalans. With the fury of devils both sides fell to. At first the rush of the Barceloneses was irresistible. They even thought of recovering the breaches: so staggered was the practised adversary by the springing of mines, the explosion of fougasses, the difficulty of filling up ditches; so weighed down too by the intense heat. But the Marshal

> "through the armed files
> Darts his experienced eye."

The reserve is summoned from its lair in the main ditch. Guns are planted in the breach. Fresh battalions hurry up from camp. Thus nearly 30,000 troops—not to speak of the little dragoons so lively with the scaling ladders at the redoubt of Santa Eulalia—are actually engaged. The result could not remain doubtful. The second combat lasted from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Then San Pedro, eleven times taken and retaken, fired its last shot, and the heroes of Barcelona—monks and many women in their ranks—were driven fighting—quarter neither asked nor given—into the new town. "All the time the fire was unceasing and terrible."

Human strength and courage were spent. "Behold, they are all vanity, their works are nothing." The white flag streamed in the wind; and three of the Diputacion[1] accosting the Marshal in the ghastly breach, tendered a capitulation. He sternly declared indulgence no longer possible. His soldiers were in the place—"maîtres de tout passer au fil de l'epée." Surrender at discretion was their fate. They must implore the mercy of his Catholic Majesty. The delegates replied in a high, not to say insolent tone; but, finding that of no use, they sought to parley, suggesting the submission of Majorca, on condition that the island and Catalonia should retain their privileges. To argue thus was futile, and they withdrew to tell their fellows of Berwick's implacability.

A night of fearful suspense. In the despairing town, San Felipe tells us, no one stirred out of doors, yet everybody was

[1] One gentleman representing the inhabitants, another the priests, the third the soldiers.

shooting from loopholes and windows; at haphazard indeed, but sometimes with effect. French and Castilian fatigue-parties carried away the wounded and buried the dead. The army, in battle array, eagerly awaited daybreak to reduce the place to ashes. Next morning, the deputies, "gnashing for anguish and despite and shame," again proceeded to the breach, and confessed that Barcelona must sue for grace. At once the Marshal granted their lives to the inhabitants, and engaged there should be no pillage.—"I did so to preserve for the King of Spain a flourishing city, which might prove of great service to him in the future." This humane policy provoked the courtiers, who were advising Philip to level the perfidious stronghold with the ground, and on the site thereof to erect an obelisk, that witness of the civil war might live in brass.

"I did not wish," observes Berwick, "to occupy on that day the interior of Barcelona, lest night falling before proper arrangements had been concluded, disorder and marauding might ensue. I therefore judged it prudent to conceal the Diputacion's submission, and I feigned preparation for onslaught on the morrow. Accordingly, the rebels were allowed to hold their barricades and entrenchments. Towards evening, however, I took possession of Monjuich. Early on the 13th, the citizens having evacuated all their posts, the générale sounded, and our troops marched through the town to the quarters assigned to them in such order that not a man fell out of the ranks. The shops were open; the streets teemed with people, just as in time of peace. Wonderful, that a dead calm should in a moment succeed so violent a storm. More wonderful still that a place taken by assault should escape sack. 'L'on ne peut l'attribuer qu'à Dieu, car tout le pouvoir des hommes n'auroit jamais pu contenir le soldat.'" A pleasant modesty flavours the remark. Surely the Marshal deserves much credit for the discipline of his army. It is with instruments such as he that God works miracles in war.

Again, it is his opinion that but for the blows "si mal-à-propos" directed against San Pedro, the action of the 11th would not have cost him more than 200 men. As it was,

nearly 2,000 French and Spaniards fell. Some battalions bled profusely: the regiment d'Orléans, for instance, had its major killed, and all the officers save five either slain or injured. According to Berwick, the casualties of the insurgents (fighting for the most part under cover) did not exceed six hundred.[1] Their able chief, Antonio Villaroel, and the bold merchant, Sebastian Dalmau, were both severely wounded. During the siege of sixty-one days with open trenches, the French and Spaniards lost altogether 10,000 men; the Catalans about 6,000, of whom 543 were monks or priests.

"Generals Dillon and De Cilly did everything that could be expected from officers of intelligence and courage." Like Wellington, the Marshal eschewed the excessive praise which of late years, to the regret of real soldiers, has become the fashion. In respect of the defence of Barcelona, Berwick declares: "On n'a guère vu une plus grande opiniâtreté que celle de sa garnison et de ses habitans." And Quincy, himself a lieutenant-general of artillery, winds up an account of it in a characteristic spirit:—"It may be said of the Barceloneses that there are few examples of so stubborn a resistance as theirs. If it had been the deed of regular troops, they would have gained immortal glory. But people who rise up against their sovereign deserve not the name of brave men. Their valour is simply an insane fury, and a wicked despair worthy of the severest chastisement."[2] It is ever thus. We are ready enough to vaunt our own courage in battle, but how grudgingly do we acknowledge the prowess of the foe, forgetful that unless he be stalwart and adroit the credit of beating him is slender. Unquestionably, this defence was admirable. The townspeople had almost everything against them. They were confronted by the might of 40,000 soldiers. A potent artillery destroyed their fortifications. Their port was blockaded. Their regular troops were half-hearted, provisions scanty; yet such was their fortitude, such their engineering industry, so fertile the brain of Villaroel, so sharp the gunnery of "el

[1] The contemporary writers, San Felipe and the Marquis de Quincy, state the Catalan losses at far higher figures.

[2] "Histoire Militaire," vii. 369-374.

intrepido y terrible Rafael Nebot," that for two months a Marshal of France strove in vain. The Catalans stood at bay with a fanatical audacity which no other race except the Turks would be capable of. Behind walls the northern Spaniards are almost invincible. Of old, at Numantia and Saguntum, in modern times, at Zaragoza and Gerona, their tenacity of purpose and plenitude of resource were incomparable. "Rien n'est plus digne d'admiration que la défense d'une place poussée à ses limites possibles, mais aussi rien de plus rare."[1]

Barcelona vanquished, Mortemart led a few battalions to Cardona. The governor opened the gates, on condition that any of the inhabitants who desired to remain should not be disturbed, and that those who preferred to depart might carry off their goods. To profit by a capitulation, Peral and other leaders had hied thither. The Court of Madrid disapproved of lenity to those children of darkness; but the season being advanced, and Cardona a strong fortress in a difficult country, it was judged in camp that the Catholic King's interests required an immediate accommodation with Catalonia. As stern an administrator as an expert captain, the Marshal disarmed the Barceloneses, abolished the ancient form of government, and broke up the democratic "Diputacion." A Junta and Corregimiento on the Castilian model were introduced. The *fueros* lay buried under the shattered ramparts. All the Catalans had to deliver up their arms, with the exception of the hidalgos (gentlemen), to whom their rapiers and fowling-pieces were granted. This order was so rigorously executed that not a peasant dared to keep a weapon at home: if he gave it not up, he hid it in a cave.

Deeming it necessary to make an example of the principal "firebrands," the Duke of Berwick condemned twenty of them, including Lieutenant-Generals Villaroel[2] and Armengol, to imprisonment for life at Alicante. He compelled the turbu-

[1] Maréchal Marmont.

[2] Dangeau states that Villaroel was allowed, in consequence of his dangerous wound, to remain on parole in his own house at Barcelona. From this indulgence, we may infer that the gallant chief's punishment was eventually mitigated.

lent Bishop of Albarracin and 200 monks to embark for Genoa, forbidding them on pain of death to set foot again on Spanish soil. The bulk of the Catalan soldiers, after taking the oath of allegiance, were dismissed to their homes. The Castilians, Aragonese, and Valencians found in the rebellious ranks were either similarly discharged or transported to Ceuta to serve against the Moors. Harsh enough much of this may appear, but it was milder than Austrian chastening in like cases. Blood stained not the victory due to French rather than Castilian efforts. Prison and exile but no gibbets illustrated the close of this war.

That good order and wholesome discipline might prevail in the principality, Philip was anxious that the French commander-in-chief should govern it. But the commission suited him not. His health was broken. During the siege he was often ailing with fever. "J'etois de plus si épuisé par les fatigues que je n'avois plus la force de rien faire." He therefore urged the King to appoint a Captain-General in his stead; and the royal choice fell on the Prince de Tzerclaes, then commanding in Aragon. Having settled the winter quarters of the troops, and sent home twenty French battalions, the Marshal placed the army provisionally under the orders of the Chevalier D'Asfeld. He then started for Madrid, travelling roundabout that he might visit his estates in the kingdom of Valencia.

On the 28th of October the Madrilenos welcomed the sedate conqueror with the usual shouting and waving of hats. A pension of 100,000 francs and a diamond-hilted sword which had belonged to the late Dauphin (Duke of Burgundy) were the tokens of royal gratitude. On handing the dainty Toledo to his general, Philip gracefully remarked—"Mon frère vous aimoit et vous estimoit tant que je crois que vous recevrez avec plaisir ce qui vient de lui." Lord Tynemouth obtained the Order of the Golden Fleece, and to Sarsefield, Earl of Lucan, severely wounded before Barcelona, were given the collar of that illustrious order, and a company of the Gardes-du-corps. When St. Simon affirms: "Cette conquête qui couvrit de gloire sa valeur, sa capacité, sa prudence, fut le

sceau de l'affermissement de la couronne d'Espagne sur la tête de Philip V.,"—none may say that Fitzjames's reward was excessive.

A festive but probably irksome week in Madrid, and then the weary soldier went his way toward France. He had not gone far before the officious Orry overtook him with an offer of the command of the troops destined for Majorca. Pleading sickness, he declined the honour, and recommended Asfeld "dont je connoissois la capacité." After advising Orry about the proper season for action, and the number of men to be employed, he continued his journey. It may be stated that Asfeld performed his part admirably. At the sight of him, Palma and Alcudia surrendered (20th June, 2nd July). The insignia of the Golden Fleece rewarded his tact and energy.[1] The submission of the Balearic Islands terminated this vast and desolating war.

There is no need to expatiate on the reception of the Marshal by the Grand Monarch. Dangeau tells us it was peculiarly flattering, and as kings are usually gracious to successful generals, we can easily believe the good-natured lord-in-waiting, who, fortunately for posterity, minutely chronicled the pomps and vanities of Marly and Versailles.

> "Dans le brillant commerce il se mêle sans cesse,
> Et ne cite jamais que duc, prince ou princesse."

[1] "Ducasse, flibustier dans ses premières années, et fils et frère de charcutiers, puis de vendeurs de jambons à Bayonne; Bay fils d'un cabaretier de Besançon; Asfeld, fils d'un marchand d'étoffes d'or à Paris; déshonorèrent la Toison par leur naissance, l'honorérent par leur mérite; tous trois ont commandé souvent en chef."—*Journal de Dangeau*, xvi. 5.

Thus, under Louis XIV., young men of humble parentage occasionally rose to the highest military rank; but in the reign of Louis XVI. nobles alone were eligible for great appointments. The feebler the Ancien Régime grew, the more audacious were its aristocratic pretensions.

XXIII.

JACOBITES IN COUNCIL.

1714-1715.

AFTER his return from Spain, Maréchal de Berwick resumed the direction of James III.'s affairs, which had occupied him more or less since 1708. His account of Jacobite proceedings at this juncture is so interesting, that I present a translation of it:—

"Before going to Spain, I urged the Duke of Ormonde and many others to shake off their lethargy, and to provide against the evils likely to arise if the Queen should die.[1] I tried to convince them that their private interests depended on the weal of King James; that there was no room for hesitation; that they must make up their minds to be ruined individually and collectively, or to restore the Prince. At last, they bestirred themselves, and through the medium of Lady Masham induced the Queen to dismiss the Lord Treasurer, it being impossible to bring the business to a proper conclusion as long as he remained in office.[2]

[1] "The Queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has puts all in alarm, and when it is over we act as if she were immortal. Neither is it possible to persuade people to make any preparation against an evil day."—*Swift to Lord Peterborough*, May 18, 1714.

[2] "He would not, or he could not, act with us; and he resolved that we should not act without him as long as he could hinder it."—BOLINGBROKE: *A letter to Sir William Windham.*

From the camp before Barcelona, on the 28th of August, Berwick wrote to James III.: "The Treasurer is as great a villain as Lord Sunderland was."

"The other ministers (the Dukes of Buckingham and Ormonde, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Chancellor Harcourt, and Mr. Secretary Bromley) now thought to push their designs without hindrance; but before they could make good their footing, all hope of success vanished with the death of Queen Anne, just four days after Oxford's disgrace. The Elector of Hanover was immediately proclaimed King, pursuant to the Act of Settlement, passed since the Revolution, and by his orders everything was changed.

"I was then in Catalonia, too far away either to act or to advise: indeed, had I been in Paris, I should have felt perplexed about our future course. We were not to blame if no measures had been taken to meet the emergency which now confounded us. France, however friendly, would not risk a fresh war to benefit the young King. On this side of the water steps had not been taken, nor could have been taken. It was for the loyal in England to prescribe the mode of action; but, suddenly put to confusion, they could not agree respecting it.

"As soon as King James heard of his sister's death, he left Bar-le-duc, where he had resided since the Peace of Utrecht, and came incognito to Paris, that he might consult the Queen his mother, and other friends, before asserting his rights in Britain. The French Court, hearing of his arrival, sent the Marquis de Torcy to persuade him to return to Lorraine; and if argument sufficed not, Torcy was instructed to hint that force would be employed. So, James, getting no good news from adherents in England, where the party was in consternation, even ignorant where he might land with safety, decided to go back to his old quarters.

"King George entered London in September, amid loud demonstration of joy. In the beginning he might easily have conciliated the people, or at least prevented their animosity taking an acute form. To this end, he had but to avoid favouring either side. All Englishmen ought to have been treated alike: those only being distinguished who were great personages warmly attached to his party. But, egged on by the Whigs, he turned all the Tories out of office, and dissolved

the Parliament which had acknowledged him.[1] Thereupon, the Tories proclaimed the Church in danger. The parsons fulminated in the pulpits. The masses, excited by all this sound and fury, met tumultuously together. The Government were embarrassed. Caricatures of George, his son, and his whole family, were prodigiously relished.[2] Hawkers sang seditious ballads.[3] On my return from Spain, the occasion seemed so propitious to King James that emissaries were despatched to Ormonde and the principal Tory lords. Money was distributed amongst the disbanded officers. Nothing was omitted on our part to render George odious, and to win for James the hearts of Englishmen. Ormonde, Mar, and the rest agreed that never before had the people been so well disposed: nine out of every ten were against the Hanoverian, and consequently for the Stuart. I therefore proposed that they should choose a day for an insurrection, and that a place where James might land ought to be determined. We were sure of the Scots. Already armed, they only awaited the signal to rise. My notion was to profit by the present opportunity. Few regular troops were quartered in the island, and I surmised that George, seeing the fire alight in the four corners of it, would be sorely puzzled how to extinguish the flames. I also felt that the success of our design depended on an immediate revolution: in a word, George must be expelled within three weeks. Otherwise the business would break

[1] Lord Stanhope points out that "the Statutes of 7 & 8 Wm. III., c. 15 & 16, Anne, 1, 7, made it imperative that the Parliament should be dissolved within six months from the demise of the Crown. See Blackstone's Comm., vol. i. p. 188, ed. 1825."—*History of England*, i. 173.

[2] The malcontents "found that his (George's) nose had a resemblance to that of Oliver Cromwell, and clapt him on a huge pair of mustachoes to frighten his people with."—ADDISON, *Freeholder*, No. 7.

[3] Neither party, indeed, seems to have spared Royalty. In October, 1713, we find Baron de Schutz, the Hanoverian envoy at London, writing to Bothmar thus: "Cadogan considered, as the greatest advantage to their (Whig) party, the continuance of the War of the Empire against France, and the death of the King of France, or of the Queen, or of the Pretender. The first was old, the second was sickly, the third was consumptive. The Queen, he said, got drunk every day as a remedy against the gout in her stomach."—MACPHERSON, *Original Papers*, ii. 502.

down. Owing to the refusal of France to provide soldiers, the new King might easily crush the English Jacobites, if time were allowed him to obtain men from Germany and Holland. Again, with all the strong places in his hands, he possessed a signal advantage over the royalists, in case the affair were protracted. To my arguments, Ormonde and his friends replied that, notwithstanding their zeal and the favourable bias of the popular temper, they neither would nor could take up arms, until King James arrived with a body of about 4,000 men. In vain I informed them by letter and by special messengers that it was idle to talk of troops, because the French Government would surely adhere to its old decision—to give no aid openly. However, their demands remained invariably the same.

"In March, 1715, Lord Bolingbroke—whom, together with the Duke of Ormonde and the Earl of Oxford, the House of Commons were about to impeach of high-treason—judged it unwise to encounter Whig vengeance, and fled to France.[1] On his coming to Paris, I saw him secretly. He confirmed the encouraging advices that had lately reached us from England.[2] Disliking yet awhile to meddle publicly in the young King's concerns, he went to Lyons. After a few months' sojourn there, our friends besought him to return to Paris. He complied. King James, whom he had already seen at Commercy, gave him the seals of Secretary of State; and he and I afterwards acted together throughout the whole business.

"Meanwhile, the ferment overspread Britain. Not only did the people cry out upon the Government, but in many

[1] Among other reasons for this course, Bolingbroke avows: "I abhorred Oxford to that degree that I could not bear to be joined with him in any case. Nothing perhaps contributed so much to determine me as this sentiment."

[2] This Bolingbroke denies. He writes to Sir William Windham: "I endeavoured to show that things were far from the point of maturity imagined, that the Chevalier had got no party for him, and that nothing could form one, but the extreme violence which the Whigs threatened to exercise." Considering the history of the two men, the soldier ought to be believed more readily than the politician.

places dared to drink the Pretender's health openly. Hence, divers persons at St. Germain loosely recommended 'action,' and giddily blamed the 'apathy' of King James. But, I drew up a memoir, which I sent to Bar-le-duc by Lord Bolingbroke. It will show how matters stood :—

"'MEMOIR.

"'Many censure the King of England because, in the present posture of affairs, he is unwilling to hazard his person. They conclude that, this opportunity lost, one so auspicious may never return, inasmuch as George would not omit to organize a good army, by which the Tories must be crushed, or compelled to yield. I admit that at first sight this reasoning is plausible; but, as sensible men should never give an opinion, or deliver a judgment without searching a question to its very root, I will explain the situation, and then express my sentiments regarding it:

"'The King has neither friend nor ally from whom he may expect the least help: not because we have been neglectful diplomatists, but because princes seldom trouble themselves about an unfortunate brother, unless their particular interests impel them to do so. For the last twenty-six years, Europe has felt the strain of wars, which emptied pockets, ruined commerce, and diminished population: therefore, everybody, sick of strife, craves to live in peace; and, short of absolute necessity, nothing would tempt any potentate to draw the sword. The great work, then, of the King's restoration is left to the unaided efforts of his own subjects. Let us see what he may expect from them. To begin with Scotland, which, since the Revolution, has displayed a constant attachment to the Royal family. Many of the lords have resolved to rise at the first summons. They engage to put into the field 8,000 Highlanders, and 10,000 Lowland foot; but for the latter arms are needed. Money is also required for paying the men. Without it the officers could not preserve discipline; the country would be pillaged; the army would dissolve. At the outside, 1,000 horse, or dragoons of poor quality, might be mustered. The chiefs, indeed, hope to seize the castles of

Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton, but the issue of such ventures is very uncertain.

"'The bulk of the British nation is so right-minded that, it may be asserted, five out of every six are for James; not so much perhaps on account of his incontestable claim, as through hatred of the Hanoverian race, and fear for the Anglican Church and the popular liberties.[1] Actuated by various motives, no doubt, many peers, ecclesiastics, and gentlemen have signified their loyal intentions. Certain of the most influential, most respectable, and wisest heads have taken counsel together, how the King might be brought back; but, up to the present time, they are of opinion that, without at least 4,000 regulars, a quantity of arms, and a large sum of money, it would be rash, nay impossible, to strike in his behalf. They argue thus: an unarmed and untrained populace being solely available for Jacobite enterprise, the standing troops, though few in numbers, would suffice to disperse such a crew, the moment the mask was lifted. Besides, save in the magazines, which George is master of, arms cannot be procured in England.

"'Ormonde, Bolingbroke, and several others having in vain entreated the French authorities to grant the necessary supplies, the King must rely entirely upon what he has contrived to borrow on his personal credit, namely, 10,000 stands of arms and 100,000 crowns. Is there a rational person, I ask, who would counsel James, so slenderly furnished, to stake not his life merely, but the lives and property of his friends, against a Prince in actual possession, having the existing laws (however unjust they may be) on his side, and an army full of Whigs at his call—a prince moreover who has allies ready to accommodate him with troops, in addition to those he may summon from his hereditary states?

[1] The cry of the British rioters was "Sacheverell and Ormonde! Damn all foreign governments!" Addison wrote, "There are several remote parts of the nation in which it is firmly believed that all the churches in London are shut up; and that if any clergyman walks the streets in his habit, it is ten to one but he is knocked down by some sturdy schismatic."—*Freeholder.*

"'The King does not possess arms sufficient for Scotland, and the loyal parts of England. He has no fortresses, where his adherents could assemble in safety. Even if time were allowed him to gather an army together he is without the means of equipping or of paying it.

"'I hold that James III. should venture much, but not leap into the abyss. If he possessed an army of Highlanders, Lowlanders and Englishmen, an encounter with trained soldiers would be inevitable sooner or later, and I believe that he would then run a considerable risk; but I do not perceive how he may expect even a chance of such a sort; for at the present moment there is no military concert amongst our people in Britain, no idea of stirring without foreign assistance. Is it advisable, I repeat, that the King should depart? Can the term grandeur of soul or heroism be applied to an adventure calculated to excite a mere tumult? The very people who now taunt him with timidity, would call him reckless and ill-advised, as soon as he failed. In short, I cannot consent to his setting out, before the most influential men in England shall pledge themselves to meet him with a large body of followers at a particular time in a particular place. To fancy that with Scotch aid alone the undertaking could succeed, seems to me the height of folly."[1]

* * * * * * *

"To resume. In July, the Dominican Father, Callaghan, visited King James. Affecting to be the Duke of Ormonde's mouth-piece, he urged the Prince's immediate departure for England. Without consulting the French Court, Lord Bolingbroke or me, James decided to start, and fixed the 30th for his arrival at Havre. A ship was engaged; and Bolingbroke was ordered to repair to the rendezvous on the day named; but he divulged the secret to Torcy; and by command of Louis XIV. I was summoned to Marly. His Majesty told

[1] "They (Scots) seemed in as much haste to begin, as if they had thought themselves able to do the work alone, as if they had been apprehensive of no danger but that of seeing it taken out of their hands, and of having the honour of it shared by others."—*A Letter to Sir William Windham.*

me the Prince's resolution seemed to him so rash that he would not consent to it, without previously ascertaining my opinion. I replied I could not understand the Duke of Ormonde sending such a message, considering that not even the point where James might disembark was indicated. In my opinion nothing ought to be determined till further information had been received from Ormonde. It was agreed that Torcy and Bolingbroke should write to James in that sense. Presently, some gentlemen of quality, deputed by Ormonde and Mar, came over with the memorial so long deferred. It contained little that was new to us: without a succour of troops, arms, and money, a rising had no chance of success. However, if the King insisted on an effort they would do their best. But nothing was practicable before the middle of September, when Parliament would be prorogued and the members distributed in the various counties.

"Soon afterwards we were astonished to learn that Ormonde was in France. This nobleman, being attainted for high treason, had retired to Richmond, where he lived sumptuously, keeping open house. Crowds flocked thither, for he was the idol of the Tories, and apparently he had unfurled the standard of the Stuarts. He assured us by letter that he would remain there as long as he could do so safely. Afterwards, proceeding to the north or west of England, he would put himself at the head of his friends and a number of half-pay officers designedly sprinkled hither and thither. Relays of horses were bespoken, so that, when the hour struck, he might travel *ventre-à-terre*. He had correspondents at Bristol, Exeter, and Plymouth, which towns he purposed to make his places-of-arms. At this time he was so much beloved that if he had openly declared against George, and for the Established Church and ancient liberties, he might have attracted a following very troublesome to the Hanoverian; especially as the Scots would have risen, and the desertion of many of the regular troops was probable. But to execute a project of this kind another manner of man was required. Large designs demand a hero, and Ormonde was no hero. Personally very brave, and for some time past well-

intentioned, his slender acquaintance with the art of war did not qualify him to lead an insurrection. His magnificent style of living, his liberality, natural affability, and high birth gained him the affection and respect of the masses.[1] A popular chief being indispensable, the Tories unanimously agreed to follow him. But, in a moment, all the anticipations founded upon his influence and character were blasted by his flight. Warned that the Guards were about to surround his house and arrest him, he rode for the coast and crossed the sea in a lugger, without leaving any directions for those who anxiously expected him elsewhere.

"The King's affairs were now transacted by Ormonde, Bolingbroke, and me. We again entreated the French Court to grant us a body of troops.[2] The Most Christian King, however, adhered to his previous decision, the propriety of which Ormonde's retreat demonstrated; for was it reasonable to suppose that a nobleman whose good repute was our sheet-anchor would have forsaken his party if the nation were very affectionate? So, our friends in England were told to relinquish hopes of French battalions, and to shoulder arms themselves. We also requested them to fix the time when and the place where James and Ormonde might land. Their reply was as usual, ambiguous.

"Tory demur (by no means unjustifiable), coupled with my own persuasion that France would not lift a hand, had induced me some months before to address Charles XII. of Sweden: the natural enemy, as it appeared to me, of the Hanoverian dynasty. This extraordinary prince, whose *début* in the field won the respect of Europe, had been plunged by the defeat at Pultowa into a series of misfortunes, which his neighbours turned to such account that at this period he was almost stripped of his German possessions. Everybody hungered for

[1] Swift likewise testifies to "his affability, generosity, and sweetness of nature." The Dean knows no fault in him, save a "too great easiness of temper."

[2] Both sides were equally desirous of introducing foreign soldiers. In 1713, Queen Anne being still alive, the Whigs wanted the Elector to come over with a force of Germans.—See MACPHERSON: *Original Papers*, ii. 473.

a slice of the spoils; and regardless of treaties or guarantees, men rose up against him on all sides. Far from being depressed by adversity, it made him prouder and more stubborn. Not a province or a fortress would he yield. He would perish rather than stoop to the conqueror.

"The temper of the northern warrior, his romantic ideas, his particular interests, certainly at variance with those of George I., led me to hope for his active participation in our concerns. I caused the just pretensions of the Stuart to be laid before him. The glory he would acquire as the champion of the oppressed; the advantages likely to accrue to him from such action; the eternal gratitude of the English King, were delicately dwelt on. The scheme seemed to me all the more feasible because no one suspected it. Seven thousand or eight thousand Swedes were then encamped near Gothenburg. A number of transports lay in that port ready to convey them to Stralsund. Now, from Gothenburg the fleet might sail to Scotland or to England; the passage with a fair wind being a run of about forty-eight hours. At first, the French Court deemed the notion chimerical; but on Baron de Sparre, the Swedish ambassador, expressing no disapprobation, I was allowed to negotiate. Torcy and I conferred several times with Sparre, and to facilitate matters it was arranged conditionally that the Most Christian King should pay the arrears of the subsidies due to Sweden, and that James should advance 50,000 crowns towards the cost of embarking the troops.[1] Sparre reported the matter to his master, and sent an officer with a bill of exchange to Holland, so that in case

[1] The following extract of a letter from Berwick to Torcy shows that whilst Marlborough continued at least in name commander-in-chief of the British army, he sent money to the Chevalier de St. Georges :—"Je viens, Monsieur, de recevoir une lettre de M. le Duc de Marlborough, par laquelle il me marque qu'il espère beaucoup de la protection de M. le Chevalier (de Saint Georges) et en même temps accompagne ses protestations d'un second présent de deux mille livres sterling. Ceci me donne beaucoup d'espérance; car vu le caractère de mon oncle, il ne jetterait pas ainsi son argent, s'il n'envisageait quelque utilité. J'ai envoyé à milord Bolingbroke l'original pour qu'il le fasse passer au Chevalier après l'avoir lu."—See LEMONTEY: *Histoire de la Régence*, i. 87.

the bargain were ratified the money might be immediately remitted to Gothenburg. Unfortunately, Charles being then shut up both by land and sea in Stralsund, it was long before the courier could deliver the despatch. The reply was couched in very courteous terms; but the King averred that in the present emergency he could not spare men; besides, George had not yet declared against him. Still, he professed sympathy, and promised proof of it in the future.

"Certainly Charles missed a golden opportunity of furthering his ambitious views, or rather perhaps of overcoming his existing difficulties; for by the restoration of the Stuarts he might have obtained troops and ships wherewithal to reconquer what he had lost. An English counter-revolution was inevitable with the co-operation of a regular force. King George was generally hated,[1] and had but few regiments stationed in Great Britain; but the Swedish monarch, imbued with the idea of saving Stralsund, had nobody about him capable of pointing out the policy of our plan, and the peril of his own devices. He afterwards (in 1717) wished to invade Scotland; but times were changed, and had he then made the attempt he would in all probability have failed; for George had a large army at his back, and the Dutch would have furnished reinforcements.

"About the middle of August, 1715, Louis XIV. fell sick, and died on the 1st of September. Never did man display more firmness and less fear of death. He was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and calmly awaited his last hour. For some time past serious reflections had occupied his mind. More than once he told the Queen of England that he prepared for the end every day, lest he might be taken unawares. In the world another opinion prevailed. It was supposed that he could not bear to hear death mentioned. But the fact which I have related may be implicitly relied upon, for Mary Beatrice was a most truthful princess.

"Never was sovereign so misunderstood as Louis le Grand.

[1] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, an ardent Whig, can say nothing better of him than that "in private life he would have been called an honest blockhead."

The Protestants proclaimed him inaccessible, perfidious, and cruel. I who had the honour of seeing him often, and in very familiar intercourse too, can assert that his pride was quite superficial. An air of dignity, innate in him, awed the multitude, and none approached him without fear and respect. But no sooner was he accosted, than his countenance brightened, and he had the art of putting you at ease in a moment. He was the politest gentleman in the kingdom;[1] and his answers were so pleasantly expressed that, if he granted a favour, the applicant felt twice honoured. If he refused a petition, it was impossible to complain. Since the foundation of the monarchy, a more humane king never lived. Not a single nobleman perished on the scaffold during his reign except the Chevalier de Rohan; and even that culprit's life might have been spared, if there had been any one sufficiently loving or courageous to entreat for it. On going to and returning from mass, on the morning of the execution, Louis looked anxiously right and left in quest of Rohan's friends or relations, but none threw themselves at his feet.[2] I am aware that against his good faith may be objected his violation of treaties. But I dare affirm that he never infringed one of them until convinced that his enemies were tampering with it. Without approving these infractions, where, I ask, is the prince able to boast that in his instance honour and justice have been invariably preferred to particular interests? It is only a question of a little more or a little less temptation. In the present epoch, religion, equity, and kindred make but a

[1] "Surtout pour les femmes rien n'étoit pareil. Jamais il n'a passé devant la moindre coiffe sans soulever son chapeau, je dis aux femmes de chambre, et qu'il connoissoit pour telles, comme cela arrivoit souvent à Marly."—*Mém. de St. Simon*, xii. 461.

[2] Louis, Chevalier de Rohan, the younger son of the Prince de Guemené, was, La Fare says, "l'homme le mieux fait de son temps, et de la plus grande mine." But he was a scoundrel. Among other peccadilloes he ran away with Hortense Mancini. This enraged the King, and the Chevalier lost all his appointments. Overwhelmed with debts, he conspired against the State. For 100,000 crowns he promised to betray Quillebeuf to the Dutch, and to raise a revolt in Normandy. The plot was discovered, and Louis de Rohan was beheaded in front of the Bastille in 1674.

faint impression. To satisfy their ambition, to procure an advantage, politicians persuade themselves that all things are permissible."[1]

* * * * * * *

The Grand Monarch's death was a crushing blow to the Jacobites. Although he declined a direct and open engagement, he granted them some succours, and the very ship in which the Chevalier was to transport himself was fitted out at the French expense. The heat of the Whigs and the resentment of the Court of England might have drawn Louis further on. "In brief," wrote Bolingbroke, "if the late King had lived six months longer, I verily believe there had been war again between England and France. This was the only point of time when their (Jacobites) affairs had to my apprehension the least reasonable appearance even of possibility: all that preceded was wild and uncertain, all that followed was mad and desperate."

[1] "Mémoires de Berwick," ii. 132-150; see also "Mémoires de St. Simon," xii. chaps. xv.-xix. St. Simon's portrait of Louis is very fine. The ducal critic considers that "Louis was born good and just. 'Dieu lui en avoit donné assez pour être un très bon roi, et peut-être même un assez grand roi.' "All that was bad in him proceeded from his neglected education." Madame de Maintenon says, "Le roi me surprend toujours quand il me parle de son éducation. Les gouvernantes jouoient, dit il, tout le jour, et le laissoient entre les mains de leurs femmes de chambre, sans se mettre, en peine du jeune roi, car vous savez, qu'il a régné à trois ans et demi."—*Entretiens sur l'éducation des filles*, 145.

XXIV.

THE REGENT.

1715.

THE crown of Louis XIV. being the bauble of a child five years and a-half old, the government of France seemed likely to be in dispute between the nephew and the bastard of the defunct. But the Duc du Maine had no qualification for the post he aspired to, or rather which his wife thrust upon him.[1] Of flabby fibre, destitute of all that attracts mankind, fit only for petty intrigue, a poltroon, it was hinted —he could never be a party chief in France. Over such an adversary, the Duke of Orleans, in spite of his sins, had an obvious advantage. Too sensual and listless to be capable of enduring ambition, he could yet brace himself up for a crisis. He had no particular thirst for power, but once put on his mettle, he regarded the affair in hand as a game to be won: his natural abilities came into play, and he set to work in earnest.

The Grand Monarch still breathed, when the courtiers fell down and worshipped the coming man. The *petits soupers* of the Palais Royal had borne fruit. The colonels of the French and Swiss Guards sold the services of their regiments at a high

[1] Anne-Louise-Bénédicte de Bourbon, second daughter of Henri-Jules, Prince de Condé, and of Anne of Bavaria. Being very short of stature, she was called at Court, "la poupée du sang." Duclos describes her—"espèce de petit monstre par sa figure, vive, ambitieuse, avec de l'esprit." —*Mémoires Secrets*, i. 201.

price.[1] St. Hilaire, commandant of the artillery, and D'Argenson, lieutenant of police, became Orleanist in a moment; Maréchal de Villars was caught by a promise of the presidency of the Council of War. Even lords on whom Maine might apparently have counted—such as the Duc de Noailles and Maréchal de Villeroy—made prompt obeisance. None had confidence in Du Maine's courage, or in the steady purpose of his good-natured brother, Toulouse.

The day after the King's death, Philip, anxious to avert impediments to his assumption of authority, privately besought the Princes of the Blood to take no immediate action against Madame de Montespan's illicit darlings, to whom Louis had accorded not merely the rank, but the prerogatives of "fils de France:" that is to say, the right of succession to the throne, in default of the legitimate heirs. His request complied with, he waited upon the Parliament, accompanied by the princes and peers of France. To quell disturbance, the guards surrounded the Palais de Justice. Picked soldiers in plain clothes were posted in the corridors. All the officers then in Paris attended the Duke. He opened the proceedings by begging "Messieurs les Pairs" to suspend for the moment their quarrel with the Presidents à mortier on the subject of the "bonnet."[2] He promised that the dispute should be settled satisfactorily in the course of a fortnight. The peers consented, and Philip, nervous and agitated, rose to speak. He insisted that he had a double claim to be regent: first, by his birth; secondly, by the wish which, but a week before, the late King had verbally expressed. He protested he had no other desire than to lighten the burdens of the people, to re-establish the finances, maintain peace, and restore concord to the Church. To aid him in such labour, he invited "les sages remontrances" of the august assembly; and he prayed that

[1] "The Duc de Guiche, colonel of the Gardes Françaises, got 600,000 francs. Reynold of the Gardes Suisses, likewise made a good bargain." —*Mém. de St. Simon*, xiii. 118.

[2] In 1681, Novion, president of the Parliament, had refused to take off his cap (bonnet) when he called the roll of the peers. Hence arose the famous "affaire du bonnet."

the French laws on the subject of his birthright might be forthwith examined.

At the first word touching the restitution of the "droit de remontrances," the heart of the Parliament warmed towards Philip, and the will of Louis le Grand was read amid signs of disapprobation. In substance, it appointed not a Regent, but a Council of Regency, with the Duke of Orleans for president; all questions to be determined by a majority of votes. The Duc du Maine was to command the household troops, independent of the Regency, and Maréchal de Villeroy would be the King's governor; but the Duc du Maine or, in his absence, the Comte de Toulouse, should exercise the chief authority over all things relating to the person and education of the child Louis. The reading over, the Duke remarked there were many directions in the will and codicils to which he could not assent. He proposed, therefore, that the Assembly should pronounce at once on the question of the Regency. "Très bien, très bien!" With one accord, he was hailed Regent, by virtue of his birth, and the ancient usage of the realm. After a trivial altercation between triumphant Orleans and drivelling Maine, the former, his rubicund face suffused with smiles, unfolded a plan of government. He expressed deep respect for the memory of his cousin Burgundy, and, borrowing a phrase from Telemaque, declared, "Je veux être libre pour le bien, et avoir les mains liées pour le mal." Enthusiastic applause. Everything he asked was granted: the power of forming, or of re-forming the Council of Regency; the institution of special councils; the bestowal of appointments; the sole command not only of the household troops, but of the very body-guard of the King: "On eût donné le trône, s'il l'eût demandé, à un regent si bon parlementaire."[1] The cheers of the magnates in the great hall were taken up by the crowd filling the palace and thronging the adjacent streets. Maine bent before the storm. Pale and trembling, he could only stammer an entreaty to be relieved of all responsibility for the safety of the royal person. "Très volontiers," answered the Regent, haughtily. The sitting ended with acclamations, and nothing

[1] Lemontey, "Histoire de la Régence," i. 37.

remained of the last behest of Louis XIV. except a sheet of parchment, to be stored amongst the archives for the future edification of historians. In France all was changed. "Le Roi Soleil" was eclipsed. Even his obsequies were shabbily performed. The populace, who in 1686 had with tears besought Heaven to spare the ailing prince, followed the funeral procession with vituperation. They remembered him—

> "But insolent,
> O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
> Self-loving . . .
> And affecting one sole throne
> Without assistance."

Presently, Louis XV. went in state to Parliament to hold a "Lit de Justice," so that all matters decided on a few days before might be registered and published to the nation. So immense the concourse to see the child pass, that several people were suffocated in the press, and the soldiers had to clear the way with fixed bayonets. On arriving at the palace, the Duc de Tresmes, as Grand Chamberlain, carried the Sovereign in his arms and set him upon the throne. When everyone was in his place, Baby lisped with a very pretty grace, "Messieurs, Je suis venu ici pour vous assurer de mon affection; mon chancelier vous dira ma volonté."[1]

The Regent made haste to replace the ministries with councils, a scheme of the Duke of Burgundy's philosophic friends. Such theories Louis XIV. always condemned. He abhorred doctrinaires: "Ces gens-la," he once said to the Duc d'Antin, "ne connoissent guère les Français, ni la manière dont il faut les gouverner;" and the Duke of Berwick, while admitting the inconveniences to which the procedure of single ministers is exposed, nevertheless feared that business would be retarded by the multitude of counsellors, especially in the War Department, "où pour que les choses aillent bien, un seul homme doit être chargé du détail, après que les points ont été réglés dans le conseil."

The Council of the Interior was presided over by the

[1] "Journal de Dangeau," xvi. 173.

Duc d'Antin, son of Madame de Montespan, type of the perfect courtier; "sans honneur et sans humeur," as the Regent said of him, but yet a man of intelligence and resource; Villars ruled the Council of War; that of Marine was steered by Maréchal d'Estrées under the nominal authority of the Comte de Toulouse; Villeroy was titular Superintendent of the Treasury, the real work being done by the Duc de Noailles, who had studied finance under Desmarets; Maréchal d'Huxelles had the chief direction of Foreign Affairs; the "Conseil de Conscience" (religion) was guided by Cardinal de Noailles.

A seat at the War Council was offered to Berwick; but the first place being filled up, and the other councillors being lieutenant-generals, the Marshal declined the honour. "If," he writes, "I had acted like some others, who before Louis expired made a bargain with the Duke of Orleans, I might perhaps have been equally well treated. But, thank God, I cannot reproach myself with caballing. My invariable practice has been to stand fast 'au maître et à la justice;' I have, therefore, never listened to schemes for the future. However, when the old King was past hope, I declared for the Duke of Orleans; hereditary right and the good of the State being on his side. I begged the Regent to appoint me one of the Council of Regency; but excusing himself from so doing at present, on account of the delicacy of his relations with the Court of St. James, he desired to show his regard by giving me an important command. His reasoning did not, I confess, quite satisfy me, but it was necessary to have patience."

The English ambassador, the Earl of Stair,[1] had mentioned to the Duke of Orleans, both before and since the death of Louis, the friendly disposition of George I., and even tendered British assistance, in the event of Monseigneur's rights being

[1] St. Simon depicts Stair very favourably. "Grand, bienfait, maigre, encore assez jeune, avec la tête haute, et l'air fier. Il étoit vif, entreprenant, hardi, audacieux, par tempérament et par principe. Il avoit de l'esprit, et de l'addresse, du tour, avec cela, actif, instruit, secret, maître de soi, et de son visage, parlant aisément tous les langages suivant qu'il les croyoit convenir."—*Mémoires*, xiii. 282.

contested in France. Philip, gratified with such discourse, likewise intimated his wish to be on good terms with the new potentate. It was in self-defence that he acted thus. The ill-fated will, which the Duc du Maine and other favourites had teased the late King into making, prepared the ground for a plot. "The Queen of England," says Berwick, "told me that Louis never expected good from the sinister document." On that Princess complimenting him on his precaution against Orleans' machinations, he replied in an angry tone:—"Oui, j'ai fait mon testament, on m'a tourmenté pour le faire,"—and, looking straight at Madame de Maintenon—"J'ai acheté du repos; j'en connois l'impuissance et l'inutilité." [1]

As soon as the Duke of Orleans was proclaimed Regent, Stair paid him assiduous court, and, aware that rebellion might break out at any moment in Great Britain, begged him to prevent the Chevalier de St. Georges from repairing thither through France. But Philip, informed that King George and the Whigs were loud in abuse of the Peace of Utrecht, used the present occasion to test the truth of the report. He offered to enter into the strictest engagements, provided England would declare her resolution to abide by the Treaty of 1713; and he suggested an alliance, which the Dutch might be invited to join. Stair answered that the best beginning of the negotiation would be combined action against the Pretender. Then the Regent—either suspecting an intention to dupe him, or, as the scandalous chronicle narrates, being under the spell of a pretty girl, whom Mrs. Trant [2] had imported from England to bewitch him—replied vaguely, and determined not to oppose King James's designs, but even to connive at them, as far as he could do so without provoking war, which the French were in no condition to wage. However, Stair, enlightened by the gossip whispered about at

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 156.

[2] "Anglaise, qui se disoit demoiselle, et prétendoit être à Paris, à cause de la religion. Elle ne tarda pas à se faire connoître par ses intrigues et par son esprit souple, liant, entreprenant, hardi, qui surtout vouloit faire fortune. Elle attrapa lestement force Mississippi de Law, qu'elle sut faire très bien valoir."—*Mém. de St. Simon*, xvii. 303.

tea-tables and in coffee-houses, demanded several ships at Havre belonging to the Jacobites to be given up to Admiral Byng.[1] The Regent did not think fit to let the ships go, but he ordered them to be unloaded; and their cargoes were put into the royal magazines. This was a great discouragement to the Chevalier, who had no means of procuring arms elsewhere: for money lacked, and it was impossible to buy military material in any country without permission of the Sovereign.

[1] It is plain that the women were too busy at St. Germain. Bolingbroke wrote to Sir William Windham: "Those who could write and read had letters to show, and those who had not arrived at this pitch of erudition, had their secrets to whisper. No sex was excluded from the ministry. Fanny Oglethrope, whom you must have seen in England, kept her corner in it, and Olive Trant was the great wheel of our machine."

XXV.

"UP WI' JAMIE THE ROVER!"

1715.

ON the verge of the rising, let the Duke of Berwick speak. "The Earl of Mar, Secretary of State for Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne, had been dismissed from office by George I., and was living in London. In September he received a secret order from King James to proceed to Scotland and take up arms. Neither Bolingbroke nor I was aware of this, though we were the ministers through whose hands the correspondence with England passed. As nothing could be properly arranged there without our help, it was impossible to augur favourably of the enterprise. Be that as it may, Mar, along with General George Hamilton, who had served honourably in Flanders, embarked on the Thames in a collier, and soon landed in Fifeshire. Speeding to Braemar, he sent forth the fiery cross, gathered his vassals, and proclaimed King James, inviting all true men to rise for the restoration of their rightful and natural sovereign to the throne of his ancestors. Several nobles and about 5,000 Highlanders obeying the summons, he marched on and seized Perth, thus becoming master of Scotland north of the Tay."

Berwick, usually very accurate, was mistaken relative to the date of James's order to Lord Mar; for the latter left London in disguise on the 1st of August, after attending King George's levee, and unfurled the flag at Braemar on the 6th of September. Mar's excuse for his reckless leap into action

is as follows: "When, by the Chevalier's command, he came down to Scotland, he found the people there more forward to take arms than his instructions allowed him to consent to, and it was not without difficulty that we could allay their first heat. But the Chevalier not going into England, nor the Duke of Berwick coming to Scotland, abated very much that forwardness, so that when the Government summoned those they suspected to appear and give bail for their good behaviour, many of them seemed inclined to comply. The Earl of Mar, in pursuance of his instructions, found it then high time, for preventing this step, to appear openly."[1]

To return to the field. Whilst the Highlandmen were moving on Perth, Lord Drummond, son of the Duke of Perth, and some officers tried to seize Edinburgh Castle. They failed, mainly because one of the conspirators had blabbed to his wife, who, being a red-hot Hanoverian, communicated the project anonymously to the Lord Justice Clerk. Had it succeeded, General Wightman's little force must have evacuated Stirling, a very important post, which separated the Highland Jacobites from their friends in the south.

As soon as intelligence of the outbreak reached the English ministers, they appointed the Duke of Argyll to the command of the forces in Scotland. A better choice could not have been made. An eminent statesman and a persuasive orator, Argyll was, next to Marlborough, the ablest commander in the service. More than all, he was MacCallum Mhor, the mightiest chieftain of the North, at whose beck many warriors would strike, whether for George or for James, they recked not. It will hardly be disputed that to no single man did the House of Hanover owe so much as to John Duke of Argyll; yet no sooner was his work in '15 achieved than George deprived him of all his employments. He was "disgraced." Why is not, and may never perhaps be known.[2] How to supply this distinguished general with troops was an awkward consideration, for the cabinet feared that the grand

[1] See Patten, "History of the late Rebellion" (Earl of Mar's Journal), App. 113.

[2] Burton, "History of Scotland," ii. 235.

shock would be felt in England. Nevertheless, two regiments of dragoons and two regiments of foot were spared from English quarters. Ireland sent two more infantry regiments.[1] The corps of 6,000 men which Holland had engaged to provide, in case of danger to the Protestant succession, was called for.

After inspecting the defences of Edinburgh, and despatching arms to Glasgow, Argyll reached Stirling on the 17th of September, and reviewed 1,800 regulars. "Meanwhile, Mar peddled about the details of military discipline, as if leisure to any extent were his. Had he pushed on as soon as 8,000 or 10,000 men were collected, he would have met with no opposition, and Argyll must have abandoned Scotland, and fallen back on Berwick. Then, the Earl might have organized his force, called a Parliament together, and marched to the Border: either to defend it against 'the German lairdie,' or to advance into England, and support James's partisans, if they rose, which there was good reason to suppose they meant to do. But he missed his aim, through ignorance of war. The troops mustering on all sides were suffered to join Argyll. A man may possess much intelligence, plenty of personal courage, be a capable minister, and yet lack the faculties befitting a venture of this nature. It is certain that to Mar the requisite faculties were wanting. His failure, therefore, is not surprising. After drawing the sword, he knew not how to use it. Thus was frittered away the most favourable opportunity that had occurred since the revolution of 1688."[2]

The fire was spreading. Mr. Forster, knight of the shire for Northumberland, and Lord Derwentwater, declared for King James at Morpeth, early in October. As their company consisted of but 300 horse—"a handful of foxhunters"—Forster, "for the nonce dubbed general," applied to Lord Mar for infantry. Therefore, Brigadier MacIntosh of Borlum, a

[1] It is remarkable that Ireland remained quiet throughout the troubles. No one seems to have remembered her existence, except the Chevalier, who, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke (Jan. 2, 1716), suggested that "may be Dillon (Lieut.-General Arthur?) would be useful in Ireland."

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 159.

bold and experienced veteran, was ordered to the South with 2,500 clansmen. On the night of the 12th, the first division of his people crossed the Firth of Forth in open boats. The remainder followed during the next night. The men-of-war in the estuary kept a bad look-out, and one boat only was captured, though others were obliged to put back. In short, about 1,600 claymores landed on the southern coast of the Firth, and drew together at Haddington. Thus far, the hazardous operation of passing sixteen miles of sea in the teeth of ships of war had been ably performed. Now, MacIntosh erred. Instead of joining Forster, he turned aside to attack Edinburgh. His motions reported to Argyll, that general, with 300 dragoons and 200 foot (mounted for the purpose) spurred to the city. His squadrons rode through the west port, just as the Brigadier's jaded infantry reached Piershill. Apprised of Mac Callum Mhor's approach, they halted, consulted together, and hastened to Leith, overpowered the town-guard there, and threw themselves into a bastioned fort of Oliver Cromwell's making. This "citadel" (as it was called) Argyll quickly viewed; and, summoning the garrison to yield, swore he would give no quarter, if a soldier of his were slain in storming. Through the mouthpiece of a Highland gentleman, the insurgents answered, "That as to surrendering, they laughed at it; and as to bringing cannon and assaulting them, they were ready for him: that they would neither take nor give any quarter with him, and if he thought he was able to force them, he might try his hand." Without a field-piece at his disposal, the Duke could not execute his threat; so he returned to Edinburgh. But the Highlanders, anticipating an effectual attack, evacuated their fastness in the night, and found excellent quarters at Seton House, the mansion of the friendly Lord Winton. Argyll, advised that Mar was marching southward *en masse*, went back to Stirling. "Thus," thinks Berwick, "did Brigadier MacIntosh escape from the strait into which he had foolishly plunged."

Presently, MacIntosh proceeded to the Border, losing on the road many of his men. Home-sick, they stole away to the mountains. His band, however, was reinforced by 200

Lowland horse under Lords Winton, Carnwath, and Kenmure. The last—"a grave, full-aged gentleman of extraordinary knowledge and experience in public and political business, but utterly a stranger to all military affairs"[1]—was made commander of the Lowland Jacobites to conciliate the Protestant Anti-Unionists. In less than a week, the confederates marched, bagpipes playing, into Kelso, where Forster and Derwentwater joining, the three parties mustered 1,400 effectives. And behold, a great congregation in the kirk to hear the pious Patten expound these words:—"The right of the first-born is his!"

"What they ought now to have done is obvious. They should have returned to Scotland, with the object of engaging the Duke on one side, whilst Mar thrust at him on the other."[2] So also argued Lord Winton, a daring, clever, and eccentric young man; but the English leaders, expecting a splendid rising in Lancashire, insisted on an advance into England, "where there is both meat, men, and money." Notwithstanding Winton's angry protest, and outcry from turbulent Highlanders (whom coaxing and "pay" alone kept in the ranks), the Jacobites pressed forward, and, giving General Carpenter the slip, dispersed at Penrith the posse comitatus of Cumberland: 15,000 Englishmen, led by Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Carlisle, fled like hares before the blue bonnets. A crowd of undisciplined amateurs is often a pack of curs. A few days later, the insurgents entered Lancaster. Great was the rejoicing. The Catholic ladies entertained the officers at their tea-tables, and even Quaker damsels are said to have demurely approved "the half-naked brawny pagans." The money belonging to the revenue, some claret and brandy appropriated, the army set forth again, and on the 9th of November

[1] Patten, "History of the Late Rebellion," 49. This Rev. Robert Patten was Mr. Forster's chaplain, and at one time a red-hot Jacobite; but being taken prisoner at Preston, he turned "evidence for the King." In spite of his infamy, his book is interesting.

[2] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 161. "At this time Argyll's troops did not exceed 2,000 men, for he had not been reinforced by the troops from Ireland, nor the Dutch from England."—TINDAL, *History of England*, vi. 457.

strode gaily into Preston. Here many Catholic gentlemen and their tenants fell in. Everywhere "God speed" was the cry; but not a sign of the 20,000 valiant men whom rumour had depicted eager to enlist. Preston proved capital quarters. "The ladies in this town are so very beautiful, and so richly attired, that the gentlemen soldiers from Wednesday to Saturday minded nothing but courting and feasting."[1] Delightful, no doubt, but very ill preparation for the rough work which, though "Tom Forster" dreamt not of it, was close at hand.

The first movements over the Border puzzled General Carpenter. The "rebels" penetrated some distance southward before he ascertained their line of march. Subsequently, he hovered about their rear, hoping that the troops stationed in the west would soon co-operate with him. So it turned out. General Wills, commandant of Chester, was collecting soldiers at Warrington, to protect Hanoverian Liverpool, or to curb Jacobite Manchester. Acquainting Carpenter with his intentions, he marched to Wigan with five regiments of dragoons, one regiment of heavy horse, and one of foot. On the morning of the 12th he approached Preston.

And Forster—very acute Chairman of Quarter Sessions—knew nothing of all this. That very morning, indeed, he purposed going to Manchester. His mind was at ease, because certain Lancashire squires vowed that "no force could come near them by forty miles but they could inform him thereof." At last, the alarm being given, John Farquharson of Invercauld occupied the bridge of Ribble with "100 choice, stout, and well-armed men." He was a good officer, and we are told, "would have defended that important pass to the last drop." But the company was scarcely posted before Forster recalled it into the town, with the pretence that thereabout the river was fordable in two places. An egregious mistake; for the fords were tenable, and the lane leading from the bridge into the town being narrow and deep, might have proved, as Oliver Cromwell discovered in 1648, exceeding hard to pierce.

Preston "proud" as ever, barricades arose in the streets. Under the direction of MacIntosh—the ablest officer of the

[1] So wrote a Mr. Peter Clarke, cited by Burton, ii. 176.

whole array—judicious measures were taken for the reception of the "Hanoverians." "The Earl of Derwentwater signally behaved, having stript into his waistcoat, and encouraged the men by giving them money to cast up trenches, and animating them to a vigorous defence of them."[1]

> "O Derwentwater's a bonny lord, he wears gowd in his hair,
> And glenting in his hawking e'e, wi' kind love dwelling there."

Though Forster's people probably formed the more numerous body, Wills had on his side the precious advantage of trained officers, strict discipline, and good muskets. True, he handled but one infantry regiment, but then the dragoons were alert on foot when occasion required, and he himself was a soldier of repute. Without hesitation he advanced upon the "barriers," and was met with intrepidity. When the Englishmen stormed old Borlum's barrier, from it and the houses on either side so withering a fire proceeded that, we are told, of 200 men who rushed into the street, 120 fell in a few minutes. The Highlanders were first-rate "shots," but their six pieces of cannon proved dangerous playthings: not a gunner could be found, and a seaman who, "pretending judgment, took the management of the cannon at the brigadier's barricade, acted so madly, whether it was that he had too little judgment, or too much ale, or perhaps both, that in levelling one of the pieces to cut off the foot (the 'Cameronians'), the ball brought down the top of a chimney." The three other barricades were likewise bravely manned. Consequently, Wills's single success —a considerable one, nevertheless—was possession of two large mansions, from which the defenders had withdrawn to strengthen other points. From the roofs and windows of these houses "George's forces kept incessantly platoons firing upon the rebels," galling but not discouraging them. When night fell, the Jacobites were uppermost. Not a post of theirs had been forced.

But disaster impended. Next morning General Carpenter appeared on the scene with three dragoon regiments. A fresh

[1] "He was," writes Patten, "a man formed by nature to be beloved, for he was of so universal a beneficence, that he seemed to live for others."

disposition of the Government troops ensued. The town was completely invested. Dire the perplexity within. The garrison not only blocked up, but very short of powder. What could be done? With characteristic impetuosity, the Highlanders were for sallying forth, and dying "like men of honour with their swords in their hands." Such a decision suited not "General" Forster, M.P., Lord Widdrington, and Colonel Oxburgh. Without the knowledge of the "common men," whose martial temper was high as ever, the Colonel went out to treat of a submission. Wills refused any terms other than surrender at discretion. It soon came to that. Besides seven lords, 1,489 Englishmen and Scots laid down their arms. Chivalrous devotion to the old family was cruelly punished. Derwentwater and Kenmure died with serene fortitude on Tower Hill; Nithsdale escaped from a dungeon through the ingenuity of his heroic Countess; Winton made his way out of the Tower by cutting the prison bars; Forster too evaded the gaolers. But many a brave officer swung like a felon at Lancaster. Divers fine gentlemen found shelter in France. The clansmen, who suffered not by the hand of the executioner, were transported as slaves to the plantations.[1]

> "Hard fate, that I should banish'd be,
> And rebel call'd in scorn,
> For serving of the kindest prince,
> That ever yet was born."

The Duke of Berwick, whose reflections on military questions are always precious, attributes the calamity to Forster and other leaders having lost their heads. Their band outnumbered George's, he remarks, and had they stood firm, Wills, if not actually beaten, must have retreated. The Marshal ignores Carpenter. Even if "Tom Forster" had been of a less "easy temper," it is hard to understand how he could have held the place or brought his men safely out of it, after the coming of that officer made the assailants the stronger party of the two.

On the very day of the perdition at Preston, a serious event

[1] Campbell, "Life of John, Duke of Argyll," 227.

happened in Scotland. Instead of keeping his wild forces in spirits by action, Mar dawdled at Perth. He was quite out of his element. At best his ideas of strategy and tactics were the ideas of a militia colonel; still, it must be confessed, the difficulties of his position were sufficient to tax the military genius of Montrose or Dundee. At length, the power of the Earl of Seaforth[1] and other northern chieftains being drawn together, he braced himself up to pass the Forth, and, southern sympathizers assisting, to invade England. Leaving a garrison in Perth, he moved to Auchterarder, and on the 12th of November proceeded in two divisions towards Dunblane. But Argyll had anticipated him there. So the clans halted, closed up their rear, and encamped on rising ground north of the Sheriffmuir, where they passed an intensely cold night. No doubt, they were numerically superior to the Duke's seasoned soldiers. Berwick reckons them from 9,000 to 10,000 men, their antagonists being between 3,000 and 4,000 strong.[2] But, as the Master of Sinclair reminds us: "Upon the whole, though we had more men, the Duke's army had more fire-arms in a condition to fire." Both sides possessed a few field-pieces which do not appear to have been of much use. The next morning (Sunday, the 13th) Mar, like most amateurs, unstable at a pinch, called a council of war. Some of its members would have made terms with the Duke, but the chieftains scorned to truckle. When it was known that fighting was resolved upon, "an huzza began with tossing up of hats and bonnets, and ran through the whole army; no man who had a drop of Scots' blood in him but must have been elevated to see the cheerfulness of his countrymen on that occasion."

Although productive of momentous consequences, the encounter presents a ridiculous aspect from a military standpoint. Argyll, leading in person the English right wing, fell

[1] William, fifth Earl of Seaforth, could raise 3,000 men. He was nominated "Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Counties to King James VIII." He was subsequently attainted. His representative at present is J. A. F. H. Stewart-Mackenzie, of Seaforth, Major 9th Lancers.

[2] According to Tindal, the English army amounted to 3,500 men, of whom 1,200 were dragoons.

fiercely upon the Jacobite left, broke it, and pursued it, notwithstanding frequent attempts to rally, for more than two miles.[1] General Wightman with the centre (three infantry regiments) followed Argyll in support "as fast as he could." On a sudden, he heard heavy firing in the rear. Brave deeds were doing there. The clans, composing Mar's right, had sustained the fire of the English foot without shrinking, but the gallant and generous Captain of Clanranald, who commanded in that quarter, was killed. A blow peculiarly likely to chill the ardour of undisciplined Gael. Instantly, Glengarry, starting from the ranks, waved his bonnet and shouted, "Revenge!" Inflamed by the example, the Highlanders bounded up to the muzzles of the adverse muskets, brushed aside the bayonets with their targets, and laid on with claymores. The Saxons, unused to such sword-play, gave ground and commingled with the horse. Thus the squadrons fell into confusion. The total rout of this portion of the Georgian army ensued, and its dastard leader, General Witham, galloped to Stirling, frantically proclaiming that all was lost.[2]

And now, had the flushed Scots been properly in hand, they might, as Wightman confessed, have destroyed his corps. But to his infinite relief, "they behaved like civil gentlemen, and let us do what we pleased." Apprised of the disaster, Argyll and his dragoons joined Wightman's battalions; and crossing Dunblane bridge, the forces "posted themselves very securely and lay on their arms that night." Mar remained in possession of the battle-field, and, hearing that the enemy were falling back on Stirling, returned next morning to Perth. The English loss amounted to 600 men. The Highlanders must have suffered as much or more. A singular battle, and aptly described in the old song:—

> "There's some say that we wan,
> And some say that they wan,
> And some say that nane wan at a', man;
> But ae thing, I'm sure,

[1] Lord Mar ascribes the defeat of his left to "mistake of orders on the part of an aide-de-camp, and scarcity of experienced officers." Not an unusual complaint.

[2] Campbell, "Life of John, Duke of Argyll," 191.

That at Sher-ra-muir,
A battle there was, that I saw, man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
But Florence[1] ran fastest of a', man."

The Duke of Berwick naturally censures Mar for allowing the stricken English to reach Stirling without molestation. According to the Marshal, Mar tried to excuse his own retreat to the North on the score of want of provisions, his men having thrown away their victuals when they advanced to fight. He pretended too that the Highlanders had lost relish for blows. His critic derides such apologies. "The Earl ought to have contrived to keep alight the martial fire of his people: for it was supremely important to run all risks for the sake of worsting Argyll before the 6,000 Dutch could arrive."

In a word, Highland prowess at Sheriffmuir was but a flash of lightning, because the Highland general knew not how to hurl the thunderbolt. Had MacCallum Mhor stood in "Bobbing Jock's" shoes, who can doubt that for a time at least Scotland would have abashed the Elector. In those days of combat at close quarters, the Highlandman, dexterous with the broad-sword, was a match for the British soldier cumbered with accoutrements, and presenting a musket hard to load, prime, and fire. National enthusiasm in a measure made up for the absence of drill; and field artillery was then of small account. But the clans waged war without a general. The supple politician, called commander-in-chief, knew not his duty, even when successful. The tried soldier of George I. was victorious even in defeat.

Still evil tidings. At Perth, Mar learned that Simon Fraser of Lovat—a traitor, up to the last moment professing devotion to the Jacobite cause[2]—had wrested from the Mackenzies the pass of Inverness. So Seaforth and Huntley must return to their counties to oppose the Earl of Sutherland, who, though

[1] The Marquis of Huntley's charger.

[2] "He appeared on the Government side for the purpose of establishing his somewhat questionable title against the pretensions of a lady (Sybilla Fraser) whose husband (Mackenzie of Fraserdale) had joined the opposite interest."—CHAMBERS, *Rebellion in* 1715, 283.

he had pledged himself to take no part against King James, was now his open foe. "But," writes Berwick, "the two chiefs, instead of immediately striking a blow, allowed themselves to be inveigled into negotiations. Huntley straightway accepted pardon, and the ruin of James's affairs was accomplished. Seaforth single-handed could not attack Sutherland; he therefore contented himself with guarding his own country, without resorting to the offensive."

The Marquis of Tullibardine likewise quitted the army, for the purpose of defending the Athol domains; and many clans, seeing no prospect of engaging the stranger, and disappointed because Maréchal de Berwick did not appear, went away to their own homes. Such folk cannot be kept long in the field unless they be constantly employed in battle.

XXVI.

"BEHOLD, THE HOPE OF HIM IS IN VAIN."

1715—1716.

WHEN the Chevalier de St. Georges heard of "the *hunting* at Braemar," he prepared to join the *faithful* Scots. At the end of October he left Bar-le-duc in disguise, accompanied by three or four persons only; and after an interview with his mother in the convent of Les Filles de Ste. Marie, at Chaillot, he proceeded incognito to St. Malo. Whilst detained there by contrary winds, intelligence reached him that his enemies had seized Dunstaffnage Castle, on the coast of Lorne, the proposed landing-place. He therefore left Brittany, "where," writes Bolingbroke, "he had as many ministers as there were people about him, and where he was eternally teased with noisy disputes about what was to be done in circumstances in which no reasonable thing could be done." Crossing the country as privately as possible, he journeyed to Dunkirk, whence, sailing for the home of his fathers, he landed at Peterhead in Aberdeenshire, on the 2nd of January, 1716: an outlaw, with six followers, and £100,000 offered for his capture; yet a nation prayed for his success.

> "And I shall sing a ranting song,
> That day our king comes ower the water."

"Never," exclaims Berwick, "was there a longer journey. Two whole months elapsed between his departure from Lorraine, and his arrival in Scotland; hence murmuring among the Scots, and gibes in France." Lord Stair getting scent of his movements, complained to the Regent about

them. Philip replied that if the Chevalier's precise route were pointed out, he would send him back to the place whence he came, but that he was not obliged to be King George's detective. Soon afterwards, Stair affirmed that James would be on a certain day at Château Thierry; whereupon Contades, Major of the Gardes Françaises, was ordered thither to escort him to Bar-le-duc. But the Major missed the Prince, who had passed by some days before. On his return to Paris, Contades told a plausible tale; and Stair feigned to believe it; though he knew well enough that the Regent, not caring to intercept the Pretender, the Guardsman's mission was simply a courteous blind.

But the artful ambassador had taken secret and more efficient measures. On the road between Paris and the Norman coast his scouts went to and fro, the chief of them being Colonel Douglas, a half-pay officer of the Irish brigade who, by the magic of his name, his quickness of wit and aptitude for intrigue, had insinuated himself into many great houses, and was even acquainted with the Regent. But James was so cunningly disguised, and travelled with so few attendants, that Douglas's myrmidons were repeatedly baffled. Information came invariably too late to be of use. Sometimes indeed they were close upon the royal quarry, and St. Simon relates how the Chevalier was saved by the address of the post-mistress of Nonancourt. Madame Lospital—"une femme de tête, de courage, et de vertu"—made one of the English spies dead-drunk, locked up his sleeping comrade in her kitchen; and then, these fellows being handed over to the police, watched for the coming of the Stuart. When he arrived, she clothed him in the habit and peruke of a friendly curate, and, after hiding him for three days that the misadventure of the spies might blow over, sent him forth again on his travels. The Queen of England invited Madame Lospital to St. Germain, thanked her, complimented her as she deserved, and gave her a royal portrait. This was all the brave old dame ever got—"telle est l'indigence des rois détrônés, ou l'oubli des périls et des services."

It was rumoured in the world that Stair had hired ruffians to assassinate King James. "But," writes the Duke of Berwick,

"I owe a tribute to truth. After a careful examination of the evidence in its support, the charge seemed to me frivolous and vexatious. Stair was a strong Whig, and, of course, the sworn enemy of our party, but I consider him too much of a man of honour to have entertained such a thought." The Duke of Mar, whose opinions were the very reverse of Stair's, always spoke of the subject in a similar strain: "Et quand il dit du bien de son ennemi, on doit l'en croire."[1]

When the Chevalier quitted Lorraine, the Duke of Ormonde set out from Paris with the intention of sailing from a Norman port, to take the lead of the people of Devonshire and Somersetshire, already, it was concluded, in arms. Twenty officers and thirty-five troopers of Nugent's regiment accompanied him. No sooner had he set sail than a tempest compelled his return to harbour; and when, again at sea, he sighted the British cliffs, a gentleman joined him with the melancholy news that the government, warned by one Colonel Maclean of the plot thickening in the West, had despatched troops thither and arrested several of the principal Jacobites. There was not the least room to expect a rising. The duke could not contrive to land. "In a word," says Bolingbroke, "he was refused a night's lodging in a country which we had been told was in a good posture to receive the Chevalier."

Vile treachery, as usual in like cases. Maclean had been Ormonde's confidant throughout. "It was Maclean who conferred with well-disposed noblemen concerning an insurrection, and instructed the officers stationed at Plymouth how they might seize that place. It was at a hint from this wretch that George's ministers promptly relieved the garrison, threw a brigade of foot into Bristol, and sent General Wade with two dragoon regiments to Bath. Lord Lansdown and Sir William Windham, the heart and soul of the intended rising, being imprisoned, there was nobody left of sufficient ability or weight to supply their place; and the Tory gentlemen, all in consternation, informed Ormonde that they could

[1] The Duke is more generous to his political opponents than they had been to him. In 1696, they scrupled not to accuse him of conspiring to murder William III. See "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," 397.

not rally round him, as they had engaged to do. I cannot help," continues the Marshal, "making yet another observation on the absurdity of Ormonde's course. When he left Richmond, why did he not go to the West? His friends were then at liberty. They were in high spirits. From 200 to 300 disbanded officers were expecting him. George had not troops wherewithal to oppose him. What good could come of the flight to France? Surely the duke ought to have remembered that on the edge of a revolt the popular temper must not be allowed to cool; that every moment is precious; an opportunity once lost may never be regained."[1]

When the Chevalier sent Ormonde to England, he formally directed the Duke of Berwick to repair to Scotland, and assume command of the army, all ranks of which were craving him. "But," observes the latter, "having with this Prince's consent become a naturalized Frenchman; being too an officer of the French crown, bound by an oath not to leave the kingdom without permission in writing; which permission so far from granting the late King and the Regent had both of them distinctly refused—I did not consider that in honour and conscience I ought to obey the order."

This resolution gave great umbrage, and probably drew from James the following letter to Bolingbroke:

(Extract) "Oct. 10, 1715.

"Ralph (D. of Berwick) is so incommunicable and incomprehensible, that I have directed D. O(rmond) to say nothing to him of the present resolutions (Chevalier's departure for England). Ralph is now a cipher, and can do me no harm, and if he withdraws his duty from me, I may well my confidence from him."

* * * * * *

Let the Marshal proceed.

"It was arranged that Bolingbroke should stay in Paris, to watch over King James's concerns, and endeavour to provide his army with necessaries. This task was the more difficult, because the Regent, reluctant to interfere directly, had re-

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 166.

ferred the subject to the departmental officials, Le Blanc and Le petit Renault. They gave Bolingbroke some hope of procuring arms; but obliged, as he was, to treat with them through a third person (for they dared not see him themselves), he never obtained anything better than fair words. To tell the truth, I believe that Philip, thinking ill of the enterprise, was indisposed to carry into effect the expectations which he had led a few to entertain. Again, there were cabals in our midst, which contributed much to ruin everything. The Irish hated Bolingbroke. The Duke of Ormonde, a weak man, allowed himself to be persuaded that Bolingbroke did not pay him proper respect. The Queen and those most in her confidence were angry because he did not consult them on all occasions. Certain women in Paris, who wanted to be ministers, and who had been introduced by stealth to the Regent, vilified Bolingbroke to that Prince.[1] In the course of a conversation I had with him, I found him irritated against our Secretary of State, and oddly enough the main reason he assigned for his choler was that Bolingbroke sent these women to tease him from morning to night. I told him my friend had done so unwillingly, because he knew no other mode of communicating with his Royal Highness. Philip replied that his Lordship ought to solicit him through Maréchal d'Huxelles, the only authorized channel, and he allowed me to assure Bolingbroke of his regard. Thereupon the Secretary of State broke off his connection with the female politicians, who, already in ill humour, were exasperated by his changed demeanour, and let loose their tongues more virulently than ever upon him. In a word, nothing was done for King James by France. All began and ended in hopes, signifying nothing."

The King of Spain evinced more frankness. Louis XIV.,

[1] Chief of these were Mrs. Trant and old Mademoiselle de Chausseraye who had associated to them the Abbé de Thésut, the Regent's secretary. The ladies accused Bolingbroke of a secret correspondence with Lord Stair. Mademoiselle de Chausseraye had formerly been maid-of-honour to Madame. She made herself agreeable to the late King, "et en petit étoit devenue une autre Madame de Soubise." She was entirely given up to intrigue. "On dit que quand le Diable fut vieux, il se fit ermite; aussi fit Mademoiselle de Chausseraye."—*Mém. de St. Simon*, xiv. 15.

on his death-bed, wrote to his grandson in behalf of the unhappy Stuart. The sight of the letter (which was accompanied by two others writ by Torcy and Bolingbroke) touched Philip's heart, and he ordered his ambassador, Prince Cellamare, to support the design of the Court of St. Germain. He did more. He presented 200,000 crowns to the Queen Mother. This sum was despatched to Scotland under the charge of the Marquis of Tynemouth, General Bulkeley, and Sir John Erskine. "But all things seemed in a conspiracy against us. The vessel in which the party sailed was wrecked on the Scottish coast. My son, my brother-in-law, and Erskine just managed to save themselves in a boat; but the ingots which had been stored in the ship's hold were lost.

"I have already mentioned that on Stair's requisition the French authorities had seized at Havre a quantity of arms belonging to us. However, 3,000 muskets, concealed on board of a vessel in the Lower Seine, were still in our possession. We wished to send them to Scotland; but the Duke of Ormonde, who thought only of an English venture, kept them, in spite of all we could say; so they were never of any use at all."[1]

Enough of a digression, for which Maréchal de Berwick is responsible: we must rejoin the Chevalier in Scotland. At Feteresso, a seat of the Earl Marischal, he dropped his disguise, and declared himself "by the grace of God of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, King." The magistrates and citizens of Aberdeen did instant homage. The Episcopal clergy "rendered thanks to Almighty God for his Majesty's safe and happy arrival." They "hoped" and "prayed" in the fulsome fashion customary when royalty appears. James VIII. speedily entered the camp at Perth, and held his court at Scone Palace, where, in the old time, many a Scottish sovereign had been crowned. Tall, thin, and taciturn, he was not blest with the sweetness and light that win the hearts of men. Yet—

"The more and less came in with cap and knee."

He found his affairs in a deplorable condition. The army, which Lord Mar, in his letters, had estimated 16,000 strong,

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 169.

really consisted of no more than 4,000 or 5,000 men, badly armed, ill disciplined, and without supplies.[1] Lords Huntley and Seaforth were summoned. But the former, who had already submitted to the English Government, excused himself under pretext of the inclement season, and the impossibility of gathering his now dispersed vassals. The latter alleged the imperative necessity of guarding his district against the incursions of Sutherland. Failing to muster these chiefs, James sent them officers and money for the purpose of retaining their sympathies.

Meantime, 6,000 Dutch, under Cadogan, having come up, Argyll, despite the rigour of the winter, prepared to march. It is painful to recollect that, as "the glorious revolution of 1688" was actually accomplished by foreign soldiers, so was "the rebellion of '15," in great part, suppressed by them. With this fact in mind, we cannot be surprised, because most Englishmen hated William III. and the Hanoverian family. But to the emprise. The Duke's precautions were manifold. He engaged a vast company of pioneers to open roads through the deep snow. He collected 2,000 waggons, not for the transport of ammunition and rations merely, but also for the carriage of fuel, so that his men might not perish from the cold. He had drawn together an ample artillery train. So everything needful to subsist an army, even to carry on a siege, was at his disposal.

The doing of all this took time, and it was the 29th of January before MacCallum Mhor moved in force from Stirling to Dunblane. Next night his army bivouacked in the snow amidst the blackened ruins of Auchterarder, which, to deprive the English of shelter, the Chevalier had reluctantly ordered to be burnt. On the following day, George's troops reached Tullibardine, within eight miles of Perth. "The latter town," wrote Lord Mar, "is little better than an open village at any time, and at this, the river on one side and a kind of fosse or ditch on the other, were frozen up, so that it

[1] "We had not above 4,000, both horse and foot, and of these, for want of arms and for other reasons, not above 2,500 to be relied upon as good fighting men."—*Earl of Mar's Journal.*

was easy to be entered on all quarters." Besides, the want of tools, materials, money, and skilled labour, rendered such fortification as Mar had effected, little better than rubbish. According to Berwick, "there is on the opposite bank of the Tay a post very strong by nature, inasmuch as it is covered by the river, which thereabout is broad and not fordable for some miles. The country, too, is hilly and difficult of access. Unhappily, so intense was the cold that all the streams were frozen hard. The enemy crossed them as if they were roads."

Thus, two positions were nullified by the winter. Nor was this all: only two days' provisions remained in the town; "no fuel almost in the country;" the Jacobites but half the number of their antagonists.[1] Naturally enough, then, the Chevalier determined to abandon Perth. In the face of a solemn protest from several fierce chiefs, the retreat began at midnight on the 30th. The Scots passed the river on the ice, and, much reduced by desertion, arrived at Montrose two days afterwards. When Perth was reported to be empty, Argyll pushed thither with 600 dragoons.

Sir John Erskine, who had returned to France to furnish information respecting the situation, told Berwick that the Chevalier intended to retire northwards, as the enemy advanced; and that he desired to stand firm near Aberdeen in an excellent position, which 500 men might maintain against 10,000. Quite a delusion. Scotland overpowered, commotion quelled in England, no succours from abroad, were deplorable circumstances which constrained James to listen to his general and others who advised that by retiring beyond sea he might reserve himself for happier times, and give his adherents an opportunity of making their peace, which his presence in the country rendered impossible. On the 3rd of February, accompanied by Mar, Melfort, and a few other noblemen, he went on board the "Marie Therèse" of St. Malo, and soon landed at Gravelines:

"Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low."

Lieutenant-General Gordon was left in command. He

[1] Argyll commanded at least 8,000 effectives.

marched to Aberdeen with about 1,000 Highlanders. There the company dissolved: "il ne fut plus question que de se disperser et de se cacher."

The country submitted to the MacCallum Mhor, who had advanced to Aberdeen; and many a gallant gentleman, hopeless of obtaining pardon, fled to the Isles, and thence escaped to France. Lord Tynemouth and General Bulkeley, left to shift for themselves, and scorning to lurk in the hills, made their way to Edinburgh. No one recognized them; and after staying a week in the capital they hired a ship which conveyed them to Holland. At a hint from Lord Stair, the Regent deprived them and all the other officers who had served in Scotland of their appointments. The regiment of Berwick, taken from Tynemouth, was restored to its old colonel.

It is evident that the rising of '15 had but one chance of success; namely, the defeat of Argyll before he obtained the Dutch reinforcement. To compass such an end, it was essential that an officer of fame and knowledge of war should lead the clans.[1] Brigadier MacIntosh, Lord Charles Murray, Lord Drummond, and divers chiefs were zealous and capable lieutenants, only requiring a practised commander to direct their efforts. Who fitter for the duty than Maréchal de Berwick? All the Scots hoped for him, and many a stalwart clansman, hearing no tidings of his coming, sheathed the claymore in disgust.

For a little while the Chevalier sojourned secretly at St. Germain and Neuilly. He then went to Chalons-sur-Marne, to await a definite answer from the Duke of Lorraine, who, fearful of King George, objected to his unlucky guest's return to Bar. At last James retired to Avignon, where the Dukes of Ormonde and Mar and other lords gathered round him. Whilst in the neighbourhood of Paris, he dismissed Bolingbroke from office in the most offensive manner. "I saw him," writes that brilliant politician, "after his arrival at St. Germain, and he received me with open arms." But when he took up his

[1] In justice to the Earl of Mar, it should be stated that he was quite willing to resign the command of the army to Berwick, or to Dillon. See "Letter from James to Bolingbroke," Jan. 2, 1716.

abode in the little house in the Bois de Boulogne, where his female ministers resided, sweetness turned to gall. The Duke of Ormonde visited Bolingbroke, and put into his hand "a scrap of paper drawn in the style of a justice of peace's warrant." It purported that the Chevalier had no further occasion for his services. Bolingbroke delivered up the seals at once, and contented himself "with making the duke understand how little need there was to get rid of a man in this manner." The Prince, as a reason for so doing, gave out that Lord Bolingbroke had neglected to send to Scotland any succours of arms or of money; hence the failure of the enterprise. "The busybodies of St. Germain added, that had the Minister been in earnest, substantial assistance might have been obtained from the Regent, but that he had never been in earnest, in order to ruin the Pretender, whom he was betraying underhand. The real reason of the disgrace was different. One can understand that King James, anxious to clear himself from malicious charges, was not sorry that the blame should fall upon other shoulders. Ormonde, too, had always been jealous of Bolingbroke, whom he felt to be the superior genius, and therefore worthier of acceptation than himself. 'Mille petits politiques,' who could make no way with an enlightened statesman, but who felt sure of doing all and knowing all if Ormonde governed—inflamed the latter against his able colleague. Mar, too, had his particular interest to serve. His aim was to get the public to fancy that, had Bolingbroke done his duty, the adventure would have succeeded. Again, he designed to be ruler of the roast. For this purpose, it was simply necessary to bring about Bolingbroke's dismissal; for, cognizant of Ormonde's narrow capacity, he feared not his rivalry. Mdlle. de Chausseraye and other shrill females swelled the outcry; and if the courtiers of St. Germain took no active part in the intrigue, they did not oppose its purpose. One must be devoid of common-sense not to perceive the grievous error which King James committed, when he discarded the only Englishman capable of conducting his business. Whatever people, more passionate than sensible, may say, Bolingbroke, by the consent of all

England, is one of the cleverest of living statesmen. When very young his natural parts procured him the highest employments. Towering above the other chiefs, he was, so to speak, the soul of the Tory party. What a blunder to cast off such a man at a moment when there was peculiar need of his talents! Even supposing his retirement desirable, prudence dictated a gentler mode of effecting it. A hint might have been dropped that the coolness between him and Ormonde, rendered their harmonious co-operation very unlikely; or that Bolingbroke's residence in Paris was requisite, in order that every passing event should be promptly attended to. Nay, he might have been informed that for special reasons it was advisable to decline his services. I know his temper well enough to be convinced that, if humoured a little, he would have resigned office of his own accord. But to affront him; to blacken his reputation before the world, was an insane proceeding, and it cost King James more friends than he had any idea of.

"Aware of nearly all Bolingbroke's acts during his management of my brother's affairs, I can bear witness that he did everything it was possible to do. He stirred heaven and earth to procure supplies. But the French Court played fast and loose with him; and though he detected the subterfuges, even complained of them, there was no other Power to which he could apply. To add to his troubles, our cabals thwarted him at every turn. King James demanded all the letters he had ever written to him. Bolingbroke gave them up without keeping copies. The Duke of Mar played him a very scurvy trick. Pleading that, through the stress of business, he had been unable to make minutes of his letters, he requested the loan of them for that purpose. Bolingbroke lent the originals, and never saw them again."[1]

In April, the Duke of Berwick was appointed to the military command of Guyenne, in the room of Maréchal de Montrevel—"un homme fort court, fort impertinent, tout au Maréchal de Villeroy"—who was transferred to a similar position in Alsace. The motive of the change was the

[1] "Mém. de Berwick," ii. 174—176. See too "A Letter to Sir William Windham."

Regent's desire to have in the vicinity of Spain an officer on whose judgment and firmness he could rely: for he had little reason to trust the Duc du Maine, whose second son was governor of the province in question. Nor did Philip's liberality end here. He proposed to confer in addition upon Berwick the command of Languedoc, where Huguenot murmurings were again heard. But the latter pointed out that an arrangement of this sort would create jealousy, and give rise to inconvenient discussion. If an emergency occurred, a special commission might be sent to him.

The Duc du Maine, annoyed because the Regent had disposed of Guyenne without consulting him, did his best to reverse the appointment. Failing in this, he contrived, for the purpose of mortifying the Marshal, to get inserted in the patent the words:—"sous l'autorité du Comte d'Eu." Indignant at the effrontery of the legitimatized Prince, Berwick returned the document. Orleans strove to accommodate the parties. But the soldier was inflexible. He protested:—"Qu'il ne connoisoit point de milieu entre être ou n'être pas aux ordres d'un autre." He had not sought this command, and he would not accept it shackled with any new-fangled, and unworthy condition. So saying, he left the Palais Royal, and betook himself to his garden at Fitzjames. For two months, he was uncertain of his fate. At length the Regent, perceiving that he was not to be cajoled, and that several marshals took their comrade's part, caused the patent to be amended. All mention of the Comte d'Eu was struck out. So Berwick started in July for Bordeaux.

Montrevel might have ended the dispute at once by showing his letters patent, which had been renewed three months before the late King's death, and therefore previous to "les dernières apothéoses de ces bâtards;" but not caring to displease the puny Maine, he kept his mouth shut. When the question was decided, everybody rejoiced, "et le rare fut que M. du Maine y ayant perdu sans reserve tout ce qu'il avoit pretendu, voulut paroître content aussi."[1]

A peculiar family arrangement was presently carried out.

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," xiii., 427.

It has already been stated that the ducal peerage of Fitzjames was settled on Berwick's first-born by his second duchess. The Marshal agreed to this reversion in the hope that his English honours would descend to the Marquis of Tynemouth, his eldest son by the first marriage. But anticipations of the sort being blasted by Mar's misadventure, he determined to establish Tynemouth in Spain. Exercising the extraordinary privilege conceded by Philip V., he transmitted the grandeeship to the young man. Thus, Tynemouth, already a gentleman of the bedchamber to the Spanish King, became Duque de Liria, and took possession of the estates in Valencia which had been granted to his father.[1] He waxed mighty in his new home, and married the sister and heiress of the Duque de Veraguas, a rich and inveterate bachelor, who belonged to a branch of the house of Bragança, and through his grandmother was descended from Christopher Columbus. Intelligent and fond of reading, Veraguas was mean of aspect, and so filthy in his person that society nicknamed him "Don Puerco." St. Simon relates that one day, at a dinner party given by Liria, it was suggested that "Don Puerco" should feed at the buffet, for he was too dirty to sit down to table. "Tout cela se passoit en plaisanteries qu'il recevoit le mieux du monde."

[1] "A descendant of this son now possesses the title of Alba, and also that of another celebrated Spanish statesman (Olivares) by female succession."—MAHON, *Succession in Spain*, 332.

XXVII.

ALBERONI AND DUBOIS.

1717—1718.

AT this point terminate the Memoirs of the Marshal of Berwick, written by himself. Hitherto, his own hand has furnished the thread of our narration, and the loss of the great soldier's opinions concerning men and events is irreparable. He was now forty-seven years old, and had served twenty-six campaigns. The comparative leisure of his sojourn at Bordeaux must have been very grateful. For the first time, wife and children were his constant companions; and he acquired an illustrious friend, the President de Montesquieu. His upright and sober character gained the respect and even the affection of the people under his charge. "Lorsqu'il fut nommé commandant en Guyenne, la réputation de son serieux nous effraya; mais, à peine y fut-il arrivé, qu'il y fut aimé de tout le monde, et qu'il n'y a pas de lieu, où ses grandes qualités aient été plus admirées."[1]

His chief trouble just now was contention with the Parliament of Bordeaux. Armed with the "droit de remontrance," which the Regent had restored to all the Parliaments, this body, like its compeers of Paris and Brittany, meddled with matters beyond its competence. Berwick was not the man to suffer undue interference. Firmly but courteously he curbed encroachment. A nice question between the parliamentarians and the Executive was quietly arranged by his tact and judgment. The Garde des Sceaux wrote to him:—"Les ordres de

[1] Montesquieu, "Eloge de Berwick."

S. A. R. sont entièrement conformes à vos avis, où la prudence et le zèle du service du Roi paroissent toujours."

Whilst the Marshal soothed testy civilians, secret diplomacy was at work. The hopes, jealousies, and fears of the Great Powers were engendering complications, certain sooner or later to recall to camp an officer of such estimation and command in arms. When Philip of Orleans assumed the government, he perceived that France was exposed to danger from two different quarters—from England and from Spain. George I. resented the Regent's trimming neutrality during the commotion in Scotland. To British eyes, the new canal at Mardyke appeared no less objectionable than the fortified port of Dunkirk. The Whigs continued to vilify the Treaty of Utrecht, which the Emperor had never accepted. Indeed, that Cæsar in buckram, flattered by Spanish refugees, delighted to style himself King of Spain, and still proscribed as rebels those of his lately-acquired Belgian, Milanese, and Neapolitan subjects who had recognized Philip the Fifth. In these circumstances, it might easily happen that the English Sovereign would one day agree with the German Kaiser to repudiate the compact which secured the peace of Western Europe. Obviously, a spark would suffice to rekindle a general war. The danger to be apprehended from Spain was altogether personal to the Regent. Mindful of old grudges, Philip of Anjou hated his cousin of Orleans, who, incapable of loving or of hating, responded with indifference. Philip V., devout, uxorious, dyspeptic, and of narrow mind, resembled the Regent in one particular only—indolence. He believed all the crimes imputed to the Duke. His conscience coincided with his ambition in the notion of disputing the dominion of France with so impious a rival. On the death of Louis XIV., he thought of crossing the Pyrenees to claim the Regency. But his courage failed him at the last moment. He now considered that, if the sickly successor of the Grand Monarch should droop into the grave, it was his duty to demand not the Regency but the throne of France, notwithstanding the renunciation which he had solemnly subscribed. He tried to persuade himself that in such an exigency oaths were but as

sounding brass, and that he never possessed the power to cancel his rights. If need be, he might transfer the Spanish sceptre to the Prince of the Asturias. Furthermore, though Austria especially desired to extend her sway in Italy, he dreamed of wresting from her the ancient domains of Spain in that country. Elizabeth Farnese, a niece of the Duke of Parma, and a near relation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, fomented her husband's craze. She would have shattered Europe for the chance of carving principalities for her children out of the ruins. Spain being assigned to the eldest son of the first marriage, she longed to endow her own offspring with the reversion of Parma and Tuscany. In case of little Louis's decease, she even imagined her Don Carlos aspiring to the crown of France. To shape and direct these pretty fancies an extraordinary man was forthcoming.

A simple priest, the son of a gardener of Piacenza, had ingratiated himself in an odd way with the Duc de Vendôme.[1] Introduced by that valiant profligate to the French Court, the Abbé Giulio Alberoni was at first regarded as a buffoon whom all laughed at or with. His jests, more racy than decent, set the table in a roar; and he cooked for the eccentric Duke as none else could cook, "soupes au fromage et d'autres ragôuts etranges." But the squat Italian, with round greasy face and melodious voice, was not a mere amusing vagabond and amateur chef de cuisine. He soon revealed talents of the highest order. Following Vendôme to Spain, he wormed himself into the confidence of Madame des Ursins, and through her influence became Agent of Parma at the Court of Madrid. By his advice she, unfortunately for herself, promoted Philip's marriage with Elizabeth Farnese. The new Queen immediately procured the dismissal of the once all-powerful Camarera-mayor, and overflowing with gratitude to Alberoni, got him appointed a member of the King's Council, Bishop of Malaga, and, lastly, Prime Minister of Spain. Such was the man who promised to realize all the whims of Philip and Elizabeth, if they would grant five quiet years for the restora-

[1] How he contrived to become familiar with the Duke is told by St. Simon too vividly for relation here. See "Mémoires," v. 135.

tion of Spain to health and strength. Not less devoted to his adopted country than to the land of his birth, he purposed to regenerate the former by judicious reforms, and to liberate the latter by the expulsion of the Austrians.

He laboured with extraordinary diligence to increase the revenue and to reduce expenditure; to develop trade and to stimulate industry; to improve the navy and to reorganize the army. Compelled to subserve royal passions, he drew Spain away from France, and by commercial concessions sought to conciliate England and Holland; to the end that, if Louis faded in the bud, those Powers should neither oppose Philip in a contest with the House of Orleans, nor side with Charles VI. in Italy.

Left to himself, the Regent might perhaps have been content with a passive resistance to coming events, for the worry of business was odious to him, and big Maréchal d'Huxelles was not of a sort to breathe combativeness into a listless and sensual disposition; but the qualities wanting to Orleans and his foreign minister were well supplied by a shabby-looking old priest, who, to the disgust of the noblesse, had recently obtained the preferment of Councillor of State. Guillaume Dubois, the son of an apothecary of Brives-la-Gaillarde, was a little withered man, whose face, embosomed in a flaxen wig, reminded mockers of a weasel. He was now sixty years of age, and bore so evil a reputation that the coarse German Duchess Dowager of Orleans implored her son to have done with "ce fripon d'Abbé Dubois, le plus grand coquin qu'il y ait au monde." But notwithstanding his backsliding, the Abbé's learning was ripe, his scientific acquirements considerable, his wit sparkling and never-failing. He was indispensable, therefore, at the Palais Royal. No man existed better qualified to superintend Philip's studies, apter to enliven his orgies, readier to stand by his side on the battle-field.

This facetious Mentor pondered over the European situation, and evolved a policy for France. He judged that Philip's first care was the preservation of the Regency; next, that should Louis die young or without issue, the House of Orleans ought to take possession of the throne in the teeth of the

Spanish Bourbons. Now, the Regent's interests seemed to tally with the interests of a powerful foreigner. The Hanoverian dynasty was exposed to attack from the Stuarts. But without French aid, the Pretender was powerless against George; and small was the King of Spain's chance of tripping up the Regent, if England befriended the latter. To bring England and France into accord for the sake of their respective rulers, and thus preserve the peace of Europe, was the plan which Dubois recommended. Philip pronouncing it very good, an envoy went to London to propose an alliance between England, France, and Holland, for the maintenance of the treaty of Utrecht. At the same time, Dubois renewed his correspondence with an old boon-companion, Mr. Secretary Stanhope. However, the English Government received coldly the advances of the French and Spanish competitors for its good graces. George, though King of Britain, was German to the core. He cherished Austria, and cared far more for his Electorate than for the Three Kingdoms. Besides, on the Emperor's good-will depended his retention of Bremen and Verden, those Swedish spoils which, for the aggrandizement of Hanover, he had bought from the Danes. So George concluded with Charles VI. a defensive alliance, which Holland was expected to join.

The Regent and Dubois were not disheartened. King George being about to pass through Holland on his way to Hanover, Dubois started for the Hague, under pretext of searching for rare books, and of restoring to Paris certain of Poussin's pictures, which Jewish dealers had taken away. Stanhope was induced to visit him by night at his inn—"et jamais partie d'escrime politique ne fut joué avec plus d'art."[1] Pushing his point with matchless craft and temper, the Abbé followed George to Hanover. At length, the new King and the Whig minister accepted the advantages humbly pressed upon them, and on the 9th of October the preliminaries of an alliance, into which Holland would be invited to enter, were secretly signed. The French Government promised that the Chevalier de St. Georges should quit Avignon and

[1] Lemontey, "Histoire de la Régence," i. 104.

retire beyond the Alps; it also engaged to destroy the works which were calculated to render Mardyke a military port. England and France guaranteed the Treaty of Utrecht in all matters affecting their particular interests. They took under their especial charge the Protestant line in England, and the French succession, as settled in 1713. A mutual succour of 10,000 men against enemies from without and rebels from within was stipulated.

To such a pitch did French concessions drive English pride, that George not only persisted in retaining the absurd title of "King of France," but his cabinet actually denied to Louis XV. the use of his own name: the boy must be styled "Le Roi très-chretien." The dread of parliamentary opposition to the alliance probably induced the British Government to be very exacting. We are told it was to appease Mr. Pitt, a leading malcontent in the House of Commons, that Philip of Orleans agreed to pay him £30,000 for the magnificent diamond which has since borne the name of "The Regent."[1]

Equally fearful to displease the Emperor and Philip V., Holland for a while hung back from the partnership; but the duty of four sous per pound levied on Dutch merchandise in French ports being repealed, her scruples vanished, and on the 4th of January, 1717, the Triple Alliance, which for thirty years changed the political face of Europe was signed at the Hague.[2]

If England and France loved peace, their mode of preserving it was questionable. They desired to modify the Treaty of Utrecht to the Emperor's profit. He coveted Sicily, which belonged to Victor Amadeus; and George had agreed that that island should pass to Austria in exchange for Sardinia. The Regent privately ratified the bargain. This was a serious

[1] Pitt was father-in-law of Stanhope, and grandfather of the great Earl of Chatham. "When Governor of Madras in 1702, he bought for about £20,000 the diamond referred to. It weighs 136 carats, but originally it weighed 410 carats, and the fragments sawn from it when cut, were valued at some thousand pounds. It is considered the finest and most perfect brilliant in Europe, and it is estimated to be worth fully twice the sum which the Regent paid for it."—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

[2] H. Martin, "Histoire de France," xv. 82.

business for the Spanish King. He would be injured indirectly by the augmentation of strength thus accruing to his rival in the Mediterranean. He would be directly injured by the loss of the reversion of Sicily, which by the Treaty of Utrecht was his, in the event of the House of Savoy becoming extinct.

By promises to Elizabeth Farnese, and by innuendo about the restitution of Gibraltar, the Duke of Orleans tried to obtain his cousin's assent to the Imperial annexation. And he attempted to upset Alberoni. The intrigue failed. Spain was not to be juggled. Alberoni continued to prepare armaments with the help of a tax upon the clergy—a tax sanctioned by Pope Clement XI. under the impression that an expedition against the Turks was intended. Indeed, the artful Parmesan priest claimed a Cardinal's hat, as the price of Castilian participation in the Holy War.

For the moment Spain ought to keep the peace: army reform was far from complete; the navy was still inefficient. The Prime Minister, upheld solely by the Queen, was opposed by a strong party. Therefore, with all his might he laboured to postpone a rupture. His efforts might have been successful, had not an unexpected incident aroused the dogs of war. The Grand Inquisitor of Spain, returning from Rome to his own country, ventured to cross Milanese territory with a Papal, but without an Austrian passport. So the governor arrested him as a rebellious subject of "Charles III., King of Spain."

The insult infuriated Philip. Determined to vindicate the honour of his crown, he listened not to Alberoni's arguments against a premature recourse to arms. Nor was the Queen more tractable. She wept, as women mostly do in a dilemma, but her countryman's remonstrances were unheeded.[1] Passion overcame the prudence of the designing mother. Nevertheless, the Cardinal managed to prevent Naples or Sicily being invaded by inadequate forces. For this year the conquest of Sardinia must suffice. On the 22nd of August, 9,000 Spaniards

[1] For an exposition of Alberoni's views on this occasion, see his excellent letter to the Duca de Popoli, printed in Coxe's "Memoirs of the Bourbon Kings of Spain," ii. 270.

landed there, and in about two months subdued the island, thanks in a great measure to the connivance of the inhabitants, disgusted with the meddlesome tyranny of Austria. The Emperor, still warring with the Infidel, appealed to the Triple Alliance against the violators of Italian neutrality. He called threateningly upon the Pope to break off his connection with Spain, and to deprive Alberoni of the purple. That statesman, though anxious, was not dismayed. He sought to tempt England with fresh commercial sops; and protested that his master simply aimed at hindering the thraldom of Italy. But his deeds meant more than his words. He made astonishing efforts to put Spain in a posture to defy her enemies. In spite of the prohibition of the Pontiff, he persisted in levying the tax upon ecclesiastical property. Loans, voluntary gifts, the sale of offices, the rigid economy of the royal household, furnished other resources. Foundries and dock-yards were busy night and day. Arms and ammunition were bought in Holland. Spain was electrified. An army seemed to spring out of the earth. Aragon and Catalonia, but yesterday hostile to Bourbon. rule, now rallied to it; and six regiments of Miquelets clamoured for marching orders.

At this conjuncture Philip V. fell sick. His life was in jeopardy; and the grandees, who detested the Italian Queen and the Italian Minister as much as they had formerly detested the French functionaries, resolved that Elisabetta Farnese should not be Regent, and that her foreign favourite should be turned adrift. Orleans encouraged their designs. But Philip recovered. Thereupon, certain grandees transmitted to Paris a scheme for deposing the King and setting the Prince of the Asturias upon the throne. Their courage was inferior to their will. The break-down of the plot served only to increase the ascendency of the Queen, and to embitter the feud between the two Philips.

To maintain peace, the Triple Alliance opened negotiations at London with the Emperor. Dubois represented France. Many knotty points stood in the way of agreement. At length, on the 2nd of August, 1718, was signed a Treaty,

originally the production of Austria, England, and France, but afterwards called the Quadruple Alliance, from the accession of Holland. By it Sicily was transferred to the Emperor. Victor Amadeus was to be indemnified for the loss by Sardinia. The reversion of Parma and Tuscany was entailed upon Don Carlos; and, to carry out this condition, the fortresses of both duchies were to be garrisoned by 6,000 Swiss in the pay of the mediating Powers. The Kaiser consented to drop the title of King of Spain. He also acknowledged the right of the House of Savoy to the Spanish succession, in default of issue to the reigning family. Three months were to be allowed for the concurrence of Philip V. and the King of Sicily; that period over, the Allies would exert their whole strength to enforce compliance.

Whilst diplomacy was hatching the compulsion of Spain, Alberoni laboured to confound his adversaries. He did his best to revive rebellion in Hungary. He endeavoured to impede a peace between the Emperor and the Sultan. He corresponded with the Duc du Maine and his faction. He egged on the discontented noblesse of Brittany. A prince of the Church, he invited the Protestants of the Cevennes to revolt. Nor was he friendless in England. Many Tories sympathized with his objects, and some Whig chiefs, among whom may be mentioned Walpole, Townshend, Carteret, Methuen, and Pulteney were fascinated by him.[1] He refreshed Jacobite hopes with the promise of foreign succours under the command of Charles XII., whom he purposed to reconcile with the Czar. Indeed, when convinced that England had thrown in her lot with Austria, he urged his master to turn the expedition fitting out for Sicily against the British Isles. But Philip was too much enamoured of his Italian projects to hearken to such far-sighted counsel.

There was a treacherous Prince apparently disposed to befriend Alberoni. No doubt, Victor Amadeus was temporarily drawn to the Spanish side by the proffer of the Milanese and the duchy of Modena; a richer bait than sterile Sardinia, which the allies intended to barter for plenteous Sicily.

[1] Coxe, "Memoirs of the Bourbon Kings of Spain," ii. 316.

A last and strenuous effort was made to induce Spain to agree with the Alliance. Stanhope, "the wandering Jew of diplomacy," hastened to Madrid and spoke seriously of the restoration of Gibraltar. Even those honied words did not convert the cabinet of Buen Retiro from the error of its ways. And at the very moment when the English envoy was exerting all his address to conciliate the Spaniards, an event occurred which set at naught the powers of the tongue. Three hundred transports, escorted by twenty-two men-of-war, had sailed from Barcelona on the 18th of June, and in less than a fortnight, 30,000 veterans under the Marqués de Lede were before Palermo. Victor Amadeus, certain to lose Sicily in any case, and probably still in connivance with Alberoni, had withdrawn most of his troops. The Spaniards were heartily welcomed. The Austrians trembled at Naples; and amazed Europe proclaimed Spain a giant refreshed by sleep. However, the British fleet, under pretext of protecting the neutrality of Italy, was cruising in the Mediterranean. The invasion being reported, it sailed for Messina, and Sir George Byng proposed "a cessation of arms in Sicily." General de Lede refused. Byng then bore down on the Spanish fleet. On the 11th of August it was attacked off Cape Passaro by a foe renowned for seamanship and very superior in equipment. Admiral Gasteneta, like his men, rather brave than expert, fought with desperation. But the wolves were in the midst of the flock. The defeat was complete. Except a squadron under an Irishman, Rear-Admiral Cammock, which ran into Valetta, the armament was either captured or destroyed.[1]

This immense disaster in no wise dejected Alberoni. More arrogant than ever, he ordered the English consuls to quit Spain, and the persons, the property, and the ships of Britons to be seized. Throughout Europe, it must be con-

[1] It would appear that, notwithstanding peaceful professions, the real purpose of the British Government was the destruction of the Spanish naval power. On the 2nd of September, 1718, Stanhope wrote as follows to Sir George Byng. "The two great objects which, I think, we ought to have in view are to destroy their fleet if possible, and to preserve such a footing in Sicily, as may enable us to land an army there."—See CAMPBELL, *Lives of the Admirals*, iv. 357.

fessed, a painful feeling was excited. In England, the mercantile class, hindered in pursuit of gain, loudly inveighed against the untoward encounter; and in France many declared that the freedom of the seas no longer existed.

What distressed most men, delighted Dubois. The difficulties of his position rendered the English alliance so necessary to the Regent that, at a whisper from the indefatigable Stanhope, the Council of Foreign Affairs was abolished, and Dubois created Secretary of State:—

> "Je suis du bois dont on fait les cuistres,
> Et cuistre je fus autrefois;
> Mais à present je suis du bois
> Dont on fait les ministres."

By command of George I., the Abbé was congratulated on his appointment. He replied: "Si je n'étais retenu par le respect, j'écrirais à Sa Majesté Britannique pour le remercier de la place dont Monseigneur le Regent m'a honoré." Indeed, so extreme became his complaisance that he accepted a pension from the British Government.

Although the English ministers had not scrupled to smite with the edge of the sword, they shrank from proclaiming war; so averse was the nation generally from a renewal of strife, and so unpopular the King, whose "divorce case,"[1] coarse amours, and quarrels with the Prince of Wales disgusted a people then very tenacious of the outward decencies of life. At this moment, therefore, French support was very important. But the Regent quailed before the cold aspect of his countrymen. It was no light matter, he perceived, to

[1] Sophia Dorothea of Brunswick was the daughter of George William of Brunswick-Luneburg, Duke of Zell, and of Eléonore d'Olbreuse, daughter of a French Protestant gentleman. Accused of an intrigue with Count Königsmarck, she was divorced from the Electoral Prince, and imprisoned for life in the castle of Ahlden. Upon the information of Countess Platen, one of George's mistresses, four soldiers were ordered to arrest Königsmarck. He resisted them, and they cut him down. "As he lay wounded on the ground, the Countess came out and beheld him prostrate. He cursed her with his dying lips, and the furious woman stamped upon his mouth with her heel. He was despatched presently; his body burnt the next day; and all traces of the man disappeared."—See THACKERAY, *The Four Georges.*

enter the lists against the grandson of Louis XIV. for Austria's sake. A pretext was needed; Dubois undertook to furnish it.

The Duke of Orleans had encouraged the Spanish nobles when they lazily kicked at their Italian master; and now a plot, or rather the ghost of a plot, concocted by a Neapolitan coxcomb and a restless fine lady, obtained Alberoni's patronage. For some months past the Duchesse du Maine had been in correspondence with his Eminence through the medium of Prince Cellamare, the Spanish Ambassador at Paris. Her clever "femme de chambre,"[1] a few high-born spendthrifts, and a meddling Abbé, were the principal actors in the drama. Cardinal de Polignac, "her most serene highness's" lover, was the only person of consequence who condescended to play a part. Petty as it was, the coterie meditated a revolution. They would surprise and carry off the Regent. Then Philip of Spain might claim the Regency, and, with the Duc du Maine for his lieutenant, convoke the States General. However, the little court of Sceaux only managed to enlist some disbanded officers for the Spanish service; and except among the Breton nobility no serious agitation arose. The vigilant Dubois had not long to wait for proof of the brewing mischief. The conspirators had engaged a copyist of the Bibliothèque-Royale to transcribe certain documents intended for Alberoni. The task affrighting the poor scribe, he peached.[2] Nevertheless, the Abbé Porto-Carrero (nephew of the Cardinal of that name) escaped from Paris with the treasonable papers in his pocket. But no sooner had the "bon garçon," as Berwick calls him, reached Poitiers, than a grenadier picket entered his chamber and seized the despatches. Two days afterwards Cellamare was arrested as a violator of the law of nations; the Duc du Maine went to prison at Doullens; the Duchess was politely ushered into Dijon citadel; Cardinal Polignac must retire for a season to his remote abbey of Anchin. The

[1] Madame de Staal de Launay, the authoress of delightful "Mémoires."

[2] Duclos imputes the discovery to the confession of a woman "nommée la Fillon, célèbre appareilleuse par conséquent très-connue de l'Abbé Dubois."—*Mémoires Secrets*, i. 337.

Bastille, Vincennes, and the Conciergerie swarmed with malignants. The public voice denounced those stirrers-up of civil war, and cursed the Ambassador who dared to trouble France. People knew not that Orleans was simply being paid back in his own coin.

Unconscious of the catastrophe, Alberoni was blowing the cinders of the cabal. In a letter, which fell into the hands of Maréchal de Berwick at Bordeaux, he wrote to Cellamare:—"Ne quittez Paris que lorsque vous y serez contraint par la force, et ne partez pas avant d'avoir mis le feu à toutes les mines." "Mine sans poudre," remarked Cellamare on reading the inflammatory epistle.[1] In brief, the clumsy malice of his enemies hugely profited the Regent. The letters which Philip V. addressed to the child-King and to the Trois Etats of France were pronounced seditious libels by the parliaments, which, lately adverse to Monseigneur, now turned round in his favour. Dubois struck while the iron was hot. War, unanimously voted by the Council of Regency, was declared on the 10th of January, 1719. England had done likewise twelve days before.

All this was the work of two priests. With aristocratic and military government everywhere predominant, those plebeians alone could plan and execute. They moulded the destinies of Europe. By his audacious scheming, Alberoni made the Quadruple Alliance a necessity. By his resolution and tact, Dubois conceived and consolidated the compact. "I doubt," adds Lemontey, "whether France ought to reproach him for doing so. Was she not too much exhausted to encounter Austria and the maritime Powers? After the invasion of Sardinia and Sicily, there was but a choice of evils; either to be ruined along with Spain, or to resist her for her own salvation's sake. Francis I. might have preferred the former alternative, but the latter rather befitted a Regency."

Whilst courts were distracted by envy, hatred, and malice, a Queen of England went full of sorrows to her grave. Mary Beatrice of Modena died at St. Germain on the 7th of May, 1718, after a short illness. Her beloved son was not present

[1] Lemontey: "Histoire de la Régence," i. 229.

to close her eyes. Her life, since her coming to France in 1688, had been a tissue of misfortunes heroically endured. Her days were spent in penitence, prayer, and good works, "et toutes les vertus qui consomment les saints." Haughty by nature, she learnt to conquer the weakness. Of course she had faults, but they were the blemishes of a noble character. The poor English abounding at St. Germain lost their best friend. That they might have bread to eat, she stinted herself in necessaries. St. Simon declares: "Elle avoit le plus grand air du monde, le plus majestueux, le plus imposant, avec cela doux et modeste. Sa mort fut aussi sainte qu'avoit été sa vie." Two days after death, the corpse was interred in the convent of Les Filles de Ste. Marie at Chaillot.

The Scribes and Pharisees having produced embroilment, the trumpet again sounds, "Boot and saddle!" At the end of October, the Duke of Berwick arrived at Paris, and rendered an account of his stewardship in Guyenne. The Regent replied: "Ne me parlerez-vous que des affaires du roi? Ne me parlerez-vous point des vôtres? Ne songez-vous point que vous avez un gouvernment de province et des enfants." On this kindly hint, the Marshal begged for his eldest son by the second marriage the reversion of the government of Limousin. The request was granted at once. A week afterwards, Orleans and Berwick being often closeted together, it was surmised that the latter would receive command of the corps moving towards the Spanish border. On the 17th of November Dangeau gives a bit of information at first sight trivial, but really of import. "Le Maréchal de Berwick partit en chaise de poste, quoiqu'il ait encore un peu de goutte." The old sad story: fifty years, more than thirty of which had been spent in the field, were telling upon the vigorous constitution of Fitz-James. A touch of gout! Like Falstaff, many an old soldier curses the fiend that "plays the rogue with his big toe;" but how few philosophers of the club, the mess-room, or the domestic fireside follow Sir John's brave example: "A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn diseases to commodity."

XXVIII.

A SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

1719.

BLOODSHED inevitable, plenty of general officers sought employment in the butchery; and in the scramble for brigades and divisions, it was not always the skilful captain that prevailed against the obsequious courtier. At jobs none wondered; but many marvelled to observe that for once rumour had spoken truly. The Duke of Berwick, to whom in a great degree the Bourbon owed dominion in Spain—on whose breast shone the collar of the Golden Fleece—whose son had just married the heiress of Veraguas—would lead the army against Philip of Anjou! Certainly his acceptance of the post was extraordinary, and may be little to his credit. It should be remembered, however, that above all things, Berwick was a soldier, submissive to the orders of government, whose policy he never questioned. Orleans, too, was his personal friend; and perhaps, as St. Simon hints, his poverty but not his will consented. At any rate, it is deplorable that such a duty was imposed on such a man. A blur on so bright a shield is painful to behold. He returned the insignia of the Golden Fleece; but though Philip refused to receive them back, he never forgave his old general's hostility:

> "O time most accurs'd!
> 'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst."

Undoubtedly, General d'Asfeld performed a finer part. Berwick, who highly esteemed him, desired his co-operation.

But Asfeld said to the Regent: "Monseigneur, je suis Français, je vous dois tout, et n'attends rien que de vous." Then, displaying his Golden Fleece—'Que voulez-vous que je fasse de ceci, que je tiens du roi d'Espagne?' Dispensez moi de servir contre un de mes bienfaiteurs." The good-natured Orleans granted the request, and it was agreed that, when the Marshal marched to the front, Asfeld should go to Bordeaux and superintend the collection and the transport of supplies. His delicacy was universally applauded both in France and Spain. The Regent liked him not the less, but respected him the more. Philip V. was much affected.[1]

Not a jot of what was passing escaped the eye of Alberoni, wrought perplexed in the extreme. His idea of turning the sabre of Charles XII. against Hanoverian George was frustrated by the death of the former before a petty fortress in Norway: "La mort du roi de Suéde enleva à l'Europe un héros, combla la grandeur naissante de la Russie, et delivra son pays d'un fleau." The Kaiser, having come to terms with the Padishah at Passarowitz, poured troops into Sicily, where a Spanish band was struggling desperately. Victor Amadeus, lately an accomplice, was now a foe. The naval disaster off Cape Passaro would take years to repair. But the Italian's courage did not flag; his resources were not exhausted. He even contemplated a home-thrust which would compel England to look to the safety of her shores. Lemontey well observes: "Les familles précipitées du trône sont long-temps le fléau commun des peuples. Dédaignées tant que l'horizon est calme, elles brillent dans la tourmente comme des signes funestes." Alive to this truth, the Prime Minister invited to Spain the Chevalier de St. Georges, who was then dwelling in Rome. Assisted by Cardinal Acquaviva, the Prince secretly embarked at Nettuno in February. To perplex his enemies, the Dukes of Perth and Mar journeyed by land. According to expectation, they were arrested at Voghera, James being supposed to be one of them; and Lord Stair wrote in triumph to George I. that the Pretender was caught. On the contrary, he landed at Rosas early in March, and proceeded to Madrid,

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," xvii. 60. "Mém. de Duclos," i. 345.

where, says San Felipe, he was affectionately received by the Catholic King, and lodged magnificently at Buen Retiro; yet, so hard is it to get at the truth, Berwick wrote to Dubois as follows: "Un homme de confiance m'a mandé que le Chevalier de St. Georges a été très-mal reçu à Madrid, et que, s'etant presenté au Cardinal pour recevoir ses ordres, celui-ci l'a traité fort cavalièrement, s'étendant fort en invectives contre moi. Mais autant en emporte le vent, quand il est question de mon devoir, je n'ai plus de considération humaine."[1]

Be that as it may, an armament fitting out at Cadiz received orders to sail for Britain. It consisted of a fleet of twenty-four sail, having aboard 5,000 soldiers, and 30,000 muskets. The Duke of Ormonde passed the Pyrenees to take the command as a Captain-General of Spain. But the secret oozed out. Orleans warned the English Government of the intended blow. As usual, they solicited foreign succour: 2,000 men were summoned from Holland; six Austrian battalions came over from Ostend; eighteen French battalions and some cavalry assembled near Calais, ready, if required, to fight for the Hanoverian on English ground; £10,000 were offered for the apprehension of Ormonde.

The fatality attending every effort in behalf of the Stuarts blasted this forlorn hope of Alberoni. A furious tempest smote the expedition off Cape Finisterre. The ships were dispersed. Horses and arms had to be thrown overboard. Most of the transports that escaped wreck crawled mastless into Gallician or Portuguese harbours. The agony was not over yet. Unfortunately, two vessels, conveying the Earl Marischal, the Earl of Seaforth, and the Marquis of Tullibardine, together with 300 Spaniards of De Castro's regiment, reached Kintail in Ross-shire in the middle of April. The troops disembarked, and Seaforth sped to Brahan Castle to gather his vassals. The men of other clans, "being formerly heartiely bitt," resolved to stand at ease till they heard of Ormonde's arrival. To aggravate the peril, "Marischal and Tullibardine were soon at variance about the command."[2] Meantime General Wightman

[1] Lemontey, "Histoire de la Régence," i. 259.

[2] "Lockhart Papers," ii. 19.

was marching from Inverness with a strong body of veteran Dutch and Germans. He fell upon the insurgents (about 2,000 strong) in the valley of Glenshiel. After a short combat the Highlanders fled; the Spaniards surrendered; and the lords took refuge in the mountains, till ships could be provided to carry them back to Spain.[1]

After the verdict of the winds, the waves, and the Dutchmen, the Chevalier became an inconvenient guest. A romantic incident enabled Spain to get rid of him with a good grace. The Pope, anxious for the continuance of the Stuarts, had brought about a marriage between James and Marie Clementine Sobieski.[2] The ceremony having been performed by proxy in Poland, the Princess, on her way to join her husband at Pesaro, was arrested by the Emperor's order in October, 1718, and confined in a convent at Innspruck. This foul deed, done in the time of peace, in defiance of the law of nations, this outrage upon a woman and a relation, upon the granddaughter of John Sobieski, to whom Austria owed her very life, excited lively sympathy for the captive. Such pitiful subservience to Whiggish rancour was everywhere condemned. A chivalrous Irish gentleman, Charles Wogan of Rathcoffy, swore to rescue the insulted virgin. He opened his mind to three of his kinsmen who were officers in Dillon's regiment, namely, Major Gaydon and Captains Misset and O'Toole. Madame Misset and her handmaid, Jeanneton, were also in the business. The former was to wait on the Princess; the latter, whose fears had been dispelled by the promise of a silk gown, would change clothes with Clementine and occupy her bed after the flitting. Wogan arrived at Innspruck, to all

[1] Seaforth, who was wounded in the fray, received the royal pardon in 1726, and returned to Scotland. Tullibardine was out with Prince Charles Edward in the "'45," and died next year of a broken heart in the Tower. Marischal retired first to Spain and then to Prussia, where he gained the favour of Frederick II., and was ambassador from Prussia to the Court of France in 1750, and to that of Spain in 1759. He was a friend and patron of Rousseau. His brother, James Keith, a very eminent soldier, rose to be a Field Marshal in the Prussian service.

[2] Daughter of Jacques-Louis-Henri Sobieski and Edwige-Elizabeth-Amelie of Bavaria. Born in 1702; died in 1735. She was mother of Prince Charles-Edward and of the Cardinal of York.

appearance a staid Flemish merchant, the other officers being disguised as his servants. The plan was well executed. At the hour fixed upon, one stormy night, Clementine emerged from the convent, tripped through the rain under Irish protection, and soon stepped into a coach which was in readiness. Away! Thirty-two leagues were covered almost without stopping. But the Austrian constables rode hard in chase, and one of them entered the roadside inn where the dainty prey was snatching a few minutes' repose. Wogan, guessing his purpose, engaged him in conversation, and with national *bonhomie* offered wine, cunningly charged with opium. As soon as the rogue was asleep, the fugitives departed, and Marie Clementine quickly found refuge in Bologna.[1] When the good news reached Madrid, Alberoni joyfully bade farewell to James III., who departed to solemnize his marriage with the heroine.[2]

All the while, thunder-clouds were gathering over Spain. The Duke of Berwick proposed to begin hostilities by besieging Pamplona. An important place, situated in a fertile district, its fall would open the road to Madrid. Again, being at no great distance from the frontier, it formed a strategic point in harmony with the defensive system which the French must maintain in the Pyrenees. The enterprise, however, required a large outlay and long preparation. The Regent, therefore, preferred an attack upon Fuenterrabia, an easier task, and yet calculated to procure the submission of Biscay. Master of the ports of that province, he might perhaps bring the Catholic King to reason by a threat of handing them over to the English, who longed to send a fleet to Pasages; although Dubois, apprehensive of complications, had persuaded them to deliver their first strokes at the Gallician seaboard.[3]

Whilst the French army was forming at Bayonne, a division

[1] For this service, Clement XI. made Wogan a Roman Knight. He afterwards entered the Spanish service, and greatly distinguished himself, being known all over Europe by the name of Chevalier or Sir Charles Wogan. Swift, whose friend he became, pronounced him "a scholar, a man of genius and of honour."

[2] O'Callaghan: "History of the Irish Brigade," 310.

[3] San Felipe, iii. 353.

under General de Cilly carried the frontier posts, and pushed to the port of Pasages, the chief naval establishment of Spain on her Atlantic shore. The half-finished forts protecting the docks and arsenal were soon mastered. Six ships of war on the stocks and materials for twenty more were given to the flames. "These preliminaries," observed a French officer, "remind many of us of the conquest of Mexico—the Spaniard changing place with the Indian." What a curious commentary on the oily manifesto drawn up by Fontinelle—a manifesto in which Orleans protested that he made war not against Spain, but against the minister who troubled the peace of Europe.[1] Odious hypocrisy, by no means out of fashion in the nineteenth century.

Guispuzcoa being the aim of the French, it was necessary that Navarre, and indeed the whole frontier eastward, should be carefully watched. Berwick had reconnoitred the ground during the winter, and Joffreville was now charged with its defence. His fifteen battalions and twenty squadrons were so disposed along the Pyrenees that they mutually supported one another, and could concentrate swiftly. If the enemy crossed the mountains with superior forces, he would certainly be held at bay by a French post till the Marshal arrived to fling him back.

In the month of May nearly 40,000 French were massed at Irun, and Fuenterrabia was invested. As soon as the tents were pitched, the Commander-in-Chief despatched a trumpeter with a letter to his son Liria, at present an officer in the Spanish army, exhorting him to do his duty like a man. A strange inversion of persons and things: James Fitzjames contended not only against the Prince he had established upon the throne, against his brother's benefactor, but even against the first-fruits of his own loins!

The Spanish troops, their standards profusely garnished with the fleur-de-lis, assembled near Pamplona; and a singular exchange of proclamations took place. Each party announced himself the liberator and friend of those he was armed to combat. The poor King having persuaded himself, or being

[1] H. Martin: "Histoire de France," xv. 97.

persuaded by others, that the French soldiers longed to fall at his feet, left Madrid, and, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of the Asturias, and Alberoni,[1] encamped among his men, so that he might not miss an opportunity of receiving the homage of Berwick's host. But veterans hold discipline in awe; and an unhappy officer soon discovered that the traditions of Turenne and Catinat were vivid in the invading ranks. In the guise of a deserter from the Spaniards, he brought letters from certain French exiles, advising their countrymen to cut and run. Denounced by the men he tried to seduce, he was hanged in front of the camp.

Though Philip could scarcely muster 15,000 effectives, he believed so firmly in his influence over the Frenchmen, that he wanted to march to the relief of Fuenterrabia. Alberoni protested against the movement:—"As I am blamed for everything, it would give colour to the general accusation that my mad schemes had no other end than certain ruin, and that no better result could have been expected from the counsels of a lunatic."[2]

Royal fatuity, then, might easily have produced the "very serious inconvenience" which Berwick was enjoined to avoid. "If the Spaniards be beaten," wrote the Minister of War, "do not take the King prisoner. Facilitate underhand his escape. But do your best to get hold of Alberoni." A chance of doing so turned up. Serving with the Spaniards was one Baron de Ferrette, a French refugee, who had been a creature of Cellamare's. A loquacious fellow, fond of cutting jokes at Spanish pomposity, none suspected him of sinister practices. Yet he concerted with Maréchal de Berwick a plan for capturing the great minister. The very day was fixed; a French detachment was told off for the duty. Unluckily, Ferrette had taken into partnership a German officer, whose clownish air seemed inconsistent with guile. Appearances are often deceitful. Just

[1] At this time a satirical "cartoon" amused the Castilians. The King was represented riding upon an ass, the Queen led the beast by the bridle, and Alberoni urged it on with a whip. Underneath was written, "Anda, animal, que lo manda el cardinal." (Get on, brute; it is the Cardinal's order.)

[2] Coxe: "Bourbon Kings of Spain," ii. 354.

as the Baron thought to pounce upon the Cardinal, he was himself arrested and shut up in the tower of Segovia. The apparently stupid Teuton happened to be one of Alberoni's choicest spies.

To return to Fuenterrabia. The siege jogged on without anything remarkable occurring on either side. On the 16th of June the splinter of a bomb carried off the governor's head. Then the town capitulated within sight of Philip, who had drawn nigh, without the power to strike a blow. Straightway, Berwick sent Cilly to seize the Chofres, "certain sandy hills," overlooking San Sebastian; for, like Major Smith a century later, he perceived how conveniently the city might be attacked from that quarter.

With the British fleet eager to help, Berwick could not have been anxious about his situation in forlorn, depleted Spain. His chief care was to prevent any considerable number of Spaniards penetrating through the Pyrenean gorges into France, and to preserve the strictest discipline in camp. Worries vexed, of course: not the least of them being the insolence of the Prince de Conti, who led the cavalry after a manner so unbecoming the Bourbon race, so unworthy of his father, a genuine hero of Neerwinden, that even the rank and file did not dissemble their disgust. But, if not a *beau sabreur*, Conti was versed in all the mysteries of pay and allowances: "Il tira beaucoup d'argent pour ses équipages, fit payer jusqu'à ses frais de poste, et ce fut tout ce qu'il recueillit de gloire de sa campagne." [1]

Sir William Napier admirably describes the fortress, as it appeared in 1813. Its form and features had changed but little since Berwick's day. "Built on a low, sandy isthmus, having the harbour on one side, the river Urumea on the other, Sebastian was strong; and behind it rose the Monte Orgullo, a rugged cone 400 feet high, washed by the ocean, and crowned with the small castle of La Mota. The land front of the town, 350 yards wide, and stretching quite across the isthmus, consisted of a high curtain, or rampart. A regular horn-work was pushed out from this front. On the opposite

[1] Duclos, i. 346.

side of the Urumea were certain sandy hills called the Chofres, through which the road to Pasages passed to a wooden bridge over the river. The flanks of the town were protected by a simple rampart, washed on one side by the waters of the harbour, on the other by the Urumea. This was the weak side of the fortress, though protected by the river, for it had only a single wall, which was ill-flanked by the old towers and a half-bastion close under Monte Orgullo. There was no ditch or counterscarp, no glacis, the wall could be seen to its base from the Chofre hills at distances varying from 500 to 1,000 yards, and when the tide was out, the Urumea left a dry strand under the rampart as far as St. Elmo."[1]

The Marshal determined to establish his batteries on the right bank of the Urumea; and whilst they opened the eastern wall called La Zurriola, he would push approaches in the isthmus against the horn-work; simply for the purpose of keeping down its fire, and ruining the flanking defences. This plan was preferable to a serious attack upon the horn-work, because being sunk very deep it could not be breached except by guns planted in the covered-way.

Heavy rains retarded the convoys of artillery and ammunition, but when fair weather returned the ground was broken with little loss. All the guns began to play on the 25th of July. The next night, the French effected a lodgment in the right salient angle of the covered-way: a capital point for helping an assault of the curtain, which was being battered from the opposite bank of the Urumea; but as the cannon fired at long range (over 500 yards!) it was not before the 1st of August that a breach seemed practicable. Then, in dread of storm, the governor, who had feebly defended the town, beat the chamade, and retired into the citadel with the whole garrison; for, in order that provisions might be speedily eaten up, Berwick insisted on La Mota being crammed with hungry soldiers.

At the outset, the French sought to master the castle by opening trenches in form, but when these had to be advanced, the difficulties of the attack became manifest. So high above

[1] "English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula," 321.

the city and the surrounding ground soared Monte Orgullo, that to reach La Mota's outworks by mere digging would be extremely irksome. Again, sites fit for batteries could not be found. So low lay the ground that the guns would speak with poorest effect. The besiegers, therefore, resorted to mortar batteries, "which avail little to destroy defences, and avail not at all to make a breach. However, by their means the château was ultimately forced to surrender." It is interesting to note that Berwick and Wellington both undervalued the effect of vertical fire upon the same fortification. Sir William Napier writes, concerning the siege of San Sebastian in 1813: "Against the castle and the outworks, he (Major Smith) relied principally upon vertical fire. This plan would, probably, have reduced Sebastian in a reasonable time without any remarkable loss of men, and Lord Wellington approved of it, though he erroneously doubted the efficiency of vertical fire."

When the Spaniard sallied, he was easily beaten; but when he plied his tormentors with bombs and grenades, when he sent huge stones toppling on their works, he scathed them so cruelly, that, to abide in the trenches, the French must construct ingenious and very solid *blindages*. Apparently, the castle could be taken only by sap and mine. And yet, as the sapper must soon meet the living rock, that process might be nearly interminable. Hence, a blockade was established. But, to ravage the quarters of the garrison, and to destroy the magazines, bombardment continued. It succeeded beyond expectation. The bombs harassed the defenders to such a pitch that La Mota capitulated on the 17th of August. The Marshal, always courteous and generous to the Spaniards, who indeed gave him not cause to be otherwise,[1] granted all the honours of war to the troops, and they marched proudly away to Pamplona.

Lemontey, with whom Berwick is no favourite, reproaches him with operating languidly against the château; although the Chevalier Folard (instructed by the Minister of War to watch proceedings) endeavoured to teach how the enemy

[1] San Felipe, iii. 401.

might be overthrown by a vigorous blow, and, moreover, was kind enough to invent for the occasion "un gabion qui roulait comme un énorme cylindre." The methodical general, it seems, heeded not the army-reformer, who self-complacently reported to Secretary Le Blanc that the difference between counsellor and counselled was solely due to antiquated prejudices:—"M. le Maréchal m'a bien dit qu'il avait pensé comme moi, mais qu'il s'était fait une loi de suivre les règles, et qu'il aimait mieux pécher par trop de prudence, que d'avoir tenté une chose hors de règles."[1] Supposing the utterance of such a sentiment, it is probable that the Marshal spoke out of mere politeness. Without much confidence in the judgment of the clever expounder of Polybius, he, perhaps, wished not to offend him. Irresponsible advisers are the curse of generals in the field.

That the Duke of Berwick's plan of operations was able is, in a measure, proved by Major Smith forming a similar plan in 1813; and that Lemontey underrates the difficulties that beset the French in 1719, seems likely, considering the dreadful toils of Wellington's veterans on the same spot: "San Sebastian, a third-rate fortress and in bad condition when first invested, resisted a besieging army, possessing an enormous battering train, for sixty-three days."[2]

Shortly before the castle yielded, a buccaneering exploit was performed at the suggestion of Colonel William Stanhope, the English Military Attaché at the French Head-quarters.[3] This officer, hearing that the Spaniards were building ships of war at Santoña, prevailed on Berwick to embark 800 French foot aboard three English frigates, for the purpose of destroying the work. The squadron gained the roadstead of Santoña in the middle of August. The forts were immediately cannonaded. The militia absconded. The soldiers landed and burned three vessels, and the timber for seven more. Ignoble

[1] "Histoire de la Régence," i. 269.

[2] Napier, "History of the Peninsular War," vi. 209.

[3] Le Blanc, the Secretary of State for War, described this gentleman to the Duke of Berwick as follows: "Je ne crois pas qu'il vous étourdisse de son caquet, car il parle peu; il ne laisse pas d'être homme de bon sens."

feat! Would that Berwick were not implicated in it. Alas! he admits that it was done, "afin que le gouvernement de l'Angleterre puisse faire voir au parlement prochain que l'on n'a rien négligé pour diminuer la marine d'Espagne."[1] A French writer may be excused when he denounces "la honteuse docilité" of Berwick and Dubois in the matter. There is indeed justification for San Felipe's sneer that the Regent, engrossed by his private interests and debaucheries, executed without compunction the orders of King George.

At any rate, the war was mercifully carried on. The French levied no contributions, and dismissed all their prisoners. We may pity the Royal Family. It approached the hostile scene only to witness the triumph of the foe. So Philip V. refused to be comforted, and shut himself up, with a nurse for his sole attendant. The lively Queen took her spouse's place in the gaze of the soldiery. Clad in a blue habit embroidered with silver, and mounted on a prancing charger—pistols at the saddle-bow—she frequented reviews. "La galanterie française" did not neglect the illustrious Amazon. Her dresses, all made in Paris, were carefully delivered to a Spanish outpost. It would appear, however, that adverse circumstances had soured the Prime Minister's civility, for the Marshal wrote to the Regent: "Le Cardinal Alberoni est de si mauvaise humeur, qu'il a fait défendre qu'on me portât de la neige. Ainsi je boirai chaud pendant quelques jours; mais j'espère qu'en dépit qu'il en ait, je me trouverai en lieu où je n'en manquerai pas."

San Sebastian fallen, Berwick decided to transfer his army to Roussillon, and thence penetrate into Catalonia. The march from St. Jean de Luz to Mont Louis—along the entire Pyrenean frontier—must have tried his men's legs severely. In our great grandfathers' time, when transport was always scant, the commissariat very defective, and "medical attendance" often more pernicious than its default, the troops got over the ground with greater ease than at present. The cause of their briskness is clear enough. In the past, soldiers were of full age and sinewy vigour. Now, with strange

[1] Berwick au Regent, Août 8, 1719.

infatuation, we call to arms "the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation."

The stir of removal led Philip to imagine that Pamplona was to be besieged; but when he found that the French were eastward of Navarre, he returned to Madrid, and ordered Prince Pio to asssemble a force at Lerida, to oppose, if possible, the invasion of Catalonia. Pio could do nothing. With a few field-pieces the enemy took Urgel, and invested the maritime fortress of Rosas. But fortune, hitherto cruel, now smiled on Spain. The month of November began boisterously. The coasting vessels, laden with French cannon and stores, were overtaken by fearful storms. The greater number of the fragile transports foundered. So the Marshal deemed the prosecution of the siege impracticable, and withdrew his troops into Roussillon.

No sooner at leisure than he exerted himself to obtain rewards for meritorious officers.[1] He dealt fairly, and was no respecter of persons. The captain's transgression, and the private's excesses were equally sinful in his eyes. One "Sieur Campier" had acted so bravely on one or two occasions that he was appointed to the command of a detachment. Left to himself, Campier displayed the cloven foot. He looted the inhabitants of money, and lifted their crops. He openly boasted of his rascality. Berwick's wrath was kindled. The case was laid before the Regent. Although corruption had taken hold of the land, some decency remained. Few cared to defend vice naked and unblushing: Sieur Campier was cashiered and imprisoned in the citadel of Perpignan.

On reporting himself at the Palais-Royal, the Duke of Berwick was received with open arms. It might well be thus. He had incurred much odium for Orleans' sake. His best friends could not excuse his turning against a benefactor. Those who loved him not had a fine opportunity for abusing

[1] The superior officers were oddly recompensed: "Dans la distribution qu'on fait des actions sur La Compagne des Indes pour les officiers de l'armée d'Espagne, on donne 10 actions aux lieutenant-généraux, 6 aux maréchaux-de-camp, 4 aux brigadiers, et 3 aux colonels."—*Journal de Dangeau*, xviii. 152.

him. Frenchmen for the most part murmured and said, that the campaign ended ingloriously for everybody concerned. Her temerity had crippled Spain. France obtained hollow successes at an enormous cost. England made a shabby profit out of the misfortunes both of her allies and of her enemies.

XXIX.

"THE PESTILENCE THAT WALKETH IN DARKNESS."

1720—1721.

WHILST Spain so languished at home that the adversary did as he listed, her sons struggled gloriously abroad. Owing to the destruction of the fleet, the Marqués de Lede's men were shut up in Sicily, without a prospect of being succoured or recalled; yet they gave ground only inch by inch before the Austrian host, flushed with recent victory over the Osmanli, and led by such captains as Mercy and Bonneval.[1] Many battles were fought. At length Messina yielded to the Imperialists the breaches which nine assaults had filled with festering corpses. But Lede and the remnant of his battalions entrenched themselves amid the lava of Etna. Frequently sallying from that grim fastness, they continued the scourge of the island.[2] Large bodies of Germans were sometimes seen

[1] This extraordinary Frenchman's life was a romance. After serving under Catinat, Villeroy, and Vendôme, he left the service and entered the Austrian army. Subsequently quarrelling with Prince Eugene, he was obliged to fly to Turkey, where he became a Mussulman (Achmet Pasha), and created for the Sultan a redoubtable artillery. On his death-bed, to please the Pope and his relations, he meditated a reversion to Christianity. Lord Byron wrote in his Journal: "I think, I rather would have been Bonneval, Riperda, Alberoni, Hayreddin, or Horuc Barbarossa, or even Wortley Montagu, than Mahomet himself."—See *Life*, ii. 266.

[2] An Irish brigade greatly distinguished itself on the Spanish side at Milazzo.

to run before the slender companies, with the cry, "These are not the Spaniards we knew of old." However, the more strenuous its exertion, the weaker grew the Castilian band. Nothing seemed in store for it but a splendid annihilation.

And it was Alberoni's fate to experience the fickleness of royal favour. The tide of misfortune undermined Philip's confidence in him. The moody monarch had never forgiven his opposition to the mad scheme for rescuing Fuenterrabia. The Queen, too, began to sneer at the unsuccessful statesman because, forsooth, he was base-born. To this meanness she was mainly brought by the slanders of her nurse, Laura Pescatori, whom she had promoted to be first woman of the bedchamber, and who abhorred her countryman, Giulio (they belonged to the same parish), because she knew he had insinuated to Elizabeth that familiarity with a vulgar *nutrice* was inconvenient and unseemly.

"We shall act wrong," wrote Lord Stanhope to Dubois, "if we do not consolidate the peace by the removal of the minister who has kindled the war—let us exact from Philip his dismission from Spain." The Abbé readily consented, and the mode of producing the catastrophe was left to his ingenuity. Suitable tools were forthcoming. The Jesuit, Daubenton, Philip's confessor, listened to the voice of the charmer, because Alberoni wanted to supplant him with an Italian priest; and spies reporting the ascendency of Laura at Buen Retiro, Dubois sought her assistance. He offered money. Cupidity, joined with hatred, tempted the coarse but artful peasant; and her mother-wit and virulent tongue were potent weapons against the scape-goat of all Europe.

Though Dubois was chief wire-puller, an English hand was likewise diligent in the job. That Elizabeth Farnese might see Alberoni, as the Allies saw him, Lord Peterborough travelled to Italy and accosted the Duke of Parma. To bias a flimsy Prince, frightened by the progress of the Imperialists, and disgusted with the "bell-ringer of Siena," was not a hard task. The Duke promised to tamper with his niece, whose love of kith and kin remained strong. So Scotti, the Parmesan envoy, received instructions to forward the design of the

English King and the Regent Orleans; his diplomatic zeal being whetted by a timely present of 50,000 crowns.[1]

By Laura's contrivance, Scotti was privily introduced to the Queen. He expatiated on the hazard of Alberoni's game. He argued that, from the benevolence of the English and French cabinets, her children might derive better things than from the devices, even if fruitful, of the upstart of Piacenza. Elizabeth was talked over; and in his hour of need, the Prime Minister had no more ruthless enemy than his once ardent patroness.

With all his acuteness, Alberoni does not appear to have foreseen the gathering tempest. He knew, no doubt, that a cabal was busy, but he under-rated its power of mischief. The outward graciousness of the Sovereign beguiled him. With astonishment, therefore, he received a letter from Philip, ordering him to leave Madrid within twenty-four hours, and the Spanish dominions before the end of a fortnight. He was forbidden to address the King or the Queen. Before he departed, he had reason to acknowledge the generosity of the high-bred Castilian. The disgrace of one so elevated touched the Caballero's heart. The services which the foreigner had rendered to the nation were remembered. His errors were forgotten; and, to the chagrin of Philip and Elizabeth, more nobles and bishops came to bid him a courteous farewell than had ever assembled to pay their respects in the heyday of his prosperity.

A fleeting gratification; for his journey through Spain was a series of insults. At Lerida his person was searched for papers likely to compromise the King and the Queen. Near Gerona a company of Miquelets attacked his escort, but the undaunted Cardinal leaped upon a horse, drew a sabre, and at the head of a few troopers cut a way through the ruffians. He crossed the French frontier without a passport, and exclaimed: "Thank God, I am in a Christian land. I would rather die here in prison than be free in Spain, where I have suffered so many indignities." We are told that so

[1] Coxe, "Bourbon Kings of Spain," ii. 368.

wretched was the plight of his retinue that the famous Minister might have been mistaken for a gipsy king.[1]

The Chevalier de Marcieux, deputed by Dubois to worm secrets out of him, could obtain no disclosure of importance. Concerning the plots of Cellamare and the Breton noblesse he was impenetrable; but he talked freely of his Sovereign's foibles. "The King," he said, "was a mere animal. He required nothing beyond a prie-dieu and a woman." The Queen was less harshly depicted. "She had 'le diable au corps,' and if she fell in with a general who understood politics as well as fighting, she would give trouble in France and in Europe."

At Montpellier and other towns, multitudes flocked to see him. With the generous spirit of Gauls, those who had insulted Cellamare, the disloyal ambassador, admired in Alberoni the bold and open antagonist.

He wished to rest awhile at Sestri di Levante, but the ire of the Pope and the ingratitude of Spanish royalty pursued him in Italy. Clement threatened to bring him to trial as an enemy of the Catholic Faith. Philip and his wife had the baseness to furnish articles of accusation against the man whose chief error consisted in having served their majesties more zealously than his God. The extradition of Alberoni was demanded from the Genoese Republic by his Holiness, supported by Philip V., the Regent, and the Emperor. The Senate refused it, but requested so troublesome a guest to quit their territory. He fled into Switzerland, where he lay in hiding till the death of Clement XI. The Spanish Court then endeavoured to exclude him from the Conclave, but the Cardinals resolutely upholding the inviolability of the purple, he repaired to Rome, to vote at the election of the new Pontiff. Nevertheless, his grand career was over. He had offended powerful personages beyond a chance of forgiveness. In the pontificate of Benedict XIV. he became vice-legate of Romagna; and, for a moment dabbling in politics, he finessed to bring the petty republic of San Marino under Roman sway. An explosion of patriotic rage baffled him. The Pope disavowed the transaction, and men derided such a

[1] Lemontey, i. 280.

parody of his feats in Spain. Still, his administrative talents were exhibited at Ravenna. At the cost of the Holy See, he purified the air by draining the marshes, and excavated a series of canals for the use of commerce. Thus the last effort of Giulio Alberoni was beneficent, and he died at Rome in 1752, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.[1]

Take him for all in all, we may consider this Italian priest a statesman of excellent faculty. Courageous, indefatigable, far-sighted, unencumbered with scruples, fond of adventure, yet patient on occasion, he was born to be a daring pilot in extremity. Had his master been wiser, his mistress less ambitious, he might, perhaps, have carried Spain into the front rank of nations. When we study the work of churchmen like Wolsey, Richelieu, and Alberoni, we are apt to suspect the ignorance of writers who disparage the robustness of the ecclesiastical mind, and who fancy that to rule the state a peer, a barrister, or a cotton manufacturer is indispensable.

The discharge of Alberoni signified the submission of Spain. In February, 1720, the Spanish ambassador at the Hague signed the Treaty of London. Thus, Sicily was given to the Emperor. Victor Amadeus became King of Sardinia. The Savoyard gained not by the exchange, but he dared not complain. The children of Elizabeth Farnese obtained the reversion of Parma and Tuscany.

In consequence of this fresh shuffling of the cards, De Lede's veterans evacuated Sicily and proceeded to Africa, where they forced the Moors to raise the siege of Ceuta, and recovered Oran. The soldiers who outlived so many hardships were deemed worthy to have fought under Alba's banner, and their chief was everywhere pronounced a skilful commander. "A little body with a mighty heart."[2] How many illus-

[1] Coxe, "Bourbon Kings of Spain," ii. chap. 30. H. Martin, "Histoire de France," xv. 101.

[2] St. Simon, heartily acknowledging the military capacity of the "Liégeois sans naissance," portrays him a very ill-favoured gentleman: "Je n'ai guère vu un plus vilain petit homme, plus malotru, plus tortu, un peu bossu, fort rousseau, l'air très-bas, mais les manières nobles, avec de l'esprit, beaucoup de la vivacité, de la hauteur, et le visage alongé, décharné, le plus désagréable du monde."—*Mém.* xviii. 436.

trious generals would have been lost to their country if the present rage for "cram" and "medical examination" had obtained of old!

Peace being proclaimed, the Duke of Berwick washed his hands of Spanish concerns, and without being required to resign his government of Guyenne, was appointed a member of the Council of Regency. His elder son (by the second duchess) presently married Mademoiselle de Duras. We are told that the bride's *dot* fell short by 50,000 francs of the sum expected. But to make up for the deficiency, the Duchesse de Duras promised to board and lodge the young couple for ten years.[1] In many instances, the happy man would shudder at such an exchange: a mother-in-law's attractiveness being seldom on a par with the witchery of money down.

The Marshal remained at Court till June, and then returned to Bordeaux to resume the administration of the province. It was a favourite maxim of his that every state, whatever its form or condition, should be controlled by a supreme and absolute authority, to which all individuals and associations must bow. No one obeyed this authority more readily than he; no one could make it better respected. He exercised power strictly in accordance with justice. His rectitude, knowledge of affairs, and worldly wisdom kept him in the straight and narrow path. Resolved to uphold the dignity of his office, he never exceeded the limits of his jurisdiction. Acknowledging that his function and that of the Parliament were of different scope, and independent one of another, he insisted that order and the public good required their harmonious co-operation. It was not his fault, if friction occurred. As the Chancellor d'Aguesseau remarked respecting an affair about to be mentioned: "Je suis bien persuadé Monsieur, que quand M. M. du Parlement ne vivront pas bien

[1] This young man died childless soon after the marriage. His two next brothers entered the Church. Henry, the younger of them, died at the Seminary of St. Sulpice; the other, Francis, became Bishop of Soissons. It was, therefore, Charles, the fourth son of the second marriage, who eventually succeeded to the dukedom of Fitzjames. He rose to be a Marshal of France.

avec vous, ce sera toujours leur faute. La justice régle chez vous l'usage de l'autorité."

In September, Bordeaux was exceedingly alarmed by the outbreak of the plague at Marseilles. Sanitary reform became a vital question. Among other evil things, the bailiffs of the Bakers' Guild reported that there was a great deal of rotten wheat in the town. The Parliament named two commissaries to investigate the matter. These men went offensively to work: the royal magazines were first of all visited, and after a slight examination, and without notice to Maréchal de Berwick or the Intendant, much flour was destroyed. Hearing of these proceedings, the Duke recommended that the Parliament should seal up the sacks of flour which appeared to be damaged, and that the King's pleasure be taken on the subject. This proposal was disregarded. But bourgeois insolence reckoned without its host. The case being referred to Paris, the Regent in Council severely censured the hasty action of the commissaries, and the Parliament was commanded to leave to the Jurats[1] all the detail of ordinary police. Should anything extraordinary occur, there must be a consultation with the Duke of Berwick and the Intendant. The Parliament men seemingly submitted, but their pride was hurt, and their resentment broke out on a ridiculous occasion, when the commandant of the place sent some lackeys to prison for rioting at the theatre. Thereupon a dispute arose between the civil and military authorities; and so obstinately did the Parliament repel every step towards an accommodation, that the Chancellor wrote to the indignant Marshal: "If the Chamber of La Tournelle[2] does not make better use than it has hitherto done of the respect we have always paid it, we shall be obliged to punish the lackeys without its cognizance, and to dispense with a Parliament which opposes even what is done for its own good. I applaud your judicious conduct, and express a hope that it may find imitators." D'Aguesseau also addressed the President in the same sense. His decided tone

[1] The ancient name of certain municipal officers at Bordeaux.

[2] "Little Tower." The Chamber charged with criminal business was so called by the French Parliaments.

produced the desired effect, and the controversy ended to the satisfaction of the governor.

Now for toil and trouble compared to which contention with froward civilians was child's-play. Whilst society, crowned with flowers, abandoned itself to frivolity and vice, to unbridled luxury and stock-jobbing hitherto unparalleled, a ghastly rumour floated on the air. The plague was in Provence, and threatened to spread across the Rhone. The tale ran thus: Marseilles was festive, for Charlotte-Aglae de Valois[1] sojourned there on her way to join her bridegroom, the Duke of Modena. The ships destined to escort her to Genoa were moored in the port; flags waved from every mast; trumpets brayed and drums beat on the adjacent quays. The light-hearted children of old France frolicked round about. In the midst of the gala lay the "Saint Antoine," Captain Chataud, a merchantman just home from the coast of Syria. During a voyage of four months she had lost six sailors, but being provided with a clean bill of health, no fears were at first entertained. Something, however—we know not what—creating suspicion, the vessel and cargo were placed in quarantine, and for twenty days the crew suffered seclusion and fumigation. Oddly enough, the fate of those men remains a mystery, and the infection of Provence is perhaps ascribed to them more from people's fondness for solving riddles than from acquaintance with facts.[2]

Be this as it may, it was known in July that disease of a horrid type ravaged a squalid and crowded quarter. Forthwith the municipality caused the sick and those attending them to be removed to the hospitals; the doors of their dwellings were built up. Divers doctors being interrogated, some, attached to the lazaretto, denied an outbreak of contagious distemper; others practising in the town had noticed

[1] The third daughter of the Regent, Orleans. Her amour with the young Duc de Richelieu was one of the scandals of the hour. She had already been married by proxy to the Duke of Modena in the chapel of the Tuileries. "Après la messe le Roi donna la main à la mariée, la conduisit jusqu'à son carrosse et suivant l'usage dit au cocher—à Modène." DUCLOS, i. 405.

[2] Lemontey, i. 362.

only fever, the product of misery and bad food. But professional opinion is never unanimous. Another lot of physicians announced the plague. Thereupon, a civic official, irritated by their indiscretion, reproached them with fabricating "une maladie imaginaire, un nouveau Mississipi:" an unjust sneer which set the rabble against the doctors, and the doctors against the magistracy. It is often thus. In a crisis especially requiring concord, a fool or a knave busies himself to stir up bitterness and strife.

Scarcely seventy years had elapsed since the last visitation. Therefore the memory of it was fresh. "Fear hath seized on Damascus, anguish and sorrow." The Chancellor d'Aguesseau wrote: "Le bien public demande que l'on persuade au peuple que la peste n'est point contagieuse, et que le ministère se conduise comme s'il était persuadé du contraire." Chirac, the Regent's physician, exhorted the executive in the same strain. But confidence was not to be restored. The rich left their homes. Most of the functionaries did likewise. The town, we are told, wanted constables, notaries, *sage-femmes*, and artificers. So general was the rush away that the Parliament had to draw a cordon round Marseilles, and to threaten with death the cowards who overstepped it. But when many lost their wits and their courage, the Provost-Royal (*viguier*) and the four aldermen (*échevins*) remained at their posts, with very little money in the chest, amidst an unemployed and starving population. Famine was one of the consequences of fear. Commercial Marseilles, reckoning upon the corn of Sicily and the Levant, possessed no reserves of food.[1] With much difficulty markets were established in the vicinity. Thus Marseilles lived precariously, owing its existence to the enterprise of merchants and to the pity of the peasantry. Within the walls, the whole being of man seemed changed. A hideous selfishness ignored the ties of family and of friendship. Depression of the vital power invited disease, and rendered it mostly fatal—"comme si une loi vengeresse eût voulu ne pas séparer dans le cour du lâche le crime et la peine."

Although often thwarted by dogs in office, the magistracy

[1] Capefigue: "Philippe d'Orléans," ii. 164

behaved with spirit. Two of the échevins displayed singular virtue. Estelle and Moustier faced death continually to save the lives of other men. The Chevalier Rose, as remarkable for intelligence as for a bold, generous nature, volunteered to share their labours.

The illustrious Henri de Belsunce, Bishop of Marseilles, lent precious aid. His lofty stature, fervent piety, and unbounded charity impressed the herd. The holy zeal of another St. Carlo Borromeo shone forth. Fired by his example, intrepid monks tended the sick, distributed food, buried the dead. Foremost of the religious were the Capuchins—the humble order living on alms, and given up to the alleviation of misery. Carmelites, Jesuits, and Oratorians vied with their brethren in the doing of good works.[1]

The mortality reached its highest point on the 25th of August. Decent funerals were now impossible. The dead must be carted wholesale to ditches yawning to devour them. The magistrates scoured the country in quest of horses and waggons. The convicts were compelled to serve as drivers. These unhappy "corbeaux" sometimes drudged patiently, sometimes turned rebellious. In one of the latter cases, heroic Belsunce leaped upon a tumbril laden with carcases, and drove it to its loathsome destination:—

> "Why drew Marseilles' good Bishop purer breath,
> When nature sicken'd and each gale was death?"

Under the weight of the calamity cowards grew fainter-hearted, sinners more depraved; but the good seemed transfigured into saints and martyrs. Behold, priests ministering in poisonous dens; the Chevalier Rose, at the head of a hundred galley-slaves, clearing from the esplanade of La Tourette a

[1] "La France compte avec orgueil les saints qui succomberent dans cette noble mission. Il périt 26 Récollets, et 18 Jesuites sur 26. Les Capucins appelèrent leurs confrères des autres provinces, et ceux-ci accoururent au martyre avec l'impressement des vieux chrétiens; de 55 l'epidémie en tua 43. Les Oratoriens se dévouèrent au service des malades avec une héroïque humilité, presque tous périrent, et il y eut encore des larmes dans la ville pour la mort du Supérieur homme d'une eminente vertu."—LEMONTEY, i. 406. These are the Orders which the Government of France expelled from their homes in 1880!

putrid heap of 2,000 corpses; Consul Moustier plying the spade to encourage appalled, sickening grave-diggers. Hail, the Sieur Capus, chief clerk of the municipality, who, most of his fellows fled or smitten, plods at his desk, "aussi dur, aussi ferme que les pierres de l'hôtel de Ville." And woman's fortitude, ever invincible! Sublime the thoughtfulness of that miserable wife who, in her last throes, ties a cord to one of her legs, that her husband might drag her remains to the public pit with the least possible danger to himself.

With the autumnal gales, the plague abated at Marseilles, and winter setting in, Arles, Aix, Toulon, and other infected cities were in great measure relieved of the scourge. The death-rate is not exactly known; but it is computed that the town of Marseilles lost 39,134 persons; its territory, 10,148; Toulon, 15,783; Arles, 6,900; Aix, 7,534. There were sixty-three towns and villages contaminated in Provence. M. de Villeneuve estimates the total loss at 88,000 souls; but M. Autrechaus, first consul of Toulon, reckons it much higher.[1] When the Court heard that pestilence hung about the skirts of Auvergne and Rouergue, it trembled for Paris. To arrest the epidemic stern measures were essential; at the same time, care must be taken not to interfere too much with commercial intercourse. The happy mean was hard to hit. In his perplexity the Regent turned to the Duke of Berwick, of all his officers perhaps the one best fitted for so delicate a commission.

> "Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
> The Gods propitiate, and the pest assuage."

The Marshal, racked with rheumatism, was about to start for the waters of Barèges. Yet, with unselfish alacrity, he went instead to Montauban, and from that well-chosen outpost prepared to combat the foul fiend. So great was the confidence which his judgment and strong will inspired, that to his government of Guyenne was presently added authority over Auvergne, the Bourbonnais, and Limousin.

The Chancellor d'Aguesseau, who presided over a Board of Health, and the more sensible of his associates, agreed with

[1] Lemontey, i. 411.

Berwick that all ordinary communication with pest-ridden districts ought to be cut off. Within the limits of Guyenne this precaution had already been applied. Unhappily, the majority of the Board blinked the emergency; and where the Marshal's orders did not run, half-measures were resorted to. But the commandants of the stricken or menaced provinces reporting daily the virulence of the distemper, fear effected what sound sense could not achieve. The weaker brethren were fain to confess that the stiff-necked veteran comprehended the predicament better than they: Orleans insisted on Berwick's remedies being tried; and D'Aguesseau wrote to the latter: "Il y a long-temps que j'ai dit qu'il n'y avoit qu'à vous laisser faire, et que nous serions bien gardés."

It is one thing to make rules, it is quite another thing to work them out. Whilst Auvergne and Rouergue, with the enemy at their gates, remained intact, disease ravaged Languedoc. Undoubtedly, the happy immunity of the former districts was mainly due to the vigilance with which the Marshal superintended the execution of his own precepts. And the contrast taught a lesson: not only was the Duke charged with the administration of all the territory contiguous to the pestilence, but he also received orders to draw up a *modus operandi* for the use of Southern France. However, out of regard for the Governor of Languedoc, he was told to keep his plan secret till the moment of putting it in practice. An unnecessary hint, for *camaraderie*, no less than sense of justice, forbade trespass upon Roquelaure's ground. In this particular, indeed, the Marshal required the spur rather than the curb. Perceiving his punctiliousness, the Regent wrote to him: "Vous êtes fort au dessus du soupçon de vouloir empiéter sur le commandement de M. de Roquelaure, et cette crainte ne doit point être balancée avec le bien public qui a toujours fait votre principal objet."

No more hesitation. The energetic soldier soon forwarded to the Palais-Royal a scheme by which communication between the regions still pure and those polluted would be intercepted by a military cordon. To provide for the wants of the invested districts, he advised that stores should be directed

from all sides towards the pickets on guard; the officers of which should supervise the distribution. To avoid contact, the goods must be deposited at given points within the line by the traders supplying them; the people for whom they were intended approaching to receive them after the carriers had retired. The cordon, its right abutting on the Mediterranean, followed the canal up to Beziers. Thence it ascended the Orbe, and afterwards skirting Rouergue, Auvergne, and Le Forez, struck the Rhone through Velay with its left. To complete the isolation of Languedoc and Provence, the Marshal desired to enforce similar regulations on the other bank of that river; and he showed that, whilst commerce between those two provinces and their neighbours was suspended, the wants of the former might be easily supplied by Dauphiny and Lyons, instead of the Vivarais.

It was the Regent's intention that Berwick should command the entire line of troops, but that conscientious general urged that the portion of the cordon belonging to Languedoc ought to continue under the control of the Duc de Roquelaure. Admiring the knightly feeling, the Secretary of State for War wrote to the Marshal thus: "Il est permis à peu de gens de penser avec autant d'élévation que vous faites en cette occasion. S. A. R. a fort loué vos sentiments; mais elle vous connoît depuis trop long-temps pour en avoir été surpris." Nevertheless, so urgent grew the exigency that Orleans was obliged to declare courtesy out of the question. A divided command would be the helpmate of pestilence. He therefore peremptorily ordered Berwick not to relinquish sway over Le Forez, Velay, and Vivarais, domains appertaining to the government of Languedoc.

Though Maréchal de Berwick held fast by his opinions, he was not unreasonable; and as soon as he thought that his restrictions might be relaxed with safety, he suggested that Beziers should serve as the sole mart between Upper and Lower Languedoc. He stipulated, however, for a quarantine, and the King issued a decree to that effect.

In the midst of his cares, cropped up a fresh quarrel with the Parliament of Bordeaux. Pursuant to royal instruction,

he had established in the town a Board of Health. The Parliament complaining that none of its members were summoned to this council, Chancellor d'Aguesseau called upon Berwick for an explanation. His reply is characteristic: "I have not deemed it my duty to appoint any parliament-man, because it is advisable to avoid delay in the transaction of pressing business. The conduct of 'ces messieurs' is often so extraordinary that I am compelled to consider them out of their element wherever union and expedition are necessary; and as long as I have the honour to govern this province, I shall decline to wrangle with them. Instead of endeavouring to meddle with affairs which the King has withdrawn from their cognizance, they ought to attend to their own business, and not allow the courts of justice to rust by their absence. In a word, suitors pine for judges."[1] From a soldierly habit of calling a spade a spade, we must not infer that the Marshal was an angry or carping correspondent. His strong sense of duty led him to inform the Head of the Law whenever the Bordeaux civilians trifled with the common weal. That his intentions were pure and his acts disinterested, none who knew him ever questioned. So the Chancellor answered the Governor in complimentary fashion: "The difficulty of coming to an agreement on this subject (the public health) with 'Messieurs du Parlement' is plain indeed. However, the success which God vouchsafes to your vigilance and zeal in behalf of the provinces confided to you, affords a happy guarantee of the elevation of your views as well as of the sagacity and firmness of your rule. It is of the utmost importance that you should be allowed to proceed as you have begun."

That Berwick sometimes acted with exceeding severity cannot be denied. Convinced of the contagious nature of the disease—a disputed point among the doctors—he caused several infected villages to be burnt to the ground. Abominable cruelty! cries the impulsive philanthropist; and yet, peradventure, it was true mercy. At all events, wherever his

[1] "Suite abrégée des Mémoires," ii. 219.

authority had full swing, the epidemic either did not break out, or died rapidly away.

"Then stood up Phinehas and executed judgment, and so the plague was stayed."

XXX.

A LULL IN A STORMY LIFE.

1722—1732.

NOT before the country was completely purified would the Duke of Berwick quit Bordeaux to attend to his private concerns at Paris and Fitzjames. In June, however, he obtained leave of absence, and entered the Palais-Royal in a melancholy mood, for he had just heard of his uncle Marlborough's death. Political differences separated them without chilling their affection. Britain can boast no mighter genius for war than John Churchill:

> "Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
> Renown'd for conquest and in council skill'd."

It is an odious task to find fault with such a man. His sweet temper, his invariable courtesy, cast into the shade the avarice and duplicity which sullied his public and private life. We are disarmed by his graces.

By one so thoughtful as Berwick the events now passing before his eyes must have been anxiously scanned. The stately system of the Great King had vanished like a dream. Society was in a state of transition. Corruption spread through the land. Luxury enervated the rich. The poor grew more and more wretched. The Scotsman, Law, that emperor of finance to whom princes and ministers, bishops and fine ladies lately cringed, was an exile, cursed by ruined thousands. National bankruptcy seemed inevitable. Tribulation and poverty at every turn. Yet Dubois waxed fat.

Befriended by George I., he obtained the see of Cambrai. To wear the mitre of Fénelon was insufficient. Notwithstanding reluctance at the Vatican, the old cynic must be created a cardinal:

> "Pour avilir l'éclat de la pourpre romaine,
> Et lui porter l'opprobre de la croix,
> Le Saint-Père n'a vu de route plus certaine
> Que de l'enchâsser dans du bois."

But for a moment, "behold joy and gladness, slaying oxen and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine." On a sudden, the animosity between the French and Spanish Courts turned to maudlin tenderness. Cardinal Dubois arranged with Father Daubenton a double family alliance. The Infanta Maria-Anna, aged four years, was affianced to Louis XV., Mademoiselle de Montpensier, a daughter of the Regent, being destined for the Prince of the Asturias. And the climax of his Eminence's fortune was achieved. He was Prime Minister! The rakes supping at the Palais-Royal scoffed. The Duke of Orleans defended the appointment, declaring that from a man of his old preceptor's capacity immense benefit would accrue to the State. But the minion De Nocé spoke out—"Monseigneur, you made him a Secretary of State, an Ambassador, an Archbishop, even a Cardinal, nevertheless, I defy you to make him an honest man." This was too true. Next day the "roué" was banished to Blois.

On the 16th of February, 1723, Louis XV., being fourteen years old, attained his majority. At a "lit de justice" he announced his assumption of the government of France. Then, addressing Orleans, he thanked him for his care of the realm, requested him to continue his supervision of it, and confirmed Dubois in the function of First Minister.

Berwick, still resident at Bordeaux, occasionally journeyed to Paris for business or pleasure's sake. During these visits he joined Maréchal de Villars, D'Asfeld, and other practised chiefs, in devising a plan of army reform. They were sober workers. They had no fancy for crude innovation, or for servile imitation of foreign systems. Regimental traditions were respected by them. They tampered not with *esprit de*

corps. They sought to repair the grand fabric of Louvois, to adapt it to the altered condition of men and things. Their purpose was to benefit the general public, and yet improve the lot of the rank and file. In accordance with such wholesome principles "pay" was augmented; the strength of the cavalry was reduced. The artillery was re-organized, and supplied with five schools of theory and practice. To relieve the citizens from the burden of housing troops, 4,880 barracks were built; the contributions which regiments used to exact from civilians were abolished.[1] Death became the penalty of desertion. The militia was established in harmony with the old Roman doctrine that the peasants make not only the hardiest, but the bravest and most easily disciplined soldiers.[2]

These labours did not prevent Berwick interfering in an affair of absorbing interest to the haute noblesse. M. de La Vrillière, Secretary of the Council of Regency, "bon bourgeois" by birth, was married to a gentlewoman who considered the title of Marquise beneath her deserts. The discontent infected the husband, and it was agreed between them that the dignity of "duc et pair" should be sought:

> "Je veux en dépit des jaloux,
> Qu'on fasse un duc de mon epoux
> Lassé de se voir sécretaire."

Hence, a complicated intrigue, of which the chief wire-puller was the aspiring lady's lover, Sir Luke Schaub:[3] "ce Suisse dont ce prince (George I.) s'étoit si longtemps servi à Vienne, ce drôle si intrigant, si rusé, si delié, si Anglois, si Autrichien, si ennemi de la France." The impudent ingenuity of a parvenu in quest of a title was capitally displayed in the doings of La Vrillière and Co.; and rumour dragged very distinguished names into the business. Countess Platen, one of the Hanoverian's mistresses, was in the thick of it; and

[1] See "James II. and the Duke of Berwick," ch. xli.

[2] Lemontey, ii. 280.

[3] Earl Stanhope's confidential secretary. He had co-operated with Scotti, to procure Philip V.'s accession to the Quadruple Alliance.

her paramour, gossips said, supported the vulgar pretension.[1] Dubois was gained over. Judging the pear ripe, La Vrillière imparted his longing to the Regent, who did not laugh it to scorn, as he ought to have done. In a transport of joy, the applicant let fall some incautious words, and the secret transpired. One of the first to be apprized was the Duke of Berwick. "Avec toute la force et la dignité possible" he denounced the scandal to Orleans, who winced piteously under the probe. Soon afterwards Berwick, describing to the Duc de St. Simon how he had tried to drive a nail into the scheme, urged that clever courtier to point out in like manner to His Royal Highness the ignominy of the whole concern. Nothing loth, St. Simon accosted Philip, who again displayed the utmost embarrassment at mention of the subject. "Je vis," the Duke says, "un homme entraîné dans la fange, qui en sentit toute la puanteur et qui n'osait ni s'en montrer barbouillé, ni s'en nettoyer, dans la soumission sous laquelle il commençait secrètement à gemir." At the end of an hour St. Simon took leave, doubtful how the matter would end. It was now settled between the two irate peers that the job should be divulged. When the people heard the story, a cry arose so loud and menacing that Prince and Cardinal stopped short; "Bilboquet" (as the Regent called little strutting La Vrillière) and his wife were frightened; even the brazen Schaub quaked; no ducal coronet, no contented helpmate for the "greffier du Roi." A triumph, indeed, for the Dukes and Vox Populi.

Since the adhesion of Spain to the Quadruple Alliance, foreign politics slumbered. In truth, the condition of Europe forbade adventures. George had his hands full in England. James Stuart lounged about Rome. So Cardinal Dubois attempted to restore the damaged credit of the nation. Unquestionably, he acted with vigour and impartiality. He spared not the Duc de La Force,[2] monopolizing "marchand

[1] Frau Platen (created Countess of Darlington in 1723) had a pretty daughter, who would be just the wife for the son and heir of La Vrillière. Hence the intervention of the German lovers. See "St. Simon," xix. 465.

[2] "Depuis plusieurs mois on disait qu'il avoit acheté toute la bougie, et tous les suifs de Paris, et de plusieurs provinces."—*Mém. de Villars*, iii. 69.

de savon ;" and the Treasurer of War's bankruptcy disclosing the speculations of Le Blanc, he exiled that minister, who was one of his oldest friends. But the end of all his labour was near. The profligacy of his early manhood had sowed the seeds of a disease which the ceaseless travail of his later life gradually developed. On the 8th of August he fell sick at Meudon. An operation failed, and two days afterwards he expired, gnashing his teeth, and blaspheming the doctors.[1] How Orleans was affected by the event is differently told. Some accounts represent him shedding a tear ; others pretend that he wrote to Nocé, "Morte la bête, mort le venin." He succeeded his old acquaintance as first minister. But he, too, was spent. For long the cares of office, family sorrows, and reckless dissipation had been wearing his life away. He took very little exercise, and had grown fat and bloated. Chirac bled him often, and warned him against orgies. His latest favourite was the young Duchesse de Phalaris. In the evenings at St. Cloud he delighted to hear that lovely creature prattle the gossip of the day. On the 2nd of December, Chirac, discerning apoplexy in his purple face and bloodshot eyes, produced a lancet. But the Duke refused it, saying, "A demain. Je veux dîner." After eating copiously, he went to Hebe's bower. "I am tired," he said, "my head aches ; tell me one of your pretty stories." Her *badinage* was scarcely begun before Philip fell backwards, as if in a fainting fit. He was dead. Thus perished, in his fiftieth year, an amiable but libertine prince, full of valour and of kindness, learned too, and of much political sagacity :—

"On dit qu'il ne crut pas à la Divinité;
C'est lui faire une injure insigne !
Plutus, Venus, et le dieu de la vigne
Lui tinrent lieu de Trinité."

By the advice of Fleury, the King's preceptor, the government passed to the chief of the House of Condé. Well acquainted with the Duc de Bourbon's character, the Bishop of Fréjus designed to be the real master of the State. For a time he was disappointed.

[1] "Mém. de St. Simon," xx. 5.

"M. le Duc," rapacious, luxurious, and of meagre intellect, was wholly under the dominion of one of Satan's darlings. Fresh and shapely as a nymph, courageous and vindictive, accomplished and ambitious, few women could be more dangerous than the Marquise de Prie.[1] Her object was to isolate as much as possible the lover she cajoled. He remained without friends. She had her *roués*. Rohan, Matignon, and Richelieu, were her choice spirits. She had also her Dubois and her Law, united in the person of Paris-Duverney, who was certainly able and honest, but without a particle of tact or delicacy.[2]

On the change of ministry, Berwick retired from the governorship of Guyenne. He now divided his time between the Court, Paris, and the château of Fitzjames. In the country, surrounded by his family and a few fast friends, his principal amusement was in the gardens he had planted. So beautiful were these that the Duc d'Antin, a noted connoisseur, asked, "Where the Englishman had acquired such excellent taste?" The Marshal lived simply. Display disgusted him. Every hour of the day had its particular occupation: a period for cultivation of peaches and roses; another for the management of the estate; a third for the composition of those modest memoirs which Montesquieu praises: "Il ne met aucune ostentation dans ses récits: les grands capitaines écrivent leurs actions avec simplicité, parce qu'ils sont plus glorieux de ce qu'ils ont fait que de ce qu'ils ont dit." Unlike most men of fashion he cared little for play,[3] preferring conversation, and as he talked

"Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war,"

his discourse was devoured with a greedy ear. Hitherto engrossed by public affairs, repose was a delightful novelty to

[1] Agnes Berthelot de Pleneuf married, in 1714, to Louis Aymar, Marquis de Prie, ambassador at Turin from 1714 to 1719.

[2] "Ayant été garçon cabaretier dans son enfance chez sa mere en Dauphiné, soldat aux gardes dans sa jeunesse, et plongé depuis dans la finance, il retint toute sa vie un peu de la dureté de ces trois professions." —VOLTAIRE, *Louis XV.*

[3] "Le jeu étoit très-gros à Marly, et le Roi et la Reine perdoient 200,000 francs en deux mois."—*Mém. de Villars*, iii. 248.

him. Having acted conscientiously in great trials, he had nothing to reproach himself with. "Il étoit impossible de le voir, et de ne pas aimer la vertu, tant on voyoit de tranquillité et de félicité dans son ame."[1]

Like Wellington, he possessed no talent for "small talk," and had a low opinion of garrulous officers. He judged for himself in all things, and though he set not too high a value on his own parts, he did not distrust them. He examined himself as rigorously as he searched others; and none knew better how to avoid, if the expression be permissible, "les piéges des vertus." For instance, he liked and respected the clergy, but whenever they exceeded their province, he suffered them not to influence him in the slightest degree. Nay, he required of them more than they required of him. He loved his friends, and it was his habit to render them services, without alluding to the subject. An unseen hand ministered the oil and wine. Never did man more scrupulously obey those Divine laws which, to the children of this world, seem impracticable. No Christian venerated religion more, and talked about it less. He hated controversies which, under pretext of the glory of God, are but personal disputes. The misfortunes of the King his father taught him that excessive confidence in well-meaning people may involve an honest mind in gravest errors.

He was not one of those who at first rail against the contrivers of an ill-turn and afterwards seek to conciliate them. He used to confront the offender, speak his mind plainly, and then let the matter drop. He despised money. Unpretending in his way of life, seldom indulging in fancy expenditure, he ought to have been affluent. Yet he was often straitened; for though naturally frugal he spent lavishly. All the poor English and Irish, connected in any degree with the Stuarts, imagined they had claims upon him; and it is singular that this general, so remarkable for maintaining good order and discipline when he was in command, should have acted carelessly in his private affairs. In fine, Montesquieu remarks, in a glowing sketch of the Duke, that his manner

[1] Montesquieu, "Eloge de Berwick."

being cold, occasionally even severe, some might think him misplaced among the French—"si les grandes ames et le mérite personnel avoient un pays." Such in civil life was the stern and discreet soldier we have seen often under fire.

Although Maréchal de Berwick took no part in the ignoble administration of Monsieur le Duc, it is necessary to refer to circumstances which in the event deeply affected the former. Cupidity and ambition were the prime characteristics of the Duc de Bourbon. Being a large shareholder, he bolstered up to the uttermost the Indian Company which the fall of Law had shaken to its foundation. Rabidly jealous of the Orleans family, fearful that the Regent's Jansenist son might inherit the throne, he thought to revive the projects of Alberoni, and, in defiance of the Treaty of Utrecht, to secure for Philip V. the reversion of France. Blinded by hatred, he preferred to damage the chances of his own branch rather than to allow the rights of the First Prince of the Blood to stand. But his arts were nipped in the bud by unexpected news from Madrid, namely, the abdication of the King of Spain. That dilapidated dyspeptic, who for long had entertained the idea, put it in practice in January, 1724, and Don Luis, his eldest son by Louisé of Savoy, reigned in his stead.[1] Whether or no the grandees, who had obtained the power lately wielded by the Italian Queen, could have been induced to countenance Bourbon's views is very doubtful; but the new reign proved an exhalation of the morning. Luis died of small-pox six months after his succession, and Elizabeth of Parma, incited by Tessé, the French Ambassador, urged Philip to resume the sceptre. Theologians keenly debated the question of his right to do so. Some doctors contended that by returning to the world he would sin as grossly as the monk who broke his vows. Others held, with the Papal Nuncio, that he was bound again to tra-

[1] The Duc de St. Simon, who was Ambassador to the Court of Madrid in 1721, describes King Philip as he then appeared:—"Il étoit fort courbé, rapetissé, le menton en avant, fort eloigné de sa poitrine, les pieds tout droits, qui se touchoient, et se coupoient en marchant, quoiqu'il marchât vite, et les genoux à plus d'un pied l'un de l'autre. Ce qu'il me fit l'honneur de me dire étoit bien dit, mais si l'un après l'autre, les paroles si trâinées, l'air si niais, que j'en fus confondu."—*Mémoires*, xviii. 270.

verse this vale of tears. Of course Philip was won over: he donned the trappings, his wife exercised the functions of royalty.

The secret engagement meditated by the Duc de Bourbon was never concluded. Their Spanish majesties, fired by audacious projects, dreamed of compelling England to disgorge Gibraltar, and Austria to relinquish Mantua. Against such conceits Bourbon himself might hardly have been proof, had not a peculiar obstacle interposed: Madame de Prie, like Dubois, was a pensioner of the British Government; *ergo*, Monsieur le Duc could not act adversely to England.

Still, French policy might have veered, had Philip stooped to indulge Aspasia. She coveted a splendid position for her children, and Bourbon, fancying himself their father, but afraid to debase French honours, solicited the Spanish Monarch to confer a grandeeship on the complaisant husband. Philip indignantly refused. Then the Prime Minister, unable to wheedle Spain, and still infuriate against his cousin of Orleans, bethought him of a direct heir to Louis XV. He resolved, indeed, to send away the Infanta, who was only six years old, in order that his majesty might marry a princess capable of bearing children. A fever which brought the beautiful golden-haired young King to death's-door precipitated the design. The return of baby Maria-Anna was hastily announced to the Court of Madrid; and after vainly demanding a daughter of the Prince of Wales, and declining the Russian Princess offered by the Empress Catherine, Monsieur le Duc—or rather, Madame de Prie[1]—selected the child of a fallen monarch, even Marie Leczinska, daughter of Stanislas, once King of Poland, but now an exile living obscurely in Alsace. The espousals of Louis Bien-aimé and of Marie, who was nearly seven years older than he, were celebrated in the chapel of Fontainebleau on the 4th of September, 1725. Courtiers glozed and simpered; grands seigneurs and grandes dames flaunted in all the bravery of silk and precious stones; vice and wit kept delightful company in the salons, but famine

[1] "Sa maîtresse et Duverney l'ont tenu absolument en tutelle."—*Mémoires d'Argenson*, i. 59.

was grievous in the land. "Je n'oublierai jamais," writes d'Argenson, "l'horreur des calamités qu'on souffrit en France, quand la Reine Marie Leczinska y arriva. Une pluie continuelle y avait apporté la famine, et elle était bien augmentée par le mauvais gouvernement de M. le Duc."

Spanish rage at the insult to the Infanta was violent. Philip sent back to France two daughters of the late Regent, namely, the dissipated widow of Luis, and Mademoiselle de Beaujolais, about to marry the Infante Don Carlos. Nor was this all. Through the contrivance of the Dutch adventurer Riperda, who had succeeded Alberoni in the Queen's esteem, the King made friends with his old enemy the Emperor Charles VI., at present wrath with England and Holland for hindering the establishment of the Ostend Company, and for a cold reception of the Pragmatic Sanction, by which, in default of heirs male, he settled the Austrian succession upon his daughter Maria Theresa. Alarmed by the reconciliation, England, France, and Prussia signed a defensive alliance.

There was ample revenge in store for Philip. The Duc de Bourbon chafed at the ascendancy of the Bishop of Fréjus. The young Queen, sweet-tempered but not clever,[1] seconded the minister who had exalted her. An intrigue of theirs banished Fleury to a religious house at Issy. But Louis loved him, if he loved any one; so Bourbon soon suffered the humiliation of imploring the good old man to return. Monseigneur "si desireux de retraite" was at Versailles the next morning. Caring solely for the substance, he would gladly have left the parade of power to Monsieur le Duc, but with Madame de Prie and Duverney in the field, an accommodation was out of the question. Hence, Fleury bided his time.

For a moment before his doom, Bourbon exulted. Whilst he attempted to mollify Spain, England, instead of coaxing, showed her teeth. To prevent Russia from joining the Emperor, and to intercept the Spanish galleons, one of her fleets sailed to the Baltic, another cruised along the Peninsular coast, a third ranged the Atlantic. The Court of Madrid

[1] "Je conviens qu'elle est laide : mais elle me plait au-delà de tout ce que je peux vous exprimer."—*Le Duc d'Antin au Comte de Morville.*

quailed. The Minister Riperda, who had negotiated the Treaty of Vienna, was cast adrift, and in disgust turned Mussulman. Louis Henri de Bourbon, poor easy man, imagined he was going to dictate a peace abroad, and be all supreme at home. His own disgrace impended. On the 11th of June, 1726, the King, as he was leaving Versailles for Rambouillet, said to the Prime Minister, "Mon cousin, ne me faites pas attendre pour souper." A few hours later came a laconic note from the "Well-Beloved," commanding his astounded relation to retire to Chantilly. Thus, the grandson of the great Condé sank for ever into insignificance; Madame de Prie was exiled to Normandy, where in the midst of provincial gaiety she poisoned herself.[1] Duverney went to the Bastille; and France universally applauded the fall of the Second Regency, worse in many respects than the first.[2]

Young Louis now valiantly declared, with a dash of the Grand Monarch in his air, that he would be his own minister. For all that, his benign and sweet-voiced tutor (soon to be entitled Cardinal de Fleury) really governed France. The character of the handsome high-bred prelate,

> "Avec un air flatteur, riant,
> De belles dents exprès montrant,"

may not have been lofty, but his temper was gentle, his tact unerring; he loved peace and order. According to Voltaire, "il prouva que les esprits doux et conciliants sont faits pour gouverner les autres." He was facetious too on occasion. His diocese of Fréjus not being to his liking, he used to say that as soon as he saw his wife, he was disgusted with the marriage; and he once signed a witty letter to Cardinal Quirini: "Fleury, évêque de Fréjus, par l'indignation divine."

Unversed in finance, he did ill in lowering the rate of interest on life annuities, but very wisely in enforcing a

[1] "Elle ramassa à Courbépine tous les plaisirs; il y vint des gens de la cour; on y dansa, on y fit bonne chère; on y joua la comédie; elle-même y joua deux jours avant sa mort volontaire, et y récita trois cents vers par cœur avec autant de sentiment et d'esprit, que si elle eût nagé dans un contentement de durée."—*D'Argenson*, i. 62.

[2] H. Martin, "Histoire de France," xv. 146.

rigorous economy: "incapable d'être commis d'un bureau, et capable de gouverner l'état."[1] Taxes were reduced, expenditure was diminished, royal extravagance restrained. The splendour of Versailles waned. The luxury, the pleasures, the *esprit Gaulois* of Paris began to fascinate mankind.

Left to themselves, industry and commerce recovered apace from the ruin wrought by mad speculation. The large towns grew richer day by day. The sea-ports were busy. But rural France languished. Argenson informs us: "les villages fondent partout, et vient à rien, on abandonne les campagnes pour se retirer dans les villes." Prosperity brought not concord. If the persecution of Protestants was relaxed, between the Jansenists and the Molinists raged a furious quarrel. Impatient of the strife of tongues old Villars growled: "Il faut faire taire ces pères de l'Eglise, surtout M. de Montpellier, et un autre père de l'Eglise, nommé l'évêque de Laon. Voilà tout ce qu'un ignorant comme moi peut dire dans cette occasion."

Happily for humanity, the English Premier, Sir Robert Walpole, laboured for peace as diligently as did Cardinal de Fleury. Thus, the work done at Utrecht remained unimpaired, in spite of Spanish restlessness, Imperial artifices, the growing strength of Russia just emerged from barbarism, and the double-dealing of another novelty—the lusty infant Prussia.

From St. Petersburg to Cadiz the nations were at rest, when the death of Augustus II., King of Poland, again plunged Europe in a sea of troubles.

[1] Cardinal de Fleury must not be confounded with Abbé Fleury, author of "L'Histoire Ecclesiastique," who was Louis XV.'s confessor.

XXXI.

DEATH OF THE MARSHALS.

1733—1734.

POLISH patriots had not been reconciled to a foreign dynasty by the debaucheries of their King, the Saxon Elector. Naturally, they preferred the father-in-law of Louis XV., the home-bred sovereign whom strangers had dethroned, before the son of the late Augustus. As naturally, too, it might seem, would France uphold their choice. But to do so was difficult. Cardinal de Fleury, on ill terms with the Queen, whom he regarded as the creature of Monsieur le Duc, had overlooked such a contingency. On the other hand Austria and Russia were agreed to oppose French influence, and exclude the popular claimant. However, Polish enthusiasm, the ardour of the old generals of the Grand Monarch, the eagerness of the generous fops—who, disdaining for a time the trivialities of the petit-maître,[1] buckled on their disused cuirasses[2]—overbore the pacific minister's scruples, and though the King remained indifferent:

> "Timide, imbécile, farouche,
> Jamais Louis n'avait dit mot."

[1] "On tourne tout en ridicule, tout le monde est petit-maître aujourdhui (1731) et c'est le bon air de mépriser les bonnes choses, à mesure qu'elles sont meilleures."—*D'Argenson*, i. 101.

[2] A recent regulation restored to the cavalry the cuirass—"ennemi de l'aise et du repos"—the use of which had been partially discontinued of late years.

his council decided to sustain Stanislas. For their part, the Emperor and the Czarina Anne were determined to make short work of him, pretending that it was their duty to guarantee the laws and liberties of Poland!

In March, Louis signified to the ambassadors that he should consider interference with the freedom of election in Poland as an outrage against the peace of Europe. Emboldened by this declaration, the Diet voted the ineligibility of any outlandish candidate.

Nerved by the martial port of the French noblesse, Chauvelin, the modest and very able Secretary for Foreign Affairs, secretly negotiated an alliance with Spain and Piedmont to drive the Austrians out of Italy. This Treaty of Turin stipulated that Spain should furnish subsidies; that one French army should pass the Alps; another cross the Rhine; a squadron prepare for sea at Brest. By engaging not to molest the Austrian Low Countries the neutrality of the two maritime powers was obtained.

Meantime, Stanislas travelled in disguise to Warsaw, where he was proclaimed King in September. Empty honour! Having no disciplined force at his command (the Saxon ruler had deliberately broken up the regular troops of Poland) he was compelled by the adverse faction, and its Russian accomplices, to take refuge in Danzig, where we must leave him praying for Duguay-Trouin's frigates.

War with Austria, both in Germany and Italy, being settled, there could be little difficulty about the choice of generals. Only two officers of great eminence remained. "Les vieux de la vieille" for ever! Maréchal de Villars, eighty-two years old, must wield the sword of France in Lombardy; and that Prince Eugene might be fitly encountered, let Maréchal de Berwick, in his sixty-third year, hasten from his flower-garden to the Rhine.[1]

Berwick arrived at Strasburg early in September. As yet little had been done in the way of preparation for hostilities. The War Minister still pondered over the plan of operations.

[1] Eugene was now seventy years of age. Methinks, I hear voices muttering in Pall Mall: "Poor, infirm, weak and despised old men!"

The Empire hesitating to cast in its lot with Kaiser Carl, the French hoped to come to terms with the princes thereof. Hence, experts were debating whether Old Breisach, which belonged to the Emperor, or Kehl and Philipsburg, which were Imperial towns, ought to be selected for doom. At first the Court entertained different views. It desired the siege of Luxembourg. But so advanced was the season, so elaborate the apparatus essential to an undertaking of such magnitude, that winter would, doubtless, set in before the fortress yielded. For several reasons, Berwick and Villars preferred the conquest of Kehl and Philipsburg to a venture at Luxembourg. The former places afforded passages over the Rhine, and means for striking not the Emperor only, but also the Empire, should it declare, as it speedily did declare, for its lord. Moreover, the country thereabouts being fertile, the army might easily procure subsistence, and fatten at the enemy's cost. The Marshals' advice was ultimately taken.

If the War Departments were slow to supply the army with ammunition and transport, the young nobles equipped themselves exuberantly after the fashion of an effeminate stock-jobbing age. The Duc de Richelieu, merely colonel of the regiment bearing his name, engaged for his private use, thirty horses, seventy-two mules, and a great company of valets. His tents were sumptuous as the tents of the King. Rich general officers carried with them a retinue of cooks and serving-men, as if about to celebrate a marriage feast. Their poorer comrades fell into debt, and sank under the sumptuary strain of two campaigns. To teach the *jeunesse dorée* that post-chaises were inadmissible, Louis proposed to ride on horseback to the Rhine. To such a pitch indeed had prodigality risen that a simple captain of cavalry fancied himself disgraced if he did not keep a carriage: "ce qui est ridicule pour les militaires;" and we are told Strasburg was encumbered with 1800 chaises, which Berwick would not allow to proceed further.[1]

Notwithstanding the Marshal's painstaking, it was the 14th of October before his corps was in a condition to invest

[1] "Journal de Barbier," ii. 29.

the fort of Kehl. He then excused himself to the princes of the Empire for attacking one of their strongholds. He protested that France had no intention of retaining any German place which the necessities of war with the Emperor might oblige him to occupy. In proof of moderation his men levied no contributions, and paid for everything they wanted. Its works being dilapidated, Kehl submitted within a fortnight. After restoring the bridge at St. Louis, and constructing another bridge at Huningen in Upper Alsace, the troops repassed the river in consequence of heavy rains, and took up winter quarters in November.

Whilst Berwick was stirring on the Rhine, Villars left Fontainebleau for Italy. Blithe and braggart as ever seemed the Maréchal-Général des camps et armées, for the hero of Denain now rejoiced in the rank of the Grand Condé. Stepping into the post-chaise, he said to Cardinal de Fleury :— "Dites un Roi qu'il n'a qu'à disposer de l'Italie, je m'en vais la lui conquérir." Tarrying at Turin just long enough to salute the Queen of Sardinia, he joined the King on the Ticino.[1] The Franco-Piedmontese began prosperously. Pavia and Milan opened their gates. The Austrian governor, Daun, collected his scattered bands in a few fortresses to await succours from Germany. Villars wished to mask those places with detachments; and, that the Imperialist entrance into Italy might be blocked, to march in full force to the Mincio and the Adige. But Generalissimo Charles Emmanuel, doubtful of Fleury and very suspicious of Elizabeth of Parma, objected. His mind was set on making sure of the Lombard cities. So the confederates took to siege-work. Pizzighitone, the citadels of Cremona and Milan were compelled to capitulate; but redoubtable Mantua remained with the Austrians, and a host under Mercy was gathering in the Tyrol. To explain how even yet the enemy might be crushed while descending the

[1] Victor-Amadeus had abdicated in 1730 in favour of his son, Charles-Emmanuel; but evincing a disposition to resume authority, he was arrested by order of his dutiful successor. The old schemer died in duress in 1732. Neither Louis XV. nor any other sovereign moved a finger in his behalf. To avoid the trouble of interference, they affected to believe him insane.

Alps, Villars again repaired to Turin, where, if his tongue effected little, his aged legs, despite a stiff knee, did sportive service, for he opened a ball with the Queen. Presently, he adjured the juvenile candidate for the throne of Naples, Don Carlos, and the Spanish general, Montemar, to unite with the Franco-Piedmontese in onslaught upon Mercy. The Spaniards declined. Their Queen's aims being selfish altogether, they turned their backs on Northern Italy, and marched towards Naples. Such is too often the accord, such the disinterestedness of allies.

More mistrustful of course than ever, Charles Emmanuel recurred to the double-handed game habitually and deftly played by his father. That a door might be left open for an accommodation with the Emperor, he evaded the completion of his contingent, and would not consent to the mass of the army advancing beyond the Oglio. Hence, three months of inaction, which drove the lately sanguine Maréchal-Général to despair. In the meantime, 40,000 Imperialists, all seasoned troops, poured without hindrance through the Tyrolese gorges into Mantuan territory. They shunned the Milanese, but furtively crossing the Po, carried the war into Parma, and interposed between the Franco-Piedmontese and the Spaniards. Stategy so ominous could not be disregarded. The shuffling Sardinian pushed over the Oglio, in the hope of striking the Austrians before their passage of the Po was completed. It was too late. Only a few detachments could be cut off. In the conjuncture, the King and the French Marshal, while reconnoitring with a few gardes-du-corps and grenadiers, were on a sudden faced and fired upon by 400 soldiers. The courtiers implored their master to fly. "Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'il faut sortir de ce pas," cried Villars, drawing his sword. Charles Emmanuel drew likewise. Both charged at the head of the guardsmen; and the foes scampered away. When the King complimented him on his vigour and address, the veteran answered, "Sire, ce sont les dernières étincelles de ma vie; car je crois que c'est ici la dernière operation de guerre où je me trouverai, et—

"C'est ainsi qu'en partant je lui fais mes adieux."

Even so. Disgusted with the jealousy and selfishness that marred his plans, Villars obtained his recall to France. But he would see her no more. Fatigue and sorrow, rather than the weight of years, had worn down the springs of that buoyant life. Obliged by sickness to halt at Turin, the great soldier died there on the 17th of June, 1734. Valiant despite fanfaronnade, expert in the field of battle, circumspect with all his dash, an honest citizen and a faithful subject, Louis-Hector, Duc de Villars, was a type of the French General of the ancien régime.[1]

Whilst Savoyard and Spaniard, contemning military science, pursued their particular ends in Italy, there was calamity in the bleak North. Foreign swashbucklers and some recreant Poles had crowned Saxon Augustus at Cracow. Surrounded by 30,000 Russians, Stanislas pined in Danzig. Confiding in French honour, the place held out bravely. At length French ships were descried. Three smart battalions landed at the mouth of the Vistula. A few days afterwards, the officers, perceiving the ridiculous inadequacy of their means, re-embarked the men, and retired to Copenhagen.

The Comte de Plélo, a brilliant Breton colonel—poet as well as soldier—was French Ambassador at the Danish Court. Blushing for his country, pitying his young Queen, he reproached the chiefs of the expeditionary brigade for not fighting at all risks. Their commandant, La Perouse-Lamotte, stung to the quick, exclaimed he would dare all with Plélo. So the two counts set forth with 1,500 French soldiers and some volunteers. When aboard, Plélo wrote three lines to Chauvelin: "Je suis sûr que je n'en reviendrai pas: je vous recommande ma femme et mes enfants." The gallant company landed near the fort of Weichselmunde, and on the 27th of May marched upon the Russian lines round Danzig.

Three entrenchments were gloriously carried. But Plélo fell riddled with bullets; and the Muscovites rallying, the assailants would have been destroyed, had not La Perouse withdrawn them under the cannon of Weichselmunde. He

[1] H. Martin, "Histoire de France," xv. 184. "Mém. de Villars," iv. 138-140.

defended his camp there for a month. But bombarded by land and sea, menaced with an assault which his exhausted people could not sustain, he capitulated on most honourable terms. The Russians extolled the heroism of their opponents. The Empress Anne treated La Perouse and his companions "as if they were ambassadors." She feasted and clothed the rank and file.[1] Thus was celebrated the first encounter of Muscovite and Gaul.

Ere long, Stanislas, in the garb of a sailor, escaped from Danzig, and after encountering divers perils, found shelter on Prussian soil. At the end of its resources, the city bent to the usurper, and was heavily mulcted for daring to do its duty.

To revert to our main subject. A sunny morning in spring, and an officer, clad for the road, strolls pensively in the green alleys of Fitzjames. He is tall and thin, squarer of shoulder, and slenderer in the waist, than gallants past sixty are apt to be. The comely features of the long oval face denote more than high breeding, even a lofty and generous spirit. In the glance, however, of the grey eye, about the lines of the mouth, may be detected a firmness of purpose savouring of severity. In a word, an old soldier every inch: a staunch friend, perhaps an unrelenting foe. A happy blending of Stuart and Churchill. A man blessed with most of the virtues of both families, and imbued with few of their vices. A king's son, graced with touches of Marlborough's beauty, and in whose mien observers recognized the refined type which Vandyke immortalized when he painted Charles the First.

A matron, glowing with the rich loveliness of autumn, leans sadly on the veteran's arm:

> "O, lady! weep no more; lest I give cause
> To be suspected of more tenderness
> Than doth become a man!"

God in his mercy spares her the bitter knowledge of the future: she hopes for, nay, pictures to herself, yet another delightful return from war's alarms. Such, we may imagine, was the last parting of James Fitzjames and La Belle Nanette.

[1] Voltaire, "Louis XV."

Maréchal de Berwick desired to open the campaign betimes by the siege of Philipsburg. The passage of the Rhine secured at that point, his columns might march through Swabia to the Danube. But in order to assail Philipsburg, the French must cross the Rhine near Strasburg; it was therefore imperatively necessary that the lines of Ettlingen, which covered the Baden place on the south, should be first of all subdued. The plan was by no means easy of execution, unless the enemy were anticipated before they could assemble in force. The siege ought to begin early in spring, or else be deferred till autumn, because in summer the Rhine, swelled by melting snows in the Alps, would tell heavily against the French.

On the 30th of March Berwick reached Strasburg. Nothing was ready. In spite of the formal promises of Dangervilliers, the Minister of War, horses for the artillery had not been bought for the greater part, the commissariat officers had not arrived.[1] In fact, the Marshal had preached in vain during the long winter months. Men in office failed to understand that to conquer a strong fortress embedded in a marsh, like Philipsburg, long and strenuous preparation was requisite.

The Abbé Hook shrewdly observes that it is the curse of Courts to be swayed by intriguers and favourites. Great personages listen to showy praters rather than to men of knowledge and experience. Thus, fourteen years of command had not earned for the Marshal the full confidence of the Ministry. The Comte de Belle-Isle, grandson of the famous Intendant Fouquet, and afterwards Marshal of France, gained the ears of Cardinal de Fleury and other persons of authority, who, being mostly lawyers or ecclesiastics, were incapable of judging strategical questions.[2] This plausible officer, versed in regimental detail, but as yet without much practice in the field, plied high functionaries with letters in opposition to Berwick's

[1] Dangervilliers, formerly Intendant of Alsace, owed his place to the recommendation of Maréchal de Villars, who greatly esteemed him. The immobility of the army was probably due to the rust of peace, and want of cash, more than to the Minister's ignorance or neglect.

[2] "Suite des Mémoires," ii. 227.

views. He especially objected to the Philipsburg design, and, as a counterpoise, seriously advised that the army traversing Germany should enter Saxony and even Bohemia. Berwick condemned the chimera. He pronounced it extremely rash to despatch the army more than 150 leagues from the frontier without stable communications with France; and at length he contrived to impress common-sense on the royal mind.

Although the Rhine had risen higher than usual, the Court pressed for immediate action against Philipsburg; the Marshal therefore laboured to surmount the various obstacles which he had foreseen and enlarged on. He conjectured that as the forces of the Emperor and of the Empire would be in line ere the city fell, Prince Eugene might march to relieve it; or else, by manœuvring on the Moselle, endeavour to lure the French from their goal; so that with united effort he might engage them when weakened by the corps left behind to guard the trenches. In short, convinced that an Austrian victory would necessitate the raising of the siege, and that an overflow of the Rhine might prove very serious, Berwick proposed that thirty-four battalions and twenty squadrons should compose a siege corps, the rest of the troops—seventy-five battalions and one hundred and twenty squadrons—forming an army of observation. If Eugene advanced on Philipsburg he would be awaited within the lines of circumvallation, which could be made nearly impregnable. De Noailles and other general officers dissented from this defensive posture. They preferred meeting the Imperialists in the plain. The subordinate ranks, however, did not argue the matter, so entire was their reliance on the wisdom of their chief, who, like his old master, the Duc de Luxembourg, maintained that entrenchments of moderate range, scientifically constructed and guarded by two lines of infantry, cannot be forced. Satisfied that he was pursuing the safest course, the Marshal wrote to the King: "When we are before the place, we shall strive to overcome the obstruction presented by the inundation either by draining or by building our parapets with fascines. If seriously let and hindered, we may be obliged to suspend the works for some time, only to resume them more vigorously than ever as soon as the waters

subside. In a word, Sire, we shall calmly await in an entrenched camp the removal of obstacles, and we will take Philipsburg if we remain before it till October."

In the army drawing together at Strasburg there were some really "distinguished officers." Besides the busy Belle-Isle, came Noailles, President of the Council of Finance under the Regency, Asfeld, always to be trusted, and a young soldier already notorious for his amour with the unfortunate Lecouvreur, but soon to be renowned in war, Maréchal de camp, Maurice de Saxe, who at this crisis preferred the French colours to the service of his half-brother, the spurious King of Poland; princes of the Blood, too, joined the array, in the persons of the Comte de Charolais, the Prince de Conti, and the Abbé de St. Germain-des-Prés. This pugnacious young pluralist's[1] assumption of carnal weapons was warmly censured by the Parisians, not on theological grounds, but because his mistress, the marvellous opera dancer, La Camargo,[2] refused to cut a caper since his departure: "afin de ne pas interrompre sa tristesse."

Sybarites voting it *chic* to hie to camp, it was expedient to bridle their luxurious propensities; so a royal order strictly forbade colonels to ride in post-chaises beyond the frontier. Waggons and carts also must not be employed by them: very proper restrictions, considering the vehicular extravagance of mere companies' officers in the previous year. Well might the Jesuit Father Teinturier preach a sermon before the King on "La vie molle."[3]

"Ô temps, ô mœurs, ô siécle déréglé."

The Court having insisted that Belle-Isle with a separate corps should occupy Treves and reduce Trarbach, the task of

[1] The Comte de Clermont, brother of the Duc de Bourbon. He owned the abbeys of Bec, Saint-Claude in Franche Comté, Marmoutier, Chalis, and Cercamp = an income of 200,000 livres, and yet, says Barbier, "he owed two millions in Paris."

[2] "Sous elle le théâtre brûlait. On ne sait quelle force ardente et sombre était en cette personne laide qui troublait les cœurs, rendait fou."—MICHELET, *Louis XV.*, 120.

[3] "Journal de Barbier," ii. 30.

fitting out this detachment in the meagre condition of the supplies was irksome, and for some time stayed the Marshal's advance. Early in April, however, he moved headquarters to Spires, extending his columns as far as Frankenthal and Worms. Thus were the enemy alarmed for the Lower Rhine, and made uncertain respecting French intentions. Everywhere the roads proved in a frightful state; and so scarce were forage and rations, that Noailles informed the War Minister the army lived from hand to mouth, and was always in dread of the morrow.

Trarbach being at length besieged, Berwick could push forward. Rejoined on the 1st of May by a division which had been covering Belle-Isle's preliminary movements, the main army passed the Rhine at Fort Louis; and Noailles, who led the advance-guard, marched to attack or to turn (as seemed best to him) the lines of Ettlingen, which, stretching for about four leagues, filled the gap between the Dourlach mountains and the river. These lines were very formidable, being flanked with redans, and having a deep ditch. The entrenchments were partly stockades of a Turkish model, called *palanques:* in fact, huge trees set vertically, "whose branching arms thick intertwined." Whilst Noailles was thrusting against the weak point of these works—namely, where they touched the hills—the French plan came wholly to light: Asfeld, left behind at Spires with 20,000 men and a pontoon bridge, began to cross the Rhine below Philipsburg as soon as he heard that all the Austrian troops clustered about Ettlingen. Thus, the Imperialists were in danger of being surrounded by superior forces, had not Eugene (who opportunely assumed the command) evacuated the lines, and retired to Heilbronn. It is said that the Prince of Savoy was at dinner when the news came that besides Noailles astir on his left, Asfeld threatened his rear. The old Generalissimo, taking a pinch of snuff, quietly observed: "Laissez faire, Messieurs le Français. Je n'ai jamais été du sentiment de ces lignes: cela n'est bon que pour des poltrons."[1]

Berwick troubled not the Austrian retreat, but, Trarbach

[1] "Mém. de Noailles," iii. 208.

having surrendered, massed all his people. A hundred thousand young soldiers, eager but raw, trudged onward; and on the 13th of May thirty battalions and two dragoon regiments under Asfeld invested dismal, swamp-girt Philipsburg. The grand army followed quick. On the night of the 3rd-4th of June, the trenches were opened along the bank of the Rhine against the ravelin. The Swiss guards having previously carried the bridge-head on the left bank, the besiegers were enabled to erect batteries there calculated to enfilade the outworks upon the opposite side of the river. In the siege of 1688, Vauban had assailed the town in three places, the successful stroke proceeding from the very ground now selected by Berwick.[1]

Certain critics, of whom Noailles was foremost, took the Marshal to task because he copied not the triple attack of the illustrious engineer. But the circumstances of the two cases were altogether different. No external enemy menaced Vauban. The capture of the fortress was his sole concern. He sate down before Philipsburg in October; therefore his operations would conclude the campaign. On the contrary, the Duke of Berwick was on the threshold of hostilities. His soldiers were lively enough, but untrained.[2] A great commander at the head of a rapidly-increasing army lay a little distance off. Was it not wise then to lessen toil to the utmost, so that the "*tourlourou*"[3] might be gradually inured to hardship? With one series of trenches, a considerable force would be free to encounter the Austrians, should they try to succour the place. Three series of trenches would exhaust the men, and of course diminish the corps of observation.

In simple method the siege went on vigorously. Neither drudgery in the mud nor whiz of shot dulled French gaiety. The daintily-powdered dandies, heading fatigue parties, sang ditties *à la mode;* and the hearts of the rank and file were

[1] It was at Philipsburg, in 1688, that Vauban made his first essay with ricochet batteries.

[2] "Nous avons bien de la volonté, mais le physique n'y est pas."—*Noailles à Dangervilliers.*

[3] Young foot-soldier. In vulgar phrase, the land-crab of the Antilles. The sailors were the first to apply the nickname to soldiers.—*Littré.*

uplifted at the refrain of the French Pasha's song: Bonneval's tuneful philosophy seemed so suitable to the occasion:—

"Nous n'avons qu'un temps à vivre,
Amis, passons le gaîment;
Que celui qui doit le suivre
Ne nous cause aucun tourment."

Though Asfeld was a scientific officer and an old friend, the Duke of Berwick insisted on personally directing the siege. Every morning found him in the trenches. There, he first of all received a report of the labours of the night. Then, for the sake of a thorough inspection, he would proceed to the head of the sap. Afterwards he settled with the chief engineer what work should be done next. On the 12th of June, attended by the Duc de Fitzjames, he began this routine; entered the sap as usual, and stepped upon the banquette to look around. As several soldiers had been killed on that very exposed spot by their own cannon, a sentry was posted to keep the banquette clear. Whether the man did not dare to warn his general off, or whether the order applied not to officers on duty, remains uncertain. At all events, on that perilous point, interposed between a French battery and the guns of Philipsburg, stood the Marshal and his son. There was firing at the time on both sides. On a sudden, a crash, a cloud of dust—clamour and confusion in the sap. The Marshal was down; his head struck off by a ball. Horror unspeakable: Fitzjames, spattered with blood and brains, wept over the mighty dead.[1] So the Duke fell in the very front of the battle, and whether the cruel missile was French or Austrian, none could tell. News of the catastrophe, spreading like wildfire, caused consternation in camp. At Court, the cold-hearted King, his ministers, and his parasites trembled at the loss. The nation grieved. "There was the same emotion in France as at the death of Turenne. Both warriors were called away before their work was finished. Both quitted an army in danger.[2]

[1] D'Espaynac, "Histoire du Comte de Saxe," i. 92.

[2] It may be mentioned that D'Asfeld, created Marshal, succeeded Berwick. The Maréchal de Coigny and the Comte de Broglie took Villars' place with the Army of Italy. Don Carlos seized Naples and Sicily. The

Both met a death more touching than ordinary death—"tous les deux avoient ce mérite modeste, pour lequel on aime à s'attendrir, et que l'on aime à regretter."

"The Marshal left behind a tender wife, who passed the rest of her days in mourning, and children whose virtues compose a panegyric of their father more eloquent than any I could write."[1]

When the dying Villars heard how his old fellow-townsman[2] had fared at Philipsburg, he exclaimed: "Cet homme a toujours été heureux." Precisely: sympathy and condolence are due to the family of the soldier who falls sword in hand. But his lot may be enviable. No "altering rheums" of age for him; none of the sorrows and disappointments that wring the heart of the veteran who, forsaken by fortune, lags a slippered pantaloon on the stage.

The Duke of Berwick's services so plainly exhibit his military character, that only a brief summing up is requisite. Few of his contemporaries served longer or more variously. He boasted twenty-nine campaigns; in fifteen he led armies. Nevertheless, strange as it may seem, he was present only in six battles, in one of which—Almansa—he commanded in chief. Averse from mortal arbitrament, he used to say that a general should never deliver a pitched battle, the result of which is always uncertain, unless nothing else remained to be done.[3] The purpose of a campaign, of a war, perhaps the exis-

French captured Philipsburg under the eyes of Eugene. This success was followed by Coigny's victory at Parma, and the battle of Guastalla, glorious for Broglie. Peace sued for in 1735 (year of Eugene's death) was concluded as follows:—Stanislas renounced the Polish crown, and was compensated with the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, the reversion of which was acquired by France. The Duke of Lorraine received Tuscany in exchange. Don Carlos, relinquishing Parma and Piacenza, obtained from the Emperor the cession of Naples and Sicily. Mantua and Milan were restored to Charles VI.

[1] Montesquieu, "Eloge."

[2] Berwick and Villars were both born at Moulins, in the Bourbonnais.

[3] Excellent doctrine, but woe to the British commander practising it in this generation of electricity, special correspondence, and popular hankering after "bloody business."

tence of the State, should not be staked when the object might be attained by wise dispositions and skilful manœuvring.

The same feeling made him chary of his soldiers' lives. In sieges, he would fain proceed by sap; and rather than a murderous assault should crown the breach, he preferred a short protraction of operations. He was also very attentive to the victualling of his troops. No one better understood the art of obtaining supplies, and of storing them in convenient places. Such foresight conduces immensely to success in war.

He exercised command with dignity, some said with austerity. But in truth, he was rather exact than severe. When order and discipline were concerned, no man durst trifle with him; for on those safeguards, he averred, depended the efficiency of armies. Still, the deserving officer or soldier, in time of trouble, might always reckon on his sympathy and ungrudging support.

Professional details he knew by heart, but the task of working them out he left to subordinates, whom he supervised, but never meddled fussily with. That the private was morally the better for being clean and smart in person, he often asserted; but like Wellington, he detested the military tailor and all his fopperies. He derided the childishness that would copy from one nation the embroidery of a coat, and from another the cock of a hat. His chief blemish as a commander may have been reservedness to his lieutenants. He seldom consulted them; and of his designs he communicated just what affected them, and no more.

Educated in the principles of passive obedience, he was a dutiful and zealous subject of the Prince; but in matters appertaining to military service he often differed from the Ministers. He certainly rated his own experience higher than their crude theories. Sometimes he presumed to question the judgment of masters of the art of war; not out of arrogance, but because he had learnt that the wisest are liable to error. For instance, we know that, after reconnoitring Nice, he disregarded Vauban's advice, and successfully assailed the place on the front which that unrivalled authority had pronounced impregnable.

Montesquieu observes: "Every great man, over and above his general capacity, enjoys some special gift, which forms, so to speak, his distinctive virtue; and I believe that Maréchal de Berwick possessed a particular talent for the defensive. He was born to uphold a sinking cause, to utilize in adversity every latent resource. Indeed, I have often heard him say, that all his life he had earnestly desired the duty of defending a first-class fortress." The record of the Duke's labours justifies his friend's opinion. The cautious tactics in Spain, the excellent strategy in the mountains of Savoy and Dauphiny, show that his patient and wary nature, his serene intrepidity, were precisely fitted to the exigences of protective warfare. Bâton in hand, then, he was the very reverse of Villars, vehement and contemptuous of routine. The two dukes, forsooth, remind one of those noble comrades, Desaix and Gouvion St. Cyr, whose diverse genius the latter of them so capitally depicted: "Ce que Desaix aimait à faire avec son avant-garde, je préférais l'exécuter avec ma reserve."

Like all men of very superior parts, Berwick was not a mere soldier. He was a counsellor as well. Louis XIV. and the Regent Orleans frequently consulted him on State affairs; and if the Chevalier de St. Georges had followed his advice instead of listening to crack-brained fanatics, the Stuart cause would have profited largely. His practical mind saw things as they really were. The glass-eyes of "the scurvy politician" were his laughing-stock.

He had faults, for he was human, but his faults were few and not gross. Howard of Greystoke wrote, "rash, silly, inconsiderate people had nothing worse to charge against him than that he punished marauding and other crimes too harshly."

There have been greater captains and more illustrious citizens than the Duke of Berwick; but history furnishes few examples of a purer life. (Illi) "omnia abunde erant, industria, probitas, militiæ magna scientia, animus belli ingens, domi modicus, lubidinis et divitiarum victor, tantum modo gloriæ avidus." Of such a commander any nation may be proud. Frenchmen still admire "ce grand diable Anglois;"

and Englishmen who, even in the whirl of modern conceits, respect the worthies of the past, may fairly say of James Fitzjames—

> "His many virtues to the ancient stock
> Gave as much honour as from thence he took."

INDEX.

ALBEMARLE, Duke of, 15.
ALBEMARLE, Earl of, at Denain, 326.
ALBERGOTTI, General, 212, 324, 329.
AMELOT, Marquis de Gournay, 86.
ARGYLL, John, Duke of, commands in Spain, 305; commands in Scotland, 389; attacks Jacobites, 397; advances against James III., 406.
ASFELD, Chevalier de, military talent of, 61; takes Portalegre, 63; at Almansa, 161; besieges Jativa, 168; repulsed at Denia, 171; severity in Valencia, 178; at Barcelona, 358; subdues Majorca, 367; fine conduct of, 428.
ATHLONE, Earl of, 3, 5.
AUGUSTUS, Frederic, III., King of Poland, 473.
AUVERQUERQUE, General, 25, 189.

BADEN, Prince Louis of, 40.
BAVARIA, Elector of, 18, 297.
BAVILLE, Lamoignon de, Intendant of Languedoc, 90, 94, 227.
BAY, Marqués de, captures Alcantara, 147; beaten at Zaragoza, 267.
BELSUNCE, Bishop of Marseilles, good works of, 450.
BERWICK, Duke of, at Xanten, 3, 5, 6, 9; at Eindhoven, 10, 11; presented to Louis XIV., 15; at Tongres, 25, 28, 33; at Lierre, 36; spade in hand, 37; letter from Marlborough, 37; receives the command in Spain, 44; a naturalized Frenchman, 44; arrival at Madrid, 51; opposes Madame des Ursins, 53; named to go to Scotland, 55; letter to Mary Beatrice, 56; plan for invasion of Portugal, 58; passes the frontier, 59; quells a tumult, 60; conciliatory conduct of, 62; end of first effort in Spain, 68, 78; on the Agueda, 79; fearless of responsibility, 80; dangerous manœuvres of, 81; recalled to France, 82; receives Order of Golden Fleece, 83; proceeds to Montpellier, 94; his administration of Cevennes, 95, 96; besieges Nice, 103; created a Marshal and sent to Madrid, 112; various troubles of, 114; skirmishing, 115; loses Alcantara, 116; retreats, 118; ineffectual advice of, 120; covers Old Castile, 129; manœuvres on the Henares, 133; pursues allies, 138; wins Cartagena, 142; his view of the campaign, 144; plan for the future, 153; Almansa, 158; complete victory, 163; marches to the Cinca, 170; sent to Provence, 173; return to Spain, 174; re-

wards, 178; recalled, 180; in the Ardennes, 187; astir in Flanders, 192; counsels Vendôme, 193; another plan of, 197; resigns command, 199; at Ghent, 206; idle in Alsace, 223; active in Dauphiny, 227; prepares a defence, 229; disposition of troops, 235; success of, 237; sent to Flanders, 239; on the Sambre, 248; family arrangements of, 253; at Cambrai, 254; dispositions in Dauphiny, 260; circumspection of, 264; advises Louis XIV., 268; negotiates with Victor Amadeus, 279; duc et pair, 281; again in the Alps, 289; disappointment of, 293; last campaign in Alps, 314; relieves Gerona, 333; opposes Voisin, 334; policy of, 338; before Barcelona, 349; no courtier, 359; coolness in trouble, 361; calls up reserve, 362; takes possession of city, 363; returns sick to Madrid, 366; narrative of Jacobite affairs, 368; interview with Louis XIV., 375; sounds Charles XII., 377, 385; censures Mar, 398; will not go to Scotland, 403; commands in Guyenne, 410; dispute with Duc du Maine, 411; trouble with Parliament, 413; gouty, 426; commands against Philip V., 427; letter to his son, 432; tries to capture Alberoni, 433; besieges San Sebastian, 435, 437; retires into Roussillon, 439; at odds with Parliament, 447; combats the plague, 451; military measures of, 453; severity of, 454; an army reformer, 457; upsets a job, 459; private life of, 461; commands on the Rhine, 469; outward man of, 474; besieges Philipsburg, 479; death of, 480; military character of, 482; sage in council, 483.

BOLINGBROKE, Henry St. John, Lord, 369; flies to France, 371, 374; abused by the women, 404; dismissed from office, 409.

BOUFFLERS, Maréchal de, 2, 3; marches on Nimeguen, 5; showy manœuvre of, 7; perplexity of, 11; at Tongres, 12; behind Mehaigne, 13; ill success of, 16; serves under Villeroy, 24; rapid march to Eeckeren, 30; at supper, 32; despatch to Louis XIV., 34; repairs to Lille, 194; retires into citadel, 211; capitulates, 217; character of, 218; joins Villars, 242; at Malplaquet, 245.

BOURBON, Duc de, character of, 461; insults Philip V., 464; dismissed from office, 466.

BOURLIE, Abbé de, 91, 93; stabs Harley, 287.

BURGUNDY, Duke of, 3, 7; reception by his grandfather, 12, 187; ill-placed at Audenarde, 190, 201; song about, 220; death of (Dauphin), 308; character of, 310.

BYNG, Admiral, Sir George, destroys Spanish fleet, 422.

CABRERA, Admiral of Castile, treachery of, 49.

CADOGAN, General, at Wynendael, 209; passes the Censée, 300; in Scotland, 406.

CATINAT, Maréchal de, fine saying of, 16.

CAVALIER, Jean, baker-boy, 90; treats with Villars, 93; at Almansa, 163.

CHAMILLART, Michel de, Minister of War, Louis's opinion of, 185; sent to Flanders, 201, 204, 215; disgrace of, 231.

CHARLES XII., of Sweden, defeated at Pultowa, 251; besieged in Stralsund, 378; killed, 428.

CHARLES, Archduke of Austria, 42,

57; at Coimbra, 79; dawdles at Barcelona, 135, 155; enters Zaragoza, 268; in Madrid, 269; flies, 270; becomes Emperor, 288.
CHARLES-EMMANUEL, King of Sardinia, 471.
CILLY, Lieutenant-General de, a favourite of Berwick's, 236.
COEHORN, General, 27; greediness of, 29.

DAUPHIN, Le Grand, death and character of, 286.
DAUPHINESS, Marie-Adelaide of Savoy, death and character of, 309.
DAUN, Count, 233; withdraws into Piedmont, 237, 261; caution of, 264; dispute with Victor Amadeus, 291.
D'ESTRÉES, Cardinal, 48.
D'ESTRÉES, Abbé, quarrels with Madame des Ursins, 53; dismissal and decoration of, 67.
DERWENTWATER, Earl of, declares for King James, 390; noble character of, 394; executed, 395.
DILLON, Lieutenant-General, Arthur, 230; gallant feat of, 237; harasses Piedmontese, 261, 291; at Barcelona, 360.
DUBOIS, Guillaume, Abbé, various talents of, 416; forms alliance with England, 417, 423; excites to war, 425; cardinal and prime minister, 457; death of, 460.
DUCASSE, Admiral, character of, 345.

ELIZABETH, Farnese, Queen of Spain, marriage of, 359; ambition of, 415; reviews troops, 438.
EUGENE, Prince of Savoy, attacks Cremona, 18, 39; follows Tallard, 75; advances on Toulon, 172; retires to the Var, 173; gains Susa, 174; in charge of convoy, 195; wounded at Lille, 205; courtesy of, 217; arrives in London, 318; besieges Landrecies, 323; retires to Mons, 329; at Rastadt, 343, 478.

FLEURY, André, Hercule de, Cardinal, 460, 465; character of, 466, 468.
FORBIN, Chevalier de, 183.
FORSTER, Mr., general of insurgents, 390; escape from prison, 395.

GALWAY, Earl of, commands in Spain, 70; wounded, 99; occupies Madrid, 125; evacuates it, 134; defeated at Almansa, 160; collects an army, 177; beaten at Gudina, 250.
GAUTIER, Abbé, accosts Torcy, 284; confers with Berwick, 285; evasions of, 313.
GEORGE I., enters London, 369; German entirely, 417; unpopularity of, 423.

HAMILTON, Duke, fatal duel of, 340.
HAMILTON, Anthony, merry conceits of, 71.
HARLEY, Robert, Earl of Oxford, peace policy of, 287; shiftiness of, 337; impeached, 371.
HESSE-DARMSTADT, Prince of, assails Barcelona, 72; hoists Spanish colours at Gibraltar, 73; death of, 101.
HUSSEY, Lieutenant-Colonel, Thomas, rage of, 66.
HUXELLES, Maréchal de, treats for peace, 257; minister of foreign affairs, 385.

JAMES III., Chevalier de St. Georges, 43; sails for Scotland, 183; serves in Flanders, 187, 292, 297, 371; lands at Peterhead, 400; perils on the road, 401; holds court at

Scone, 405; escapes to France, 407; discharges Bolingbroke, 410; at Madrid, 429; marriage of, 431.
JOFFREVILLE, Maréchal-de-camp, brave and prudent, 64; excellent in the saddle, 118; on the Spanish frontier, 432.

KENMURE, Lord, leads Lowland Jacobites, 392; executed, 395.

LEDE, Marqués de, gallant struggle of, 441; work in Africa, 445.
LOUIS XIV., 1, 12; affection for Villeroy, 24; territorial designs of, 42; equanimity of, 77; energy of, 89; begins to repent, 149; infatuation of, 217; fortitude of, 225; manifesto of, 226; offers concessions, 257; scene with Villars, 319, 323; death and character of, 378, 384.
LOUIS XV., 384, 457; marriage of, 464, 469.
LOUISE-MARIE, Princess, death of, 312.
LOVAT, Simon, Lord, 54, 56, 57, 398.
LUXEMBOURG, Chevalier de, 209; at Denain, 326.

MAC-INTOSH, Brigadier, of Borlum, 391; bravery at Preston, 394.
MAINE, Duc du, 381, 424.
MAINE, Duchesse du, 381, 424.
MAINTENON, Madame de, 224; influence over the King, 232, 309.
MAR, Earl of, 388; fights at Sheriffmuir, 397, 407, 410, 428.
MARLBOROUGH, Earl of, commands allies, 8, 11; narrow escape of, 15; made a duke, 15; result of his operations, 16; at Bonn, 25, 27; vexed by his generals, 34, 35; proceeds to the Meuse, 36, 37, 38; marches to the Danube, 75; victory at Blenheim, 76; conquers at Ramillies, 123; persuades Charles XII., 181; at Audenarde, 189, 192, 193; settles siege of Lille, 194, 196; letter to Berwick, 198, 215; foils Vendôme, 216; invests Tournai, 240; fights at Malplaquet, 244, 248, 299; baffles Villars, 300, 302; charming address of, 304; dismissed from office, 318; death of, 456.
MARIE-LOUISE, Queen of Spain, charm of, 47, 86, 123, 124, 172; pious death of, 347.
MARIE - (Leczinska) Queen of France, 464.
MARY-BEATRICE, Queen of England, esteem for Berwick, 43, 311; death and character of, 425.
MASHAM, Mrs., 258.
MINAS, Marqués das, 63, 162.
MOTHE, Comte de la, 206, 207, 208, 219.

NOAILLES, Duc de, 262, 268, 385, 476, 478.

OBDAM, Baron, 30, 31, 35.
O'MAHONY, Colonel, 20, 64, 143, 314; death of, 348.
ORLEANS, Duke of, 163; activity of, 166; wins Lerida, 176; intrigues of, 221, 309; opens the parliament, 382, 383, 384, 418, 420; death of, 460.
ORMONDE, James, Duke of, 21; quits Eugene's army, 322, 369; arrives in France, 375, 403, 429.
ORRY, Jean, 49, 52, 130, 349.

PARIS-DUVERNEY, 461.
PERTH, Duke of, 182, 428.
PETERBOROUGH, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of, character of, 99; wins Barcelona, 101, 132, 136; dupes O'Mahony, 142, 155, 353.
PHILIP V. of Spain, 21, 46, 59, 120, 129, 249, 268; returns to Madrid, 271, 276; second marriage of,

359, 419; sickness of, 420, 433; abdication, and resumption of throne, 463, 465.
PLÉLO, Comte de, 473.
PORTO-CARRERO, Cardinal, 48, 177.
PRIE, Marquise de, 461, 466.
PUYSÉGUR, General de, 44, 51.

RICHELIEU, Duc de, 470.
ROLAND, chief of Camisards, 90, 93.
ROOKE, Sir George, Admiral, captures Gibraltar, 73, 74.

SEAFORTH, Earl of, 396, 429.
SHOVEL, Sir Cloudesley, Admiral, 353.
SLANGENBERG, General, 32, 35.
STAIR, Earl of, 385, 408, 428.
STANHOPE, General, 221; urges march to Madrid, 269; surrenders at Brihuega, 272, 422.
STANISLAS, Leczinski, 469, 474.
STAREMBERG, Guido de, 249, 269; retires from Madrid, 270; engagement at Villa-Viciosa, 274; invests Gerona, 332; retreats, 333; sharp practice of, 344.

TALLARD, Maréchal de, 41; prisoner at Blenheim, 76.
TESSÉ, Maréchal de, 82, 111; abandons Barcelona, 119, 173.
TORCY, Marquis de, 225, 339, 369.
TOULOUSE, Comte de, 74, 385.
TRANT, Mrs., 386.
TYNEMOUTH, Marquis of, 405, 408; becomes Duque de Liria, 412.
TZERCLAES, Prince de, 61.

URSINS, Princesse des, 45; at Spanish Court, 47, 48; scandal about, 50; dismissal of, 54; returns in triumph, 86, 87; discomfits Orleans, 221; overreaches herself (note), 359.

VAUBAN, Maréchal de, 24, 479.
VENDÔME, Duc de, character of, 20, 109; at Audenarde, 189, 190; dispute with Berwick, 200, 201, 202, 211, 212; assumes command in Spain, 270; captures Stanhope, 272; fights at Villa-Viciosa, 274; sad death of, 331.
VICTOR AMADEUS, of Savoy, 41, 174, 278, 289.
VILLADARIAS, Don Francisco, noble character of, 65, 66; defeated at Almenara, 267.
VILLAROEL, Antonio, 274; commands in Barcelona, 345, 365.
VILLARS, Marquis de, 17; acclaimed Marshal of France, 18, 39; at Hochstadt, 40; in the Cevennes, 92, 93; "pacificator of Languedoc," 94; in the Alps, 222, 239; wounded at Malplaquet, 244, 246; passes the Scarpe, 255, 256; opinion respecting Berwick, 264; races with Marlborough, 300, 301, 302, 304, 320, 323; fine generalship at Denain, 325-6, 329; takes Freiburg, 342; president of Council of War, 382; commands in Italy, 469, 471, 472; death, and character of, 473.
VILLEROY, Maréchal de, at Cremona, 18, 20, 25, 34, 37, 39; beaten at Ramillies, 122; reception by Louis, 123, 385.
VOISIN, Daniel, François, Minister of War, 232, 334.

WEBB, Major-General, at Wynendael, 208, 209.
WILLS, Major-General, 175, 394.
WINTON, Earl of, 392, 395.
WOGAN, Sir Charles, 431.

ZERECEDA, Don Juan, 137; captures a battalion, 156.

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO. TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

00023867

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Dr. Rani Karur
on 12 April, 2019